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R. BEYSCHLAG, PINX.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

GRAND SIECLE EDITION

THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER
AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

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FORTY PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

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VOLUME IV

NEW YORK
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E. R. DU MONT

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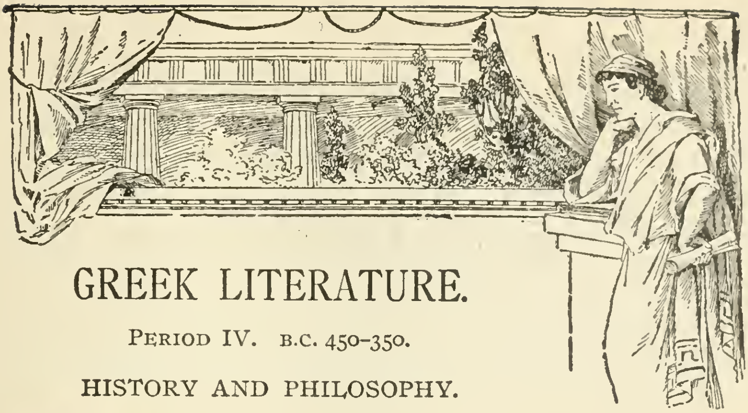


GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD IV. B.C. 450–350.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.

12.354

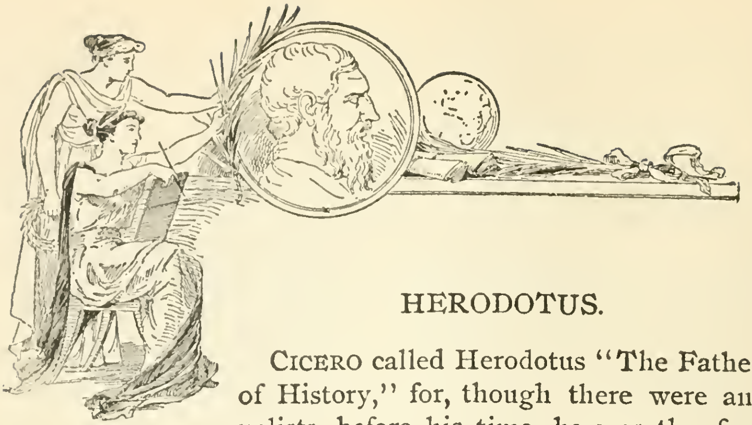
WHILE the Hellenic race rose rapidly to sublime heights in epic and lyric poetry, it was slow in developing prose literature. In primitive times the inspired poet was the constant attendant of priests and kings. He recited his verses to attentive listeners at the courts of chiefs and tribal festivals. He roused the spirits of warriors by reciting their exploits and recalling the deeds of ancestral heroes. He was called to give formal expression to domestic joys at weddings and to the lamentations of kinsfolk at funerals. The dactylic hexameter, the oldest standard form of verse, was the favorite mode of oracular response at Dodona and Delphi. The lawgivers in framing the earliest codes and constitutions used the same form hallowed by religious associations. Moral teachers, in expressing their maxims and precepts for individual conduct, adopted the same style, though later they varied it with the elegiac combination of hexameters and pentameters. The early philosophers who investigated nature and studied the problems of mind committed their doctrines to the same vehicle. The epigrams, which, as their name implies, were originally inscriptions on monuments of men and events, appeared in the same dress; even when in later times they were used for every variety of purpose, for satire as well as eulogy, they preserved the same form. Whatever was intended for general circulation was put into this metrical form.

But the introduction and diffusion of the art of writing, and the invention of material suitable for its ready use, enabled some leaders of public thought to dispense with the metrical art as no longer essential. Chroniclers and annalists, moralists and philosophers, were among the first to use the irregular prose instead of the dignified metre. When the Persian War stirred the patriotic genius of the Hellenic race not only to resist the threatened destruction, but to record and celebrate the triumph of liberty over organized despotism, the victories were rehearsed in odes and dramas. But it also roused the slumbering curiosity concerning the distant regions whence the terrible yet civilized Barbarians had issued. Several inhabitants of the Greek cities of the Asiatic coast, who had been spectators rather than participants in the momentous conflict, undertook to enlighten their kinsmen in Hellas. The greatest of these and the one who has obtained the sole glory of the work was Herodotus of Halicarnassus. A Dorian by birth, he had acquired the more alert spirit of the Ionians, in whose dialect his history is written. The larger part of his work is the record of his extensive travels through the world then known to the Greeks, from Ecbatana in Persia to Sicily and Italy, where he had found a home. Whatever may be the errors in his recital, they can readily be accounted for by his being deceived by interpreters and guides. But whenever he writes from direct observation his accuracy may be depended upon and has often been confirmed by modern explorers. His work, though in prose, has features of the epic and the drama in his portrayal of the prodigious efforts of the Persian kings and the catastrophe of their ultimate defeat at Platæa and Salamis.

The gossipy traveler Herodotus was soon followed by the philosophic historian Thucydides, who found in the internal struggles of the Hellenic people an adequate subject for his superior powers of analysis of the causes of events. Himself a participant in the Peloponnesian War, he early recognized its importance, and when driven into exile by the Athenians, devoted his time to relating its course. His impartiality has been generally recognized, and his genius in depicting the characters of the leaders and in tracing the progress of events has called forth unqualified admiration in all ages. His style is generally concise and nervous, but sometimes obscure, especially in the speeches, which occupy about one-fourth of the whole work.

Xenophon, also an Athenian, took up the tale where Thucydides had left off, but was unequal to its accomplishment in the same philosophical spirit. He was an admirer of the Spartans and joined the army of his country's enemies. A skillful warrior and an able commander, he was also a versatile writer, and has left numerous treatises on social and economic topics besides his "Hellenica," in which he brought the history of Greece down to the battle of Mantinea, 362 B.C., and his masterly narrative of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand in the "Anabasis." His name is closely connected with that of his great teacher Socrates, and his record of the conversations of that philosopher are probably more true to the fact than the idealized dialogues due to the more profound Plato.

After giving specimens of the different styles of these great model historians, we turn back to the rise of philosophy in the sixth century before Christ. Though the literature of that time is scant, it shows the beginning of prose, and is necessary to be considered for proper understanding of its later development. The early philosophers are interesting as the first propounders of cosmic and physical theories which have swayed the minds of men in successive ages, and to which the leading scientists of the nineteenth century have returned. Many of those early sages are also interesting in their own characters as far as these can be discovered through the distance of many centuries. Some taught a more spiritual philosophy, and in the midst of polytheism asserted the unity of the Deity. Others contented themselves with framing systems of morality and setting forth the beauty of virtue and the laws of conduct.



HERODOTUS.

Cicero called Herodotus "The Father of History," for, though there were annalists before his time, he was the first to give full and vivid delineation of the men and manners of his age. Herodotus was born at the Dorian city of Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, B.C. 484. The records of his life are not only scant, but dubious. He opposed the despotic government of the tyrant Lygdamis, and joined in his expulsion, but soon afterward went to Athens, where he became the intimate friend of Sophocles. Thence he migrated to Southern Italy, having joined the sons of freedom, who founded Thurii, and became the pioneers of civilization in that country. With his Athenian friends he lived at Thurii, and died there about B.C. 408. From his extensive travel and keen observation he was destined to enlighten and elevate Hellas. He had traversed Greece, Egypt and Scythia, as far as the river Tanaïs or Don. In Asia he had visited Tyre, Babylon, and Ecbatana, the summer resort of the Persian kings.

The monumental work giving the record of his observations Herodotus called "Historiai" (Researches), and hence our word "history." The division into nine books, bearing the names of the nine Muses, was not made by Herodotus himself, but by the Alexandrian grammarians. No other historian has traversed so wide a field. His chief aim was to exhibit in general the wars of Greeks with Barbarians—that is to say, with all who were not Greeks—and in particular the struggle between Greeks and Persians. The history proper, covering a period of sixty-eight years, shows how the Greeks, at first feeble and divided, and unable to cope with the vast hordes of Asia, became a united people, strove, and finally conquered in the ever-memorable victories of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. There are numerous digressions for the purpose of describing the peoples and countries the author had investigated; but these digressions are only so many pleasing episodes in the main narrative. The story culminates in the final triumph of free thought and liberal culture over brute force and systematic despotism.

In the writings of Herodotus there is no pretension to art, yet the critic is compelled to admire his power of combining with historical narrative a medley of mythical geography, natural history and antiquities. The style is simple, almost garrulous, yet animated. There is abundance of description and dialogue, expressed in pure and sweetly-flowing language. In some respects he is poetic and dramatical, for story-telling was not yet widely separated from the epic narrative, in which public life and actions had hitherto been chiefly described. Herodotus gives us the facts as they appeared to him. Parts of his story, which can be authenticated, are often mixed up with wild legends, acceptable to a lively, susceptible and restless people, inquisitive and credulous, ever on the outlook for excitement and novelty. Among them philosophy was still young, though the fine arts had reached the zenith of excellence. They heard with delight of omens and dreams, and warnings from the dead; of giants and dwarfs; of strange birds and beasts. They were also full of patriotic enthusiasm, and were deeply interested in the narrative of their recent achievements. The story of the fierce conflict appealed to their passions and love of honor and kindred. They saw in it the might of wealth and power matched against the greater might of virtue and courage.

Throughout the whole work there runs a deeply religious idea: a firm belief in a Divine power, independent of nature and man. The piety of Herodotus was tinged with superstition. At times he fears giving offence to the gods, and will not rehearse what he has heard about them and their interference in human affairs; at other times he feels compelled to speak out, and begs forgiveness from gods and heroes.

The history, beginning with mythical times, soon passes on to King Crœsus of Lydia; describes the conquest of Lydia by Cyrus; the rise of the Persian monarchy; the Egyptian expedition of Cambyses; the Scythian expedition of Darius; the repeated invasions of Greece by the hosts under Mardonius and Xerxes; the glorious victories of Marathon, Salamis and Platæa; and so on to the rise of Athens to naval supremacy, and the time when the Greeks took Sestos, and returned home carrying with them vast hoards of money and fragments of the bridge of boats built by Xerxes across the Hellespont.

THE EGYPTIAN KING'S TREASURE.

KING RHAMPSINITUS was possessed of great riches in silver,—indeed to such an amount, that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. For the better custody of this money, he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived, as he was making the building, to insert in this wall a stone, which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick, when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons, and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure-chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be Comptrollers of the Royal Exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work; they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect, and the fastenings of the room secure. Still each time that he repeated his visits, he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came, as usual, to the treasure-chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture, made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it. Then, fitting the stone into its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marveled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening, that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king, and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain: she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body. Then pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head, and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside out of the road and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him, and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking-bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

When it came to the king's ears that the thief's body was stolen away, he was sorely vexed. Wishing therefore, whatever it might cost, to catch the man who had contrived the trick, he had recourse (the priests said) to an expedient, which I can scarcely credit. He sent his own daughter to the common stews, with orders to admit all comers, but to require every man to tell her what was the cleverest and wickedest thing he had done in the whole course of his life. If any one in reply told her the story of the thief, she was to lay hold of him and not allow him to get away. The daughter did as her father willed, whereon the thief, who was well aware of the king's motive, felt a desire to outdo him in craft and cunning. Accordingly he contrived the following plan: He procured the corpse of a man lately dead, and cutting off one of the arms at the shoulder, put it under his dress, and so went to the king's daughter. When she put the question to him as she had done to all the rest, he replied, that the wickedest thing he had ever done was cutting off the head of his brother when he was caught in a trap in the king's treasury, and the cleverest was making the guards drunk and carrying off the body. As he spoke, the princess caught at him, but the thief took advantage of the darkness to hold out to her the hand of the corpse. Imagining it to be his own hand, she seized and held it fast; while the thief, leaving it in her grasp, made his escape by the door.

The king, when word was brought him of this fresh success, amazed at the sagacity and boldness of the man, sent messengers to all the towns in his dominions to proclaim a free pardon for the thief, and to promise him a rich reward, if he came and made himself known. The thief took the king at his word, and came boldly into his presence; whereupon Rhampsinitus, greatly admiring him, and looking on him as the most knowing of men, gave him his daughter in marriage. "The Egyptians," he said, "excelled all the rest of the world in wisdom, and this man excelled all other Egyptians."

PYTHIUS THE LYDIAN.

Now there lived in Celænæ a certain Pythius, the son of Atys, a Lydian. This man entertained Xerxes and his whole army in a most magnificent fashion, offering at the same time to give him a sum of money for the war. Xerxes, upon the mention of money, turned to the Persians who stood by and asked of them, "Who is this Pythius, and what wealth has he that he should venture on such an offer as this?" They answered him, "This is the man, O King, who gave thy father, Darius, the golden plane-tree, and likewise the golden vine; and he is still the wealthiest man we know of in all the world, excepting thee."

Xerxes marvelled at these last words; and now addressing Pythius with his own lips, he asked him what the amount of his wealth really was. Pythius answered as follows:

"O King! I will not hide this matter from thee, nor make pretence that I do not know how rich I am; but as I know perfectly, I will declare all fully before thee. For when thy journey was noised abroad and I heard thou wert coming down to the Grecian coast, straightway, as I wished to give thee a sum of money for the war, I made count of my stores, and found them to be two thousand talents of silver, and of gold four millions of Daric staters, wanting seven thousand. All this I willingly make over to thee as a gift; and when it is gone, my slaves and my estates in land will be wealth enough for my wants."

This speech charmed Xerxes, and he replied, "Dear Lydian, since I left Persia there is no man but thee who has either desired to entertain my army, or come forward of his own free will to offer me a sum of money for the war. Thou hast done both the one and the other, feasting my troops magnificently, and now making offer of a right noble sum. In return, this is what I will bestow on thee. Thou shalt be my sworn friend from this day, and the seven thousand staters which are wanting to make up thy four millions I will supply, so that the full tale may be no longer lacking, and that thou mayest owe the completion of the round sum to me. Continue to enjoy all that thou hast acquired hitherto, and be sure to remain ever such as thou now art. If thou dost, thou wilt not repent of it so long as thy life endures." When Xerxes had so spoken and had made good his promises to Pythius, he pressed forward upon his march. . . . .

And now when all was prepared—the bridges over the Hellespont and the works at Mount Athos, the breakwaters about the mouths of the cutting, which were made to hinder the surf from blocking up the entrances, and the cutting itself; and when the news came to Xerxes that this last was completely finished—then at length the host, having first wintered at Sardis, began its march towards Abydos, fully equipped, on the first approach of spring. At the moment of departure, the sun suddenly quitted his seat in the heavens and disappeared, though there were no clouds in sight, but the sky was clear and serene. Day was thus turned into night; whereupon Xexes, who saw and remarked the prodigy, was seized with alarm, and sending at once for the Magians, inquired of them the meaning of the portent. They replied—"God is foreshadowing to the Greeks the destruction of their cities;

for the sun foretells for them, and the moon for us." So Xerxes, thus instructed, proceeded on his way with great gladness of heart.

The army had begun its march when Pythius the Lydian, affrighted at the heavenly portent, and emboldened by his gifts, came to Xerxes and said—"Grant me, O my lord! a favor which is to thee a light matter, but to me of vast account." Then Xerxes, who looked for nothing less than such a prayer as Pythius in fact preferred, engaged to grant him whatever he wished, and commanded him to tell his wish freely. So Pythius, full of boldness, went on to say:

"O my lord! thy servant has five sons, and it chances that all are called upon to join thee in this march against Greece. I beseech thee have compassion upon my years, and let one of my sons, the eldest, remain behind to be my prop and stay, and the guardian of my wealth. Take with thee the other four; and when thou hast done all that is in thine heart, mayest thou come back in safety."

But Xerxes was greatly angered, and replied to him: "Thou wretch! darest thou speak to me of thy son, when I am myself on the march against Greece, with sons and brothers and kinsfolk and friends? Thou, who art my bondslave, and art in duty bound to follow me with all thy household, not excepting thy wife! Know that man's spirit dwelleth in his ears, and when it hears good things straightway it fills all his body with delight, but no sooner does it hear the contrary than it heaves and swells with passion. As when thou didst good deeds and madest good offers to me, thou wert not able to boast of having outdone the king in bountifulness, so now when thou art changed and grown impudent, thou shalt not receive all thy deserts, but less. For thyself and four of thy five sons, the entertainment which I had of thee shall gain protection; but as for him to whom thou clingest above the rest, the forfeit of his life shall be thy punishment." Having thus spoken, forthwith he commanded those to whom such tasks were assigned to seek out the eldest of the sons of Pythius, and having cut his body asunder, to place the two halves, one on the right, the other on the left, of the great road, so that the army might march out between them. Then the king's orders were obeyed, and the army marched out between the two halves of the carcass.

The Battle of Marathon.

The Persians, having brought Eretria into subjection, after waiting a few days, made sail for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And, because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay, moreover, quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither. When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

Before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name and bade him ask the Athenians "wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come?" The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honor yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Pheidippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta, on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said to them, "Men of Lacedæmon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive, and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city." Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succor, as they did not like to break their established law. It was then the ninth day of the first decade, and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He dreamed of lying in his mother's arms, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterward live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians, and in the first place he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Ægileia, a tract belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon, and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now, as he was a man advanced in years and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it, but the tooth was nowhere to be seen; whereupon he fetched a deep sigh, and said to the bystanders, "After all, the land is not ours, and we shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my tooth has possession." So Hippias believed that in this way his dream was out.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they were joined by the Platæans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Platæans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians, and these last had already undertaken many labors on their behalf.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions, and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes, while others were for fighting at once; and among these last was Miltiades. He, therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnæ; to him, therefore, Miltiades went and said:

"With thee it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind thee to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogiton. For never since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided: half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee, therefore, we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or if thou preferrest to give thy vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus, and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favor of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the army, gave up their right to Miltiades. He, however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited and would not fight until his own day of command arrived in due course. Then at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it: Callimachus the polemarch led the right wing; for it was at that time a rule with the Athenians to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Platæans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Platæans conjointly with the Athenians. Now, as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the centre were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So, when the battle was set in array and the victims showed themselves favorable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now, the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians, but the Athenians in close array fell upon them and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

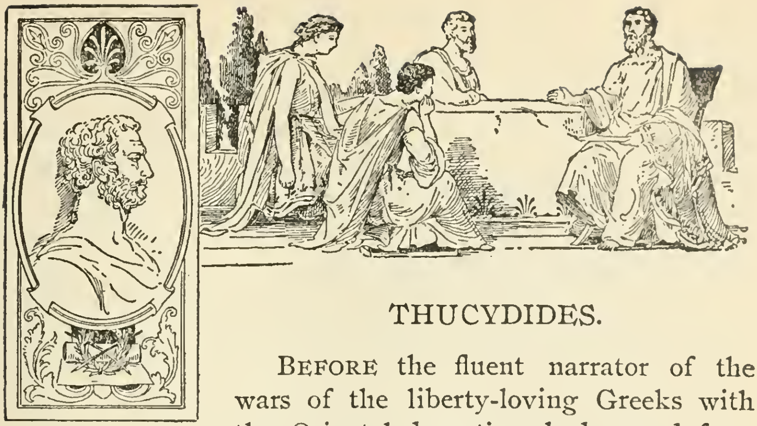
The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time, and in the mid-battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacæ had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country, but on the two wings the Athenians and the Platæans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease, and, joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own centre, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore; on reaching which, they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaus, too, the son of Thrasilaus, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynægirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished, as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

Nevertheless, the Athenians secured in this way seven vessels, while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off, and, taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmæonidæ were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them by raising a shield after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium, but the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians; and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about 6,400 men; on that of the Athenians, 192. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other.



THUCYDIDES.

Before the fluent narrator of the wars of the liberty-loving Greeks with the Oriental despotism had passed from the stage of life, appeared the calmly philosophic historian who was to depict the glory and decline of Athens. Thucydides, the writer of the Peloponnesian War, was born at Athens about B.C. 471. He was of noble descent, and his high station enabled him to receive the best education of the time. There is a tradition that, when a lad of fifteen, he heard Herodotus recite part of his history at the Olympic games, he was affected to tears. Though a faithful citizen, he had little liking for democracy, having witnessed the vulgar contentions for wit and reputation among the demagogues, and the pernicious effects of the flattering advice of those who wished to attain influence among the common people. When he determined to compose his history, his fortune gave him leisure, his disposition was free from malice, and his diligence secured that no pains would be spared in getting at the truth.

When the Peloponnesian war broke out, Thucydides began his history as a brief register of facts and actions. It was not till he went into exile that he began to polish and perfect his work. His exile came about in this way: Amphipolis, a town on the borders of Thrace, belonging to the Athenians, was besieged by the Spartan Brasidas. Thucydides, who was in command of a squadron of seven ships off the coast of Thasos, was sent for by the commander at Amphipolis, and proceeded thither immediately. Brasidas, fearing the arrival of a superior force, offered favorable terms to the besieged, which were accepted. Thucydides arrived at the mouth of the Strymon twelve hours after the capitulation, and saved the town of Eion. But because he failed to save the more important Amphipolis, the Athenian people banished him. He went to Thrace and spent twenty years in exile. He appears to have died by violence while defending his property from robbers.

The "History of the Peloponnesian War" is divided into eight books, the last of which has not received the same polish as its predecessors, and breaks off abruptly in the middle of the twenty-first year of the war, B.C. 411.

With regard to the authority of Thucydides, the truth of his statements was never called in question till the nineteenth century; but, on the whole, his credibility remains unshaken. He did not write for present applause, but, as he expressly declares, for a monument to instruct ages to come. He said nothing in malice against the Athenians who had banished him, though he might well have been excused if he had done so.

In the first book he gives a brief summary of Greek history from the earliest times to the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war. Then he goes on to assign the cause of this war, which he states to be Spartan jealousy of Athens. This is his general plan: to state the grounds and motives before the actions, then the actions themselves; and, finally, the effects of these actions. He was thus the first critical and philosophical historian. He has been much praised for gravity and dignity of language, for strength and pithiness. Cicero compares Herodotus to a river that glides gently along, and Thucydides to one that runs with a strong, swollen current.

Thucydides is often charged with obscurity, and it cannot be denied that he uses long and intricate sentences, especially in the contemplation of human passions and men's humors and manners. In other cases he always tries to make his readers spectators of what is described, and to fire them with the same feeling as if they had actually been present. The speeches with which the narrative is interspersed are an Athenian statesman's presentation of the arguments practically used on each occasion. So much was his work esteemed by the ancients, for eloquence, that Demosthenes is said to have written it over eight times. Yet the eloquence is not that of the bar, although proper enough for history, and meant to be read rather than heard.

Thucydides, like Anaxagoras, Socrates and Pericles, was charged by his countrymen with atheism. His notions in philosophy placed him above the conception of the vulgar, and he may have appeared to them to disregard the gods; but the drama of Divine Providence has never been more manifestly set forth than in his grand recital of the disintegration of the Hellenic empire.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

PISISTRATUS died at an advanced age, being tyrant of Athens; and then, not, as is the common opinion, Hipparchus, but Hippias (who was the eldest of his sons) succeeded to his power. Harmodius was in the flower of youth, and Aristogiton, a citizen of the middle class, became his lover. Hipparchus made an attempt to gain the affections of Harmodius, but he would not listen to him, and told Aristogiton. The latter was naturally tormented at the idea, and fearing that Hipparchus who was powerful would resort to violence, at once formed such a plot as a man in his station might for the overthrow of the tyranny. Meanwhile Hipparchus made another attempt; he had no better success, and thereupon he determined, not indeed to take any violent step, but to insult Harmodius in some secret place, so that his motive could not be suspected. To use violence would have been at variance with the general character of his administration, which was not unpopular or oppressive to the many; in fact no tyrants ever displayed greater merit or capacity than these. Although the tax on the produce of the soil which they exacted amounted only to five per cent., they improved and adorned the city, and carried on successful wars; they were also in the habit of sacrificing in the temples. The city meanwhile was permitted to retain her ancient laws; but the family of Pisistratus took care that one of their own number should always be in office. Among others who thus held the annual archonship at Athens was Pisistratus, a son of the tyrant Hippias.

He was named after his grandfather Pisistratus, and during his term of office he dedicated the altar of the Twelve Gods in the Agora [or Forum], and another altar in the temple of the Pythian Apollo. The Athenian people afterwards added to one side of the altar in the Agora, and so concealed the inscription upon it; but the other inscription on the altar of the Pythian Apollo may still be seen, although the letters are nearly effaced. It runs as follows:

> "Pisistratus, the son of Hippias, dedicated this memorial of his archonship in the sacred precinct of the Pythian Apollo."

When Hipparchus found his advances repelled by Harmodius, he carried out his intention of insulting him. There was a young sister of his whom Hipparchus and his friends first invited to come and carry a sacred basket in a procession, and then rejected her, declaring that she had never been invited by them at all because she was unworthy. At this Harmodius was very angry, and Aristogiton, for his sake, more angry still. They and the other conspirators had already laid their preparations, but were waiting for the festival of the great Panathenæa, when the citizens who took part in the procession assembled in arms; for to wear arms on any other day would have aroused suspicion. Harmodius and Aristogiton were to begin the attack, and the rest were immediately to join in, and engage with the guards. The plot had been communicated to a few only, the better to avoid detection; but they hoped that, however few struck the blow, the crowd who would be armed, although not in the secret, would at once rise and assist in the recovery of their own liberties.

The day of the festival arrived, and Hippias went out of the city to the place called the Ceramicus, where he was occupied with his guards in marshalling the procession. Harmodius and Aristogiton, who were ready with their daggers, stepped forward to do the deed. But seeing one of the conspirators in familiar conversation with Hippias, who was readily accessible to all, they took alarm and imagined that they had been betrayed, and were on the point of being seized. Whereupon they determined to take their revenge first on the man who had outraged them and was the cause of their desperate attempt. So they rushed, just as they were, within the gates. They found Hipparchus near the Leocorium, as it was called, and then and there falling upon him with all the blind fury, one of an injured lover, the other of a man smarting under an insult, they smote and slew him. The crowd ran together, and so Aristogiton for the present escaped the guards; but he was afterwards taken and not very gently handled. Harmodius perished on the spot.

The news was carried to Hippias at the Ceramicus; he went at once, not to the place, but to the armed men who were to march in the procession and, being at a distance, were as yet ignorant of what had happened. Betraying nothing in his looks of the calamity which had befallen him, he bade them leave their arms and go to a certain spot which he pointed out. They, supposing that he had something to say to them, obeyed, and then bidding his guards seize the arms, he at once selected those whom he thought guilty, and all who were found carrying daggers; for the custom was to march in the procession with spear and shield only.

Such was the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton, which began in the resentment of a lover; the reckless attempt which followed arose out of a sudden fright. To the people at large the tyranny simply became more oppressive, and Hippias, after his brother's death living in great fear, slew many of the citizens; he also began to look abroad in hope of securing an asylum should a revolution occur.

Hippias ruled three years longer over the Athenians. In the fourth year he was deposed by the Lacedæmonians and the exiled Alcmæonidæ. He retired under an agreement, first to Sigeium, and then to Æantides at Lampsacus. From him he went to the court of Darius, whence, returning twenty years later with the Persian army, he took part in the expedition to Marathon, being then an old man.

[Harmodius and Aristogiton have been celebrated as model patriots by those who approve tyrannicide; but they slew the wrong man, and only provoked Hippias to sterner measures of repression. A song in their honor was afterwards a favorite in Athens.

THE SWORD AND THE MYRTLE.

I'LL wreathe with myrtle-bough my sword,
Like those who struck down Athens' lord,
Our laws engrafting equal right on—
Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Harmodius dear, thou art not dead,
But in the happy isles, they say,
Where fleet Achilles lives for aye,
And good Tydides Diomed.

I'll wreathe my sword with myrtle-bough,
Like those who laid Hipparchus low,
When on Athené's holiday
The tyrant wight they dared to slay.

Because they slew him, and because
They gave to Athens equal laws,
Eternal fame shall shed a light on
Harmodius and Aristogiton.]

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN.

WHEN Pausanias the Lacedæmonian was originally summoned by the Spartans to give an account of his command at the Hellespont, and had been tried and acquitted, he was no longer sent out in a public capacity, but he hired a trireme of Hermione on his own account and sailed to the Hellespont, pretending that he had gone thither to fight in the cause of the Hellenes. In reality he wanted to prosecute an intrigue with the king of Persia, by which he hoped to obtain the empire of Hellas. He had already taken the first steps after the retreat from Cyprus, when he captured Byzantium. The city was at that time held by the Persians and by certain relatives and kinsmen of the king, who were taken prisoners. These he restored to the king without the knowledge of the allies, to whom he declared that they had made their escape. This act was the beginning of the whole affair, and thereby he originally placed the king under an obligation to him. His accomplice was Gongylus the Eretrian, to whose care he had entrusted Byzantium and the captives. To this same Gongylus he also gave a letter addressed to the king, of which, as was afterwards discovered, the terms were as follows:

"Pausanias, the Spartan commander, desiring to do you a service, sends you back these captives of his spear. And I propose, if you have no objection, to marry your daughter, and to bring Sparta and the rest of Hellas under your sway. I think that I can accomplish this if you and I take counsel together. Should you approve of my proposal, send a trusty person to the sea and through him we will negotiate." Thus far the letter.

Xerxes was pleased, and sent Artabazus the son of Pharnaces to the sea, commanding him to assume the government of the satrapy of Dascylium in the room of Megabates. An answer was entrusted to him, which he was to send as quickly as possible to Pausanias at Byzantium; he was to show him at the same time the royal seal. If Pausanias gave him any order about his own affairs, he was to execute it with all diligence and fidelity. Artabazus came down to the sea, as he was desired, and transmitted the letter. The answer of the king was as follows:

"Thus saith Xerxes, the King, to Pausanias. The benefit which thou hast done me in saving the captives who were taken at Byzantium beyond the sea is recorded in my house for ever, and thy words please me. Let neither day nor night hinder thee from fulfilling diligently the promise which thou hast made to me; spare not gold or silver, and take as large an army as thou wilt, wheresoever it may be required. I have sent to thee Artabazus, a good man; act with him for my honor and welfare, and for thine own, and be of good courage."

Pausanias received the letter. He had already acquired a high reputation among the Hellenes when in command at Platæa, and now he was so great that he could no longer contain himself or live like other men. As he marched out of Byzantium he wore Persian apparel. On his way through Thrace he was attended by a body-guard of Medes and Egyptians, and he had his table served after the Persian fashion.

He could not conceal his ambition, but indicated by little things the greater designs which he was meditating. He made himself difficult of access, and displayed such a violent temper towards everybody that no one could come near him; and this was one of the chief reasons why the confederacy transferred themselves to the Athenians.

The news of his behavior soon reached the Lacedæmonians, who recalled him in the first instance on this ground. And now, when he had sailed away in the ship of Hermione without leave, and was evidently carrying on the same practices; when he had been forced out of Byzantium, and the gates had been shut against him by the Athenians; and when, instead of returning to Sparta, he settled at Colonæ in Troas, and was reported to the Ephors* to be negotiating with the Barbarians, and to be staying there for no good purpose, then at last they made up their minds to act. They sent a herald to him with a despatch rolled on a scytale,† commanding him to follow the officer home, and saying that, if he refused, Sparta would declare war against him. He, being desirous as far as he could to avoid suspicion and believing that he could dispose of the accusations by bribery, returned for the second time to Sparta. On his return he was at once thrown into prison by the Ephors, who have the power to imprison the king himself. But after a time he contrived to come out, and challenged any one who asserted his guilt to bring him to trial.

As yet, however, neither his enemies among the citizens nor the Spartan government had any trustworthy evidence such as would have justified them in inflicting punishment upon a member of the royal family holding royal office at the time. For he was the guardian as well as cousin of the king, Pleistarchus, son of Leonidas, who was still a minor. But his disregard of propriety and affectation of Barbarian fashions made them strongly suspect that he was dissatisfied with his position in the state. They examined into any violation of established usage which they could find in his previous life; and they remembered among other things how in past times he had presumed on his own authority to inscribe on the tripod at Delphi, which the Hellenes dedicated as the first fruits of their victory over the Persians, this elegiac couplet:

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* The Ephors (overseers) were five officers elected annually to control and direct the actions of the kings of Sparta.

† An official staff around which the strip containing the despatch was rolled so as to become intelligible.

"Pausanias, captain of the Hellenes, having destroyed the Persian host,
Made this offering to Phœbus for a memorial."

The Lacedæmonians at once effaced the lines and inscribed on the tripod the names of the cities which had taken part in the overthrow of the Barbarian and in the dedication of the offering. But still this act of Pausanias gave offence at the time, and now that he had again fallen under suspicion, seemed to receive a new light from his present designs. They were also informed that he was intriguing with the Helots; and this was true, for he had promised them emancipation and citizenship if they would join him in an insurrection and help to carry out his whole design. Still the magistrates would not take decided measures; they even refused to believe the distinct testimony which certain Helots brought against him; their habit having always been to be slow in taking an irrevocable decision against a Spartan without incontestable proof. At last a certain man of Argilus, who had been a favorite and was still a confidential servant of Pausanias, turned informer. He had been commissioned by him to carry to Artabazus the last letters for the king, but the thought struck him that no previous messenger had ever returned; he took alarm, and so, having counterfeited the seal of Pausanias in order to avoid discovery if he were mistaken, or if Pausanias, wanting to make some alterations, should ask him for the letter, he opened it, and among the directions given in it found written, as he had suspected, an order for his own death.

He showed the letter to the Ephors, who were now more inclined to believe, but still they wanted to hear something from Pausanias' own mouth; and so, according to a plan preconcerted with them, the man went to Tænarus as a suppliant and there put up a hut divided by a partition. In the inner part of the hut he placed some of the Ephors, and when Pausanias came to him and asked him why he was a suppliant, the whole truth was at once revealed to them. There was the man reproaching Pausanias with the directions which he had found in the letter, and going into minute details about the whole affair; he protested that never on any occasion had he brought him into any trouble when sent on his service in this matter to the king: why then should he share the fate of the other messengers, and be rewarded with death? And there was Pausanias, admitting the truth of his words, and telling him not to be angry at what had happened, offering to raise him by the hand that he might safely leave the temple, and bidding him go about the business at once and not make difficulties.

The Ephors, who had heard every word, went away for the present, intending, now that they had certain knowledge, to take Pausanias in the city. It is said that he was on the point of being arrested in the street, when the face of one of them as they approached revealed to him their purpose, and another who was friendly warned him by a hardly perceptible nod. Whereupon he ran and fled to the temple of Athene of the Brazen House and arrived before them, for the precinct* was not far off. There, entering into a small house which belonged to the temple, that he might not suffer from exposure to the weather, he remained. When his pursuers, who had failed in overtaking him, came up, they unroofed the building, and having made sure that he was within and could not get out, they built up the doors, and, investing the place, starved him to death. He was on the point of expiring in the temple where he lay, when they, observing his condition, brought him out; he was still breathing, but as soon as he was brought out he died. The Spartans were going to cast his body into the Cæadas, a chasm into which they throw malefactors, but they changed their minds and buried him somewhere in the neighborhood. The God of Delphi afterwards commanded them to transfer him to the place where he died, and he now lies in the entrance to the precinct, as the inscription on the column testifies. The oracle also told them that they had brought a curse upon themselves, and must offer two bodies for one to Athene of the Brazen House. Whereupon they made two brazen statues, which they dedicated, intending them to be an expiation for Pausanias.

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* The ground over which the rights of the temple extended.

THE CHARACTER OF PERICLES.

So long as Pericles stood at the head of Athens in time of peace, he governed it with moderation and maintained it in safety, and under him it rose to its highest power. And when the war broke out he proved that he had well calculated the resources of the State. He lived through two years and a half of it; and when he died, his foresight as to its conduct became even more generally admitted. For he always said that if they were patient and paid due attention to their navy, and did not grasp at extension of empire during the war, or expose their city to danger, they would be the victors. But they did the very contrary to all this; and in matters which seemed to have no reference to the war they followed an evil policy as to their own interests and those of their allies, and in accordance with their private jealousies and private advantage; measures which, when successful, brought honors and profits to individuals only, while, if they failed, the disadvantage was felt by the State in its results on the war.

The reason lay in this: that Pericles, powerful by his influence and ability, and manifestly incorruptible by bribes, exercised a control over the masses, combined with excellent tact, and rather led them than allowed them to lead him. For since he did not gain his ascendancy by unbecoming means, he never used language to humor them, but was able, on the strength of his high character, even to oppose their passions. That is, when he saw them overweeningly confident without just grounds, he would speak so as to inspire them with a wholesome fear; or, when they were unreasonably alarmed, he would raise their spirits again to confidence. Thus Athens was a nominal democracy, but in fact the government of the one foremost man.

CLEON'S VICTORY AT SPHACTERIA.

At Pylos the Athenians continued to blockade the Lacedæmonians in the island of Sphacteria, and the Peloponnesian army on the mainland remained in their old position. The watch was harassing to the Athenians, for they were in want both of food and water; there was only one small well, which was inside the fort, and the soldiers were commonly in the habit of scraping away the shingle on the seashore, and drinking any water which they could get. The Athenian garrison was crowded into a narrow space, and, their ships having no regular anchorage, the crews took their meals on land by turns; one-half of the army eating while the other lay at anchor in the open sea. The unexpected length of the siege was a great discouragement to them; they had hoped to starve their enemies out in a few days, for they were on a desert island, and had only brackish water to drink. The secret of this protracted resistance was a proclamation issued by the Lacedæmonians offering large fixed prices, and freedom if he were a Helot, to any one who would convey into the island meal, wine, cheese, or any other provision suitable for a besieged place. Many braved the danger, especially the Helots; they started from all points of Peloponnesus, and before daybreak bore down upon the shore of the island looking towards the open sea. They took especial care to have a strong wind in their favor, since they were less likely to be discovered by the triremes when it blew hard from the sea. The blockade was then impracticable, and the crews of the boats were perfectly reckless in running them aground; for a value had been set upon them, and Lacedæmonian hoplites were waiting to receive them about the landing-places of the island. All, however, who ventured when the sea was calm were captured. Some, too, dived and swam by way of the harbor, drawing after them by a cord skins containing pounded linseed and poppy-seeds mixed with honey. At first they were not found out, but afterwards watches were posted. The two parties had all sorts of devices, the one determined to send in food, the other to detect them.

When the Athenians heard that their own army was suffering, and that supplies were introduced into the island, they began to be anxious and were apprehensive that the blockade might extend into the winter. Cleon, knowing that he was an object of general mistrust, because he had stood in the way of peace, challenged the reports of the messengers from Pylos; who rejoined that, if their words were not believed, the Athenians should send commissioners of their own. And so Theagenes and Cleon himself were chosen commissioners. Pointedly alluding to Nicias, who was one of the generals and an enemy of his, he declared sarcastically, that, if the generals were good for anything, they might easily sail to the island and take the Lacedæmonians, and that this was what he would certainly do himself if he were general.

Nicias perceived that the multitude were murmuring at Cleon, and asking "why he did not sail—now was his time if he thought the capture of Sphacteria to be such an easy matter:" and hearing him attack the generals, he told him that, as far as they were concerned, he might take any force which he required and try. Cleon at first imagined that the offer of Nicias was only a pretence, and was willing to go; but finding that he was in earnest, he tried to back out, and said that not he but Nicias was general. He was now alarmed, for he never imagined that Nicias would go so far as to give up his place to him. Again Nicias bade him take the command of the expedition against Pylos, which he formally gave up to him in the presence of the assembly. And the more Cleon declined the proffered command and tried to retract what he had said, so much the more the multitude, as their manner is, urged Nicias to resign and shouted to Cleon that he should sail. At length, not knowing how to escape from his own words, he undertook the expedition, and, coming forward, said that he was not afraid of the Lacedæmonians, and that he would sail without drawing a single man from the city if he were allowed to have the Lemnian and Imbrian forces now at Athens, the auxiliaries from Ænus, who were targeteers, and four hundred archers from other places. With these and with the troops already at Pylos he gave his word that within twenty days he would either bring the Lacedæmonians alive or kill them on the spot. His vain words moved the Athenians to laughter; nevertheless the wiser sort of men were pleased when they reflected that of two good things they could not fail to obtain one—either there would be an end of Cleon, which they would have greatly preferred, or, if they were disappointed, he would put the Lacedæmonians into their hands.

When he had concluded the affair in the assembly, and the Athenians had passed the necessary vote, he made choice of Demosthenes, one of the commanders at Pylos, to be his colleague, and proceeded to sail with all speed. He selected Demosthenes, because he heard that he was already intending to make an attack upon the island; for the soldiers, who were suffering much from the discomfort of the place, in which they were rather besieged than besiegers, were eager to strike a decisive blow. Cleon sent and announced to Demosthenes his approach, and soon afterwards, bringing with him the army which he had requested, himself arrived at Pylos. On the meeting of the two generals they first of all sent a herald to the Lacedæmonian force on the mainland, proposing that they should avoid any further risk by ordering the men in the island to surrender with their arms; they were to be placed under surveillance, but well treated until a general peace was concluded.

Finding that their proposal was rejected, the Athenians waited for a day, and on the night of the day following put off, taking with them all their heavy-armed troops, whom they had embarked in a few ships. A little before dawn they landed on both sides of the island, towards the sea and towards the harbor, a force amounting in all to about eight hundred men. They then ran as fast as they could to the first station on the island. Now the disposition of the enemy was as follows: The first station was garrisoned by about thirty hoplites, while the main body under the command of Epitadas was posted near the spring in the centre of the island, where the ground was most level. A small force guarded the furthest extremity of the island opposite Pylos, which was precipitous towards the sea, and on the land side the strongest point of all, being protected to some extent by an ancient wall made of rough stones, which the Spartans thought would be of use to them if they were overpowered and compelled to retreat.

The Athenians rushed upon the first garrison and cut them down, half asleep as they were and just snatching up their arms. They had not seen the enemy land, and fancied that their ships were only gone to keep the customary watch for the night. When the dawn appeared, the rest of the army began to disembark. They were the crews of rather more than seventy ships, including all but the lowest rank of rowers, variously equipped. There were also archers to the number of eight hundred, and as many targeteers, besides the Messenian auxiliaries and all who were on duty about Pylos, except the guards, who could not be spared from the walls of the fortress. Demosthenes divided them into parties of two hundred, more or less, who seized the highest points of the island in order that the enemy, being completely surrounded and distracted by the number of their opponents, might not know whom they should face first, but might be exposed to missiles on every side. For if they attacked those who were in front, they would be assailed by those behind; and if those on the flank, by those posted on the other; and whichever way they moved, the light-armed troops of the enemy were sure to be in their rear. These were their most embarrassing opponents, because they were armed with bows and javelins and slings and stones, which could be used with effect at a distance. Even to approach them was impossible, for they conquered in their very flight, and, when an enemy retreated, pressed close at his heels. Such was the plan of the descent which Demosthenes had in his mind, and which he now carried into execution.

The main body of the Lacedæmonians on the island under Epitadas, when they saw the first garrison cut to pieces, and an army approaching them, drew up in battle array. The Athenian hoplites were right in front, and the Lacedæmonians advanced against them, wanting to come to close quarters; but, having light-armed adversaries both on their flank and rear, they could not get at them or profit by their own military skill, for they were impeded by a shower of missiles from both sides. Meanwhile the Athenians, instead of going to meet them, remained in position, while the light-armed, again and again ran up and attacked the Lacedæmonians, who drove them back where they pressed closest. But though compelled to retreat they still continued fighting, being lightly equipped and easily getting the start of their enemies. The ground was difficult and rough, the island having been uninhabited; and the Lacedæmonians, who were encumbered by their arms, could not pursue them in such a place.

For some little time these skirmishes continued. But soon the Lacedæmonians became too weary to rush out upon their assailants, who began to be sensible that their resistance grew feebler. The sight of their own number, which was many times that of the enemy, encouraged them more than anything; they soon found that their losses were trifling compared with what they had expected; and familiarity made them think their opponents much less formidable than when they first landed, cowed by the fear of facing Lacedæmonians. They now despised them, and with a loud cry rushed upon them in a body, hurling at them stones, arrows, javelins, whichever came first to hand. The shout with which they accompanied the attack dismayed the Lacedæmonians, who were unaccustomed to this kind of warfare. Clouds of dust arose from the newly-burnt wood, and there was no possibility of a man's seeing what was before him, owing to the showers of arrows and stones hurled by their assailants which were flying amid the dust. And now the Lacedæmonians began to be sorely distressed, for their felt cuirasses did not protect them against the arrows, and the points of the javelins broke off where they struck them. They were at their wits' end, not being able to see out of their eyes or to hear the word of command, which was drowned by the cries of the enemy. Destruction was staring them in the face, and they had no means or hope of deliverance.

At length, finding that so long as they fought in the same narrow spot more and more of their men were wounded, they closed their ranks and fell back on the last fortification of the island, which was not far off, and where their other garrison was stationed. Instantly the light-armed troops of the Athenians pressed upon them with fresh confidence, redoubling their cries. Those of the Lacedæmonians who were caught by them on the way were killed, but the greater number escaped to the fort and ranged themselves with the garrison, resolved to defend the heights wherever they were assailable. The Athenians followed, but the strength of the position made it impossible to surround and cut them off, and so they attacked them in face and tried to force them back. For a long time, and indeed during the greater part of the day, both armies, although suffering from the battle and thirst and the heat of the sun, held their own; the one endeavoring to thrust their opponents from the high ground, the other determined not to give way. But the Lacedæmonians now defended themselves with greater ease, because they were not liable to be taken in flank.

There was no sign of the end. At length the general of the Messenian contingent came to Cleon and Demosthenes, and told them that if they would give him some archers and light-armed troops, and let him find a path by which he might get round in the rear of the Lacedæmonians, he thought that he could force his way in. Having obtained his request, he started from a point out of sight of the enemy, and making his way wherever the broken ground afforded a footing, and where the cliff was so steep that no guards had been set, he and his men with great difficulty got round unseen and suddenly appeared on the high ground, striking panic into the astonished enemy and redoubling the courage of his own friends who were watching for his reappearance. The Lacedæmonians were now assailed on both sides, and to compare a smaller thing to a greater, were in the same case with their own countrymen at Thermopylæ. For as they perished when the Persians found a way round by the path, so now the besieged garrison were attacked on both sides, and no longer resisted. The disparity of numbers, and the failure of bodily strength arising from want of food, compelled them to fall back, and the Athenians were at length masters of the approaches.

Cleon and Demosthenes saw that if the Lacedæmonians gave way one step more they would be destroyed by the Athenians; so they stopped the engagement and proclaimed to them that they might, if they would, surrender at discretion to the Athenians themselves and their arms.

Upon hearing the proclamation most of them lowered their shields and waved their hands in token of their willingness to yield. A truce was made, and then Cleon and Demosthenes, on the part of the Athenians, and Styphon, the son of Pharax, on the part of the Lacedæmonians, held a parley. Epitadas, who was the first in command, had been already slain; Hippagretas, who was next in succession, lay among the slain for dead; and Styphon had taken the place of the two others, having been appointed, as the law prescribed, in case anything should happen to them. He and his companions expressed their wish to communicate with the Lacedæmonians on the mainland as to the course which they should pursue. The Athenians allowed none of them to stir, but themselves invited heralds from the shore; and after two or three communications, the herald who came over last from the body of the army brought back word, "The Lacedæmonians bid you act as you think best, but you are not to dishonor yourselves." Whereupon they consulted together, and then gave up themselves and their arms. During that day and the following night the Athenians kept guard over them; on the next day they set up a trophy on the island and made preparations to sail, distributing the prisoners among the trierarchs. The Lacedæmonians sent a herald and conveyed away their own dead. Of the survivors the Spartans numbered about a hundred and twenty. But few Athenians fell.

Reckoned from the sea-fight to the final battle in the island, the time during which the blockade lasted was ten weeks and two days. For about three weeks the Lacedæmonians were supplied with food while the Spartan ambassadors were gone to solicit peace, but during the rest of this time they lived on what was brought in by stealth. A store of corn and other provisions was found in the island at the time of the capture; for Epitadas the general had not served out full rations. The Athenians and Peloponnesians now withdrew their armies from Pylos and returned home. And the mad promise of Cleon was fulfilled; for he did bring back the prisoners within twenty days as he had said.

ALCIBIADES VINDICATES HIMSELF.

ALCIBIADES was of the noblest Athenian stock, and being early left an orphan was brought up under the guardianship of his uncle, the great statesman, Pericles. He was thus admitted to the company of the celebrated Aspasia, whose house was a resort for the most cultivated society of the period. He also attached himself for a time to the philosopher Socrates, but rather from admiration of his dialectic skill than from desire to learn wisdom and virtue. From boyhood he had manifested an aristocratic insolence towards others, old and young. His versatile genius and persuasive talent, as well as his ability in war, seemed to fit him to be a worthy successor in public affairs to his guardian, yet he destroyed the empire of his native city, by first urging it to the disastrous Sicilian expedition, and then, when attacked by a faction, going over to the side of its enemies.

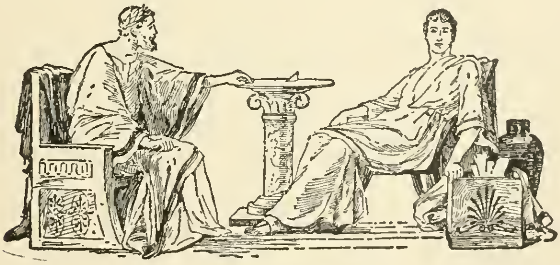
In 415 B.C. the Athenians, being at the height of their power, were requested by an embassy from Egesta, in Sicily, to interfere in the affairs of that island. They sent envoys to ascertain the actual condition, but these, being deceived, brought such a report that the assembly resolved on war. Alcibiades, Nicias and Lamachus were chosen to command the expedition of sixty ships. Nicias, an eminent aristocratic leader, being appointed against his own wish, exerted himself to dissuade the people from engaging in a distant and hazardous warfare. He also objected to Alcibiades, as being too rash and reckless for command. Alcibiades, eager for the war as an opportunity for glory for the city and himself, made his defence in the public assembly called to consider the matter.

MOST of the Athenians who came forward to speak were in favor of war, and reluctant to rescind the vote which had been already passed, although a few took the other side. The most enthusiastic supporter of the expedition to Sicily was Alcibiades, the son of Cleinias; he was determined to oppose Nicias, who was always his political enemy and had just now spoken of him in disparaging terms; but the desire to command was even a stronger motive with him. He was hoping that he might be the conqueror of Sicily and Carthage; and that success would repair his private fortunes, and gain him money as well as glory. He had a great position among the citizens and was devoted to horse-racing and other pleasures which outran his means. And in the end his wild courses went far to ruin the Athenian state. For the people feared the extremes to which he carried his lawless self-indulgence, and the far-reaching purposes which animated him in all his actions. They thought that he was aiming at a tyranny and set themselves against him. And therefore, although his talents as a military commander were unrivaled, they entrusted the administration of the war to others, because they personally objected to his private life; and so they speedily shipwrecked the state. He now came forward and spoke as follows:

"I have a better right to command, men of Athens, than another; for as Nicias has attacked me, I must begin by praising myself; and I consider that I am worthy. Those doings of mine for which I am so much cried out against are an honor to myself and to my ancestors, and a solid advantage to my country. In consequence of the distinguished manner in which I represented the state at Olympia, the other Hellenes formed an idea of our power which even exceeded the reality, although they had previously imagined that we were exhausted by war. I sent into the lists seven chariots,—no other private man ever did the like; I was victor, and also won the second and fourth prize; and I ordered everything in a style worthy of my victory. The general sentiment honors such magnificence; and the energy which is shown by it creates an impression of power. At home, again, whenever I gain *éclat* by providing choruses or by the performance of some other public duty, although the citizens are naturally jealous of me, to strangers these acts of munificence are a new argument of our strength. There is some use in the folly of a man who at his own cost benefits not only himself, but the state. And where is the injustice, if I or any one who feels his own superiority to another refuses to be on a level with him? The unfortunate keep their misfortunes to themselves. We do not expect to be recognized by our acquaintance when we are down in the world; and on the same principle why should any one complain when treated with disdain by the more fortunate? He who would have proper respect shown to him should himself show it towards others. I know that men of this lofty spirit, and all who have been in any way illustrious, are hated while they are alive, by their equals especially, and in a lesser degree by others who have to do with them; but that they leave behind them to after ages a reputation which leads even those who are not of their family to claim kindred with them, and that they are the glory of their country, which regards them, not as aliens or as evil-doers, but as her own children, of whose character she is proud. These are my own aspirations, and this is the reason why my private life is assailed; but let me ask you, whether in the management of public affairs any man surpasses me. Did I not, without involving you in any great danger or expense, combine the most powerful states of Peloponnesus against the Lacedæmonians, whom I compelled to stake at Mantinea all that they had upon the fortune of one day? And even to this hour, although they were victorious in the battle, they have hardly recovered courage.

"These were the achievements of my youth, and of what is supposed to be my monstrous folly; thus did I by winning words conciliate the Peloponnesian powers, and my heartiness made them believe in me and follow me. And now do not be afraid of me because I am young, but while I am in the flower of my days and Nicias enjoys the reputation of success, use the services of us both. Having determined to sail, do not change your minds under the impression that Sicily is a great power. For although the Sicilian cities are populous, their inhabitants are a mixed multitude, and they readily give up old forms of government and receive new ones from without. No one really feels that he has a city of his own; and so the individual is ill-provided with arms, and the country has no regular means of defence. A man looks only to what he can win from the common stock by arts of speech or by party violence; hoping if he is overthrown, at any rate to carry off his prize and enjoy it elsewhere. They are a motley crew, who are never of one mind in council, and are incapable of any concert in action. Every man is for himself, and will readily come over to any one who makes an attractive offer; the more readily if, as report says, they are in a state of revolution. They boast of their hoplites, but, as has proved to be the case in all Hellenic states, the number of them is grossly exaggerated. Hellas has been singularly mistaken about her heavy infantry; and even in this war it was as much as she could do to collect enough of them. The obstacles then which will meet us in Sicily, judging of them from the information which I have received, are not great; indeed, I have overrated them, for there will be many barbarians who, through fear of the Syracusans, will join us in attacking them. And at home there is nothing which, viewed rightly, need interfere with the expedition. Our forefathers had the same enemies whom we are now told that we are leaving behind us, and the Persian besides; but their strength lay in the greatness of their navy, and by that and that alone they gained their empire. Never were the Peloponnesians more hopeless of success than at the present moment; and let them be ever so confident, they can only invade us by land, which they will equally do whether we go to Sicily or not. But on the sea they cannot hurt us, for we shall leave behind us a navy equal to theirs.

"What reason can we give to ourselves for hesitation? what excuse can we make to our allies for denying them aid? We have sworn to them, and have no right to argue that they never assisted us. In seeking their alliance we did not intend that they should come and help us here, but that they should harass our enemies in Sicily, and prevent them from coming hither. Like all other imperial powers, we have acquired our dominion by our readiness to assist any one, whether Barbarian or Hellene, who may have invoked our aid. If we are all to sit and do nothing, or to draw distinctions of race when our help is requested, we shall add little to our empire, and run a great risk of losing it altogether. For mankind do not await the attack of a superior power, they anticipate it. We cannot cut down an empire as we might a household; but having once gained our present position, we must keep a firm hold upon some, and contrive occasion against others; for if we are not rulers we shall be subjects. You cannot afford to regard inaction in the same light as others might, unless you impose a corresponding restriction on your policy. Convinced then that we shall be most likely to increase our power here if we attack our enemies there, let us sail. We shall humble the pride of the Peloponnesians when they see that, scorning the delights of repose, we have attacked Sicily. By the help of our acquisitions there we shall probably become masters of all Hellas; at any rate we shall injure the Syracusans, and at the same time benefit ourselves and our allies. Whether we succeed and remain or depart, in either case our navy will ensure our safety; for at sea we shall be more than a match for all Sicily. Nicias must not divert you from your purpose by preaching indolence, and by trying to set the young against the old; rather in your accustomed order, old and young taking counsel together, after the manner of your fathers who raised Athens to this height of greatness, strive to rise yet higher. Consider that youth and age have no power unless united; but that the lighter and the more exact and the middle sort of judgment, when duly attempered, are likely to be most efficient. The state, if at rest, like everything else will wear herself out by internal friction. Every pursuit which requires skill will bear the impress of decay, whereas by conflict fresh experience is always being gained, and the city learns to defend herself, not in theory, but in practice. My opinion in short is, that a state used to activity will quickly be ruined by the change to inaction; and that they of all men enjoy the greatest security who are truest to themselves and their institutions even when they are not the best."



XENOPHON.

XENOPHON was born at Athens about B.C. 444, according to some estimates, but more probably about 431. He was a pupil of Socrates, whose memory in after life he revered and defended. He is also known in connection with the Expedition of Cyrus the Younger in 401 B.C. Having received a letter from his friend Proxenus, who was already in the service of Cyrus, inviting him to join the expedition, he submitted the matter to Socrates, who advised him to consult the oracle at Delphi. This he did; but merely asked Apollo by what sacrifices he might perform the journey he had in view, and return in safety. He at once obeyed the oracle, and set sail to join Proxenus and Cyrus, whom he found at Sardis in Lydia, ready to march to Upper Asia. He tells us that he was neither soldier, captain, nor general, but served as a volunteer. When they reached the little town of Cunaxa on the banks of the Euphrates, they were opposed by Artaxerxes with an army of 900,000 men. Cyrus with his infantry, targeteers, and Barbarian troops had little over 100,000 men. Notwithstanding this odds of nine to one, the little force of Greeks drove the Barbarian horde into flight at the first onset, but following too eagerly in pursuit left Cyrus to oppose the king's centre. There the two brothers met and Cyrus was slain. The Barbarians of his army at once submitted to Artaxerxes, and Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap, with unscrupulous duplicity, got into his power Clearchus and four other generals, with twenty colonels, who were all put to death. The Greeks, however dismayed at this loss, quickly recovered their courage, and chose new commanders. Among these was Xenophon, who now took the principal part in conducting the retreat. Harassed by Mithridates and Tissaphernes, they pursued their way through the Carduchian mountains, over the highlands of Armenia; beset by barbarian enemies on every hand, exposed to cold and hunger, and sudden attacks, they struggled on until at last they reached the top of a mountain where they came in view of the Euxine Sea, on the coast of which were Greek cities. The distance traversed in advancing and retreating was about 3,300 miles, and the time occupied fifteen months.

This celebrated expedition was the means of revealing the weakness of Persia, and at last leading to the overthrow of that empire, which Xenophon declared to be strong with regard to extent of country and numbers of men, but weak in the division of its forces and the great distance to be traversed by them in resisting a rapid invasion. After making their way westward from Trapezus, the modern Trebizond, those who survived the expedition joined the Lacedæmonians in war against the Persians in Asia Minor. Xenophon became attached to Agesilaus, King of Sparta, and fought at Coronea, 394 B.C., against the Thebans, who were then allies of Athens. In consequence of this, his property was confiscated and he was driven into exile. At first he went with Agesilaus to Sparta. To indemnify him for the loss of his property, the Lacedæmonians presented him with an estate at Scillus, near Olympia. Here he lived the life of a country gentleman till the battle of Leuctra in 371, when he was obliged to take refuge in Corinth.

Xenophon was cosmopolitan in his politics and in his writings; in his character he showed the best qualities of a Greek gentleman. His style is simple, his language unassuming, and throughout all his works there is a manifest approbation of what is good, true and beautiful. He was undoubtedly a man of many excellencies, which may be ascribed to his own happy disposition, his education under Socrates, and his practical improvement of both. His "Anabasis" shows the general; his political romance, the "Cyropædia" a master in the art of government; his "Hellenica" a faithful though dry historian; his "Panegyric of Agesilaus" an orator; his treatise on "Hunting" a sportsman; and his "Memorabilia of Socrates" a philosopher and friend. Other works are somewhat doubtfully attributed to this accomplished writer, to whom, for his sweet and useful productions, some ancient critics gave the title of "The Attic Bee." In his "Hellenica," he carries forward the history of Greece from the point where Thucydides leaves off, 411 B.C., to the battle of Mantinea, 362.

HOW XENOPHON BECAME A GENERAL.

(From the "Anabasis.")

XENOPHON had joined the expedition, deceived, indeed, though not by Proxenus, who was equally in the dark with the rest of the Hellenes, not counting Clearchus, as to the intended attack upon the king. However, when they reached Cilicia, it was pretty plain to all that the expedition was really against the king. Then, though the majority were in apprehension of the journey, which was not at all to their minds, yet, for very shame of one another and Cyrus, they continued to follow him, and with the rest went Xenophon.

And now in this season of perplexity, he too, with the rest, was in sore distress, and could not aleep; but anon, getting a snatch of sleep, he had a dream. It seemed to him in a vision that there was a storm of thunder and lightning, and a bolt fell on his father's house, and thereupon the house was all in a blaze. He sprang up in terror, and pondering the matter, decided that in part the dream was good: in that he had seen a great light from Zeus, whilst in the midst of toil and danger. But partly, too, he feared it, for evidently it had come from Zeus the king. And the fire kindled all around—what could that mean but that he was hemmed in by various perplexities, and so could not escape from the country of the king? The full meaning, however, is to be discovered from what happened after the dream.

This is what took place. As soon as he was fully awake, the first clear thought which came into his head was, Why am I lying here? The night advances; with the day, it is like enough, the enemy will be upon us. If we are to fall into the hands of the king, what is left us but to face the most horrible of sights, and to suffer the most fearful pains, and then to die, insulted, an ignominious death? To defend ourselves—to ward off that fate—not a hand stirs: no one is preparing, none cares; but here we lie, as though it were time to rest and take our ease. I too! what am I waiting for? a general to undertake the work? and from what city? am I waiting till I am older myself and of riper age? Older I shall never be, if to-day I betray myself to my enemies.

Thereupon he got up, and called together first Proxenus's officers; and when they were met, he said: "Sleep, sirs, I cannot, nor can you, I fancy, nor lie here longer, when I see in what straits we are. Our enemy, we may be sure, did not open war upon us till he felt he had everything amply set; yet none of us shows a corresponding anxiety to enter the lists of battle in the bravest style.

"And yet, if we yield ourselves and fall into the king's power, need we ask what our fate will be? This man, who, when his own brother, the son of the same parents, was dead, was not content with that, but severed head and hand from the body and nailed them to a cross. We, then, who have not even the tie of blood in our favor, but who marched against him, meaning to make him a slave instead of a king—and to slay him if he could: what is likely to be our fate at his hands? Will he not go all lengths so that, by inflicting on us the extreme of ignominy and torture, he may rouse in the rest of mankind a terror of ever marching against him any more? There is no question but that our business is to avoid, by all means, getting into his clutches.

"For my part, all the while the truce lasted, I never ceased pitying ourselves and congratulating the king and those with him, as, like a helpless spectator, I surveyed the extent and quality of their territory, the plenteousness of their provisions, the multitude of their dependents, their cattle, their gold, and their apparel. And then to turn and ponder the condition of our soldiers, without part or lot in these good things, except we bought it; few, I knew, had any longer the wherewithal to buy, and yet our oath held us down, so that we could not provide ourselves otherwise than by purchase. I say, as I reasoned thus, there were times when I dreaded the truce more than I now dread war.

"Now, however, that they have abruptly ended the truce, there is an end also to their own insolence and to our suspicion. All these good things of theirs are now set as prizes for the combatants. To whichsoever of us shall prove the better men, will they fall as rewards; and the gods themselves are the judges of the strife. The gods, who full surely will be on our side, seeing it is our enemies who have taken their names falsely; whilst we, with much to lure us, yet for our oath's sake, and the gods who were our witnesses, sternly held aloof. So that, it seems to me, we have a right to enter upon this contest with much more heart than our foes; and further, we are possessed of bodies more capable than theirs of bearing cold and heat and labor; souls, too, we have, by the help of heaven, better and braver; nay, the men themselves are more vulnerable, more mortal, than ourselves, if so be the gods vouchsafe to give us victory once again.

"Howbeit, for I doubt not elsewhere similar reflections are being made, whatsoever betide, let us not, in heaven's name, wait for others to come and challenge us to noble deeds; let us rather take the lead in stimulating the rest to valor. Show yourselves to be the bravest of officers, and among generals the worthiest to command. For myself, if you choose to start forwards on this quest, I will follow; or, if you bid me lead you, my age shall be no excuse to stand between me and your orders. At least I am of full age, I take it, to avert misfortune from my own head."

Such were the speaker's words; and Proxenus's officers, when they heard, all, with one exception, called upon him to put himself at their head.

[They then called a meeting of all the surviving officers, which assembled near midnight. New generals were chosen, Cheirisophus the Spartan took command of the van, and Xenophon of the rear guard.]

THE TEN THOUSAND REACH THE SEA.

IN four days they reached a large and prosperous well-populated city, which went by the name of Gymnias, from which the governor of the country sent them a guide to lead them through a district hostile to his own. This guide told them that within five days he would lead them to a place from which they would see the sea, "and," he added, "if I fail of my word, you are free to take my life." Accordingly he put himself at their head; but he no sooner set foot on the country hostile to himself than he fell to encouraging them to burn and harry the land; indeed his exhortations were so earnest, it was plain that it was for this he had come, and not out of the good-will he bore the Hellenes.

On the fifth day they reached the mountain, the name of which was Theches. No sooner had the men in front ascended it and caught sight of the sea than a great cry arose, and Xenophon, with the rearguard, catching the sound of it, conjectured that another set of enemies must surely be attacking in front; for they were followed by the inhabitants of the country, which was all aflame; indeed the rearguard had killed some and captured others alive by laying an ambuscade; they had taken also about twenty wicker shields, covered with the raw hides of shaggy oxen.

But as the shout became louder and nearer, and those who from time to time came up, began racing at the top of their speed towards the shouters, and the shouting continually recommenced with yet greater volume as the numbers increased, Xenophon settled in his mind that something extraordinary must have happened, so he mounted his horse, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he galloped to the rescue. Presently they could hear the soldiers shouting and passing on the joyful word, *The sea! the sea!*

Thereupon they began running, rearguard and all, and the baggage animals and horses came galloping up. But when they had treached the summit, then indeed they fell to embracing one another—generals and officers and all—and the tears trickled down their cheeks. And on a sudden, some one, whoever it was, having passed down the order, the soldiers began bringing stones and erecting a great cairn, whereon they dedicated a host of untanned skins, and staves, and captured wicker shields, and with his own hand the guide hacked the shields to pieces, inviting the rest to follow his example. After this the Hellenes dismissed the guide with a present raised from the common store, to wit, a horse, a silver bowl, a Persian dress, and ten darics ; but what he most begged to have were their rings, and of these he got several from the soldiers. So, after pointing out to them a village where they would find quarters, and the road by which they would proceed towards the land of the Macrones, as evening fell, he turned his back upon them in the night and was gone.

From this point the Hellenes marched through the country of the Macrones three stages of ten parasangs, and on the first day they reached the river, which formed the boundary between the land of the Macrones and the land of the Scythenians. Above them, on their right, they had a country of the sternest and ruggedest character, and on their left another river, into which the frontier river discharges itself, and which they must cross. This was thickly fringed with trees which, though not of any great bulk, were closely packed. As soon as they came up to them, the Hellenes proceeded to cut them down in their haste to get out of the place as soon as possible. But the Macrones, armed with wicker shields and lances and hair tunics, were already drawn up to receive them immediately opposite the crossing. They were cheering one another on, and kept up a steady pelt of stones into the river, though they failed to reach the other side or do any harm.

At this juncture one of the light infantry came up to Xenophon; he had been, he said, a slave in Athens, and he wished to tell him that he recognized the speech of these people. "I think," said he, "this must be my native country, and if there is no objection I will have a talk with them." "No objection at all," replied Xenophon, "pray talk to them, and ask them first who they are." In answer to this question they said, "they were Macrones." "Well, then," said he, "ask them why they are drawn up in battle and want to fight with us." They answered, "Because you are invading our country." The generals bade him say: "If so, it is with no intention, certainly, of doing it or you any harm: but we have been at war with the king, and are now returning to Hellas, and all we want is to reach the sea." The others asked, "Were they willing to give them pledges to that effect?" They replied: "Yes, they were ready to give and receive pledges to that effect." Then the Macrones gave a barbaric lance to the Hellenes, and the Hellenes a Hellenic lance to them: "for these," they said, "would serve as pledges," and both sides called upon the gods to witness.

After the pledges were exchanged, the Macrones fell to vigorously, hewing down trees and constructing a road to help them across, mingling freely with the Hellenes and fraternizing in their midst, and they afforded them as good a market as they could, and for three days conducted them on their march, until they had brought them safely to the confines of the Colchians. At this point they were confronted by a great mountain chain, which, however, was accessible, and on it the Colchians were drawn up for battle. In the first instance, the Hellenes drew up opposite in line of battle, as though they were minded to assault the hill in that order; but afterwards the generals determined to hold a council of war, and consider how to make the fairest fight.

Accordingly Xenophon said: "I am not for advancing in line, but advise to form companies by columns. To begin with, the line," he urged, "would be scattered and thrown into disorder at once; for we shall find the mountain full of inequalities, it will be pathless here and easy to traverse there. The mere fact of first having formed in line, and then seeing the line thrown into disorder, must exercise a disheartening effect. Again, if we advance several deep, the enemy will none the less overlap us, and turn their superfluous numbers to account as best they like; while, if we march in shallow order, we may fully expect our line to be cut through and through by the thick rain of missiles and rush of men, and if this happen anywhere along the line, the whole line will equally suffer. No; my notion is to form columns by companies, covering ground sufficient with spaces between the companies to allow the last companies of each flank to be outside the enemy's flanks. Thus we shall with our extreme companies be outside the enemy's line, and the best men at the head of their columns will lead the attack, and every company will pick its way where the ground is easy; also it will be difficult for the enemy to force his way into the intervening spaces, when there are companies on both sides; nor will it be easy for him to cut in twain any individual company marching in column. If, too, any particular company should be pressed, the neighboring company will come to the rescue, or if at any point any single company succeed in reaching the height, from that moment not one man of the enemy will stand his ground."

This proposal was carried, and they formed into columns by companies. Then Xenophon, returning from the right wing to the left, addressed the soldiers. "Men," he said, "these men whom you see in front of you are the sole obstacles still interposed between us and the haven of our hopes so long deferred. We shall swallow them up raw, if we can."

The several divisions fell into position, the companies were formed into columns, and the result was a total of something like eighty companies of heavy infantry, each company consisting, on an average, of a hundred men. The light infantry and bowmen were arranged in three divisions—two outside to support the left and the right respectively, and the third in the centre—each division consisting of about six hundred men. Before starting, the generals passed the order to offer prayer; and with the prayer and battle-hymn rising from their lips they commenced their advance. Cheirisophus and Xenophon, and the light infantry with them, advanced outside the enemy's line to right and left, and the enemy, seeing their advance, made an effort to keep parallel and confront them; but in order to do so, as he extended partly to right and partly to left, he was pulled to pieces, and there was a large space or hollow left in the centre of his line. Seeing them separate thus, the light infantry attached to the Arcadian battalion, under command of Æschines, an Acarnanian, mistook the movement for flight, and with a loud shout rushed on, and these were the first to scale the mountain summit; but they were closely followed by the Arcadian heavy infantry, under command of Cleanor of Orchomenus. When they began running in that way, the enemy stood their ground no longer, but betook themselves to flight, one in one direction, one in another, and the Hellenes scaled the hill and found quarters in numerous villages which contained supplies in abundance.

From this place they marched on two stages—seven parasangs—and reached the sea at Trapezus, a populous Hellenic city on the Euxine Sea, a colony of the Sinopeans, in the territory of the Colchians. Here they halted about thirty days in the villages of the Colchians, which they used as a base of operations to ravage the whole territory of Colchis. The men of Trapezus supplied the army with a market, entertained them, and gave them, as gifts of hospitality, oxen and wheat and wine. Further, they negotiated with them in behalf of their neighbors the Colchians, who dwelt in the plain for the most part, and from this folk also came gifts of hospitality in the shape of cattle. And now the Hellenes made preparation for the sacrifice which they had vowed, and a sufficient number of cattle came in for them to offer thank-offerings for safe guidance to Zeus the Saviour, and to Heracles, and to the other gods, according to their vows.

GOBRYAS THE ASSYRIAN.

(From the "Cyropædia.")

GOBRYAS, an Assyrian, and a man in years, arrived on horseback, attended by some cavalry, consisting of his own dependents; and they were all provided with arms proper for cavalry. They that had been appointed to receive the arms bade them deliver their lances that they might burn them, as they had done others before; but Gobryas said that he desired first to see Cyrus. Then they that attended this service left the other horsemen behind, and conducted Gobryas to Cyrus; and as soon as he saw Cyrus, he spoke thus:

"My sovereign lord, I am by birth an Assyrian; I have a strong fortress in my possession, and have the command of a large territory: I furnished the Assyrian king with a thousand horse, and was very much his friend: but since he, who was an excellent man, has lost his life in the war against you, and since his son, who is my greatest enemy, now possesses the government, I come and throw myself at your feet as a supplicant, and give myself to you as a servant and assistant in the war. I beg you to be my revenger: I make you my son as far as it is possible. With respect to male issue, I am childless; for he, O sovereign! that was my only one, an excellent youth, who loved and honored me to as great a degree as son could do to make a father happy; him did the present king (the late king, the father of the present, having sent for my son, as intending to give him his daughter, and I sent him away, proud that I should see my son married to the daughter of the king) invite to hunt with him, as with a friend; and, on a bear appearing in view, they both pursued. The present king, having thrown his javelin, missed his aim. Oh that it had not happened so! and my son making his throw—unhappy thing!—brought the bear to the ground. He was then enraged, but kept his envy concealed; but then, again, a lion falling in their way, he again missed; and that it should happen so to him I do not think at all wonderful; but my son, again hitting his mark, killed the lion, and said, 'I have twice thrown single javelins, and brought the beasts both times to the ground.' On this the impious wretch restrained his malice no longer, but, snatching a lance from one of his followers, struck it into his breast, and took away the life of my dear and only son! Then I, miserable man! brought him away a corpse instead of a bridegroom; and I, who am of these years, buried him, my excellent and beloved son, a youth but just bearded. His murderer, as if he had destroyed an enemy, has never yet appeared to have had any remorse; nor has he, in amends for the vile action, ever vouchsafed to pay any honor to him who is now under the ground. His father, indeed, had compassion, and plainly appeared to join in affliction with me at this misfortune; therefore, had he lived, I had never applied to you to his injury; for I had received a great many instances of friendship from him, and I served him. But since the government has fallen to the murderer of my son, I can never possibly bear him the least good-will; nor can he, I know very well, ever reckon me his friend; for he knows how I stand affected towards him; how I, who lived with that joy and satisfaction before, must now stand in this destitute condition, passing my old age in sorrow. If you receive me, therefore, and I can have hopes of obtaining, by your means, a revenge for my dear son, I shall think I arise again to new life; I shall neither be ashamed to live, nor, if I die, do I think that I shall end my days with grief."

Thus he spoke. And Cyrus replied, "If you make it appear, Gobryas, that you really are in that disposition towards us that you express, I receive you as our supplicant, and, with the help of the gods, I promise to revenge you on the murderer. But tell me," said he, "if we effect these things for you, and allow you to hold your fortress, your territory, and your arms, and the power that you had before, what service will you do for us in return for these things?" He then said, "My fortress I will yield you for your habitation whenever you please; the same tribute for my territory that I used to pay to him I will pay to you; wherever you shall make war I will attend you in the service, with the forces of my territory: and I have, besides," said he, "a maiden daughter, that I tenderly love, just of an age for marriage; one that I formerly reckoned I brought up as a wife for the person now reigning; but she herself has now begged me, with many tears and sighs, not to give her to the murderer of her brother; and I join with her in opinion. I here give you leave to deal with her as I appear to deal by you." Then Cyrus said, "On these terms," said he, "with truth and sincerity do I give you my right hand, and accept of yours. Let the gods be witnesses between us!" When these things had passed, he bade Gobryas go and keep his arms; and he asked him at what distance his habitation was, it being his intention to go thither. He then said, "If you march to-morrow morning you may quarter with us the next day." So Gobryas went away and left a guide.

On the second day towards the evening they reached the habitation of Gobryas. They saw it to be an exceeding strong fortress, and that all things were provided on the walls proper for a vigorous defence; and they saw abundance of oxen and sheep brought under the fortifications. Gobryas then, sending to Cyrus, bade him ride round, and see where the access was most easy, and send in to him some of those that he confided in, who, having seen how things stood within, might give him an account of them. So Cyrus, desiring in reality to see if the fortress might be taken on any side, or whether Gobryas might be discovered to be false, rode round on every side, but saw every part too strong to be approached. Those that Cyrus sent in to Gobryas brought him an account that there was such plenty of all good things within as could not, as they thought, even in the age of a man, fail the people that were there. Cyrus was under concern about what all this might mean. But Gobryas himself came out to him, and brought out all his men; some carrying wine, some meal, and others driving oxen, sheep, hogs, and goats; and of every thing that was eatable they brought sufficient to furnish a handsome supper for the whole army that was with Cyrus. They that were appointed to this service made distribution of all these things, and they all supped. But Gobryas, when all his men were come out, bade Cyrus enter in the manner that he thought the most safe. Cyrus, therefore, sending before certain people to view and search into things and a force with them, then entered himself; and when he was got in, keeping the gates open, he summoned all his friends and the commanders that had attended him; and when they were come in, Gobryas, producing cups of gold, and vessels of various kinds, all manner of furniture, and apparel, darics without number, and magnificent things of all kinds; and at last bringing out his daughter (who was astonishingly beautiful and tall, but in affliction for the death of her brother), spoke thus:

"Cyrus, all these treasures I give you, and this daughter of mine I intrust you with to dispose of as you think fit: but we are both of us your supplicants: I, before, that you would be the revenger of my son: and she, now, that you would be the revenger of her brother."

Cyrus to this said, "I promised you then, that, if you were not false to us, I would revenge you to the utmost of my power; and now that I find you true to us, I am under the obligation of that promise. And I now promise her, with the help of the gods, to perform it. These treasures," said he, "I accept, but give them to this your daughter, and to the man that shall marry her. But I have received one present from you with more pleasure than I should have with the treasures of Babylon, where there is abundance; or even with those of the whole world, were they to be exchanged for this that you have now presented me with."

Gobryas, wondering what it should be, and suspecting that he meant his daughter, asked him thus: "O Cyrus!" said he, "what is it?"

Then Cyrus replied, "Gobryas," said he, "it is this. I believe there may be abundance of men that would not be guilty either of impiety, injustice, or falsehood; and yet, because nobody will throw either treasures, or power, or strong fortresses, or lovely children in their way, die before it comes to appear what they were. But you, by having now put into my hands both strong fortresses, and riches of all kinds, your whole force, and your daughter, who is so valuable a possession, have made me clearly appear to all men to be one that would neither be guilty of impiety towards friends that receive and entertain me, nor of injustice for the sake of treasure, nor willingly false to faith in compacts. This, therefore, be assured, I shall not forget, while I am a just man, and while as such I receive the applause of men, but I shall endeavor to make you returns of honor in all things great and noble: and do not be afraid of wanting a husband for your daughter, and such a one as shall be worthy of her: for I have many excellent friends, and, among them, whoever it is that marries her, whether he will have either as much treasure as you have given, or a great deal more, I am not able to say; but be assured that there are some of them who, for all the treasures you have bestowed, do not on that account esteem you one jot the more. But they are at this time my rivals; they supplicate all the gods that they may have an opportunity of showing themselves that they are not less faithful to their friends than I am: that, while alive, they will never yield to their enemies, unless some god should blast their endeavors; and that for virtue and good reputation, they would not accept of all the treasures of the Syrians and Assyrians added to yours. Such men, be assured, are sitting here."

Gobryas, smiling at this, "By the gods!" said he, "Cyrus, pray show me where these men are, that I may beg one of them of you to be my son." "Do not trouble yourself," said he; "it will not be at all necessary for you to inquire of me. If you will but attend us, you yourself will be able to show them to anybody else."

And having said this, he took Gobryas by the right hand, rose, went out, and brought out all that were with him; and though Gobryas repeatedly desired him to take his supper within the fortress, yet he would not do it, but supped in the camp, and took Gobryas to sup with him.

Araspes and Panthea.

(From the "Cyropædia.")

The Medes delivered to the magi such things as they had said were to be chosen for the gods. And they had chosen for Cyrus a most beautiful tent; a Susian woman, that was said to be the most beautiful woman of all Asia; and two other women that were the finest singers. And they chose the same things over again for Cyaxares. They had fully supplied themselves with all such things as they wanted, that they might be in want of nothing in the course of their service in the war; for there were all things in great abundance.

Cyrus, then calling to him Araspes the Mede (who had been his companion from a boy, to whom he gave the Median robe, that he himself put off when he left Astyages and departed for Persia), commanded him to keep the woman and tent for him. This woman was wife of Abradatas, king of the Susians. And when the camp of the Assyrians was taken her husband was not in the camp, but was gone on an embassy to the king of the Bactrians. The Assyrians had sent him to treat of an alliance between them; for he happened to have contracted a friendship with the king of the Bactrians. This woman, therefore, Cyrus ordered Araspes to keep till such time as he took her himself.

But Araspes, having received his command, asked him this question: "Cyrus," said he, "have you seen this woman that you bid me keep?" "No," said he, "I have not." "But I did," said he, "when we chose her for you. Indeed, when we first entered her tent we did not know her; for she was sitting on the ground, with all her women servants round her, and was dressed in the same manner as her servants were; but when we looked around, being desirous to know which was the mistress, she immediately appeared to excel all the others, though she was sitting with a veil over her, and looking down on the ground. When we bade her rise, she and all the servants round her rose. Here then she excelled first in stature, then in strength, and grace, and beautiful shape, though she was standing in a dejected posture, and tears appeared to have fallen from her eyes, some on her clothes, and some at her feet. As soon as the eldest among us had said to her, 'Take courage, woman; we have heard that your husband is indeed an excellent man, but we now choose you out for a man that, be it known to you, is not inferior to him, either in person, in understanding, or in power; but, as we think, if there be a man in the world that deserves admiration, Cyrus does, and to him henceforward you shall belong.' As soon as the woman heard this she tore down her robe, and set up a lamentable cry, and her servants cried out at the same time with her. On this most part of her face was disclosed, and her neck and hands appeared. And be it known to you, Cyrus," said he, "that I, and the rest that saw her, all thought that never yet was produced, or born of mortals, such a woman, throughout all Asia. And by all means," said he, "you likewise shall see her."

Then Cyrus said, "No, not I; and much the less, if she be such a one as you say." "Why so?" said the young man. "Because," said he, "if on hearing now from you that she is handsome, I am persuaded to go and see her at a time that I have not much leisure, I am afraid that she will much more easily persuade me to go and see her again; and after that perhaps I may neglect what I am to do, and sit gazing at her." The young man then laughed, and said, "And do you think, Cyrus, that the beauty of a human creature can necessitate one, against his will, to act contrary to what is best?" "If this were naturally so," said he, "we should be all under the same necessity. You see how fire burns all people alike; for such is the nature of it. But of beauties, some inspire people with love, and some do not; one loves one, and another another; for it is a voluntary thing, and every one loves those that he pleases. A brother does not fall in love with a sister, but somebody else does; nor is a father in love with a daughter, but some other person is. Fear and the law are a sufficient bar to love. If, indeed," said he, "the law should enjoin that they who did not eat should not be hungry, and that they who did not drink should not be thirsty; that men should not be cold in the winter, nor hot in the summer; no law in the world could make men submit to these decisions, for by nature they are subject to these things. But love is a voluntary thing, and every one loves those that suit him, just as he does his clothes or his shoes. How comes it to pass then," said Cyrus, "if to love be a voluntary thing, that we cannot give it over when we will? For I have seen people," said he, "in tears for grief, on account of love; slaves to those they were in love with, and yet thought slavery a very great evil before they were in love; giving away many things that they were never the better for parting with; wishing to be rid of love, as they would of any other distemper, and yet not able to get rid of it; but bound down by it, as by a stronger tie of necessity than if they were bound in iron chains! They give themselves up, therefore, to those they love, to serve them in many odd and unaccountable ways; yet, with all their sufferings, they never attempt making their escape, but keep continual watch on their loves, lest they should escape from them."

The young man to this said, "There are people, indeed, that do these things; but," said he, "they are miserable wretches; and this I believe is the reason why they are always wishing themselves dead, as being wretched and unhappy; and though there are ten thousand ways of parting with life, yet they do not part with it. Just such wretches as these are they that attempt thefts, and will not abstain from what belongs to others; but when they have plundered or stolen any thing, you see," said he, "that you are the first that accuse the thief and the plunderer, as reckoning theft to be no such fatal, necessary thing, and you do not pardon, but punish it. So people that are beautiful do not necessitate others to love them, nor to covet what they ought not; but mean, wretched men are impotent, I know, in all their passions, and then they accuse love. Men, excellent and worthy, though they have inclinations both for gold, fine horses, and beautiful women, can yet with ease abstain from any of them, so as not to touch them contrary to right: I, therefore," said he, "who have seen this woman, and think her very beautiful, yet am here attending on you, and I go abroad on horseback, and in all other respects I discharge my duty."

"But," said Cyrus, "perhaps you retired before the time that love naturally lays hold of a man. It is not the nature of fire immediately to burn the man that touches it, and wood does not immediately blaze out; yet still I am not willing either to meddle with fire, or to look at beautiful persons: nor do I advise you, Araspes, to let your eyes dwell long on beauties; for as fire burns those that touch it, beauties catch hold of those that look at them, though at a distance, and set them on fire with love."

"Be easy," said he, "Cyrus; though I look at her without ceasing, I will not be so conquered as to do any thing that I ought not." "You speak," said he, "very handsomely: guard her, therefore," said he, "as I bid you, and be careful of her; for perhaps this woman may be of service to us on some occasion or other." And having discoursed thus they parted.

The young man, partly by seeing the woman to be extremely beautiful, and by being apprized of her worth and goodness, partly by waiting on her and serving her, with intention to please her, and partly by his finding her not to be ungrateful in return, but that she took care by her servants that all things convenient should be provided for him when he came in, and that he should want nothing when he was ill; by all these means he was made her captive in love; and perhaps what happened to him in this case was what need not be wondered at. . . . .

Some time afterward, Cyrus being desirous to send a spy into Lydia, and to learn what the Assyrian was doing, thought that Araspes, the guardian of the beautiful woman, was a proper person to go on that errand; for with Araspes things had fallen out in this manner. Having fallen in love with the woman, he was forced to make proposals to her. But she denied him, and was faithful to her husband, though he was absent, for she loved him very much. Yet she did not accuse Araspes to Cyrus, being unwilling to make a quarrel between men that were friends. Then Araspes, thinking to forward the success of his inclinations, threatened the woman that if she would not yield to his wishes she should be forced to submit against her will. On this the woman, being in fear, concealed the matter no longer, but sent a messenger to Cyrus with orders to tell him the whole affair. He, when he heard it, laughed at this man, who had said he was above the power of love. He sent Artabazus with the messenger, and commanded him to tell Araspes that he should respect the conduct of such a woman. But Artabazus, coming to Araspes, reproached him, calling the woman a deposit that had been trusted in his hands; and telling him of his impiety, injustice, and impotence of his passion, so that Araspes shed many tears for grief, was overwhelmed with shame, and almost dead with fear lest he should suffer some severity at the hands of Cyrus. Cyrus, being informed of this, sent for him, and spoke to him by himself alone.

"I see, Araspes," said he, "that you are very much in fear of me, and very much ashamed. But give them both over, for I have heard that gods have been conquered by love; I know how much men that have been accounted very wise have suffered by love; and I pronounced on myself, that if I conversed with beautiful people, I was not enough master of myself to disregard them. And I am the cause that this has befallen you, for I shut you up with this irresistible creature." Araspes then said in reply, "You are in this, too, Cyrus, as you are in other things, mild and disposed to forgive the errors of men; but other men," said he, "overwhelm me with grief and concern, for the rumor of my misfortune has got abroad, my enemies are pleased with it, and my friends come to me, and advise me to get out of the way, lest I suffer some severity at your hands, as having been guilty of a very great injustice."

Then Cyrus said, "Be it known to you, therefore, Araspes, that by means of this very opinion that people have taken up, it is in your power to gratify me in a very high degree, and to do very great service to our allies." "I wish," said Araspes, "that I had an opportunity of being again of use to you." "Observe," said he, "if you would act as if you fled from me, and would go over to the enemy, I believe that the enemy would trust you." "And I know," said Araspes, "that I should give occasion to have it said by my friends that I fled from you." "Then you might return to us," said he, "apprized of all the enemy's affairs. I believe, that on their giving credit to you, they would make you a sharer in their debates and councils, so that nothing would be concealed from you that I desire you should know." "I will go then," said he, "now, out of hand; for be assured, that my being thought to have made my escape, as one that was just about to receive punishment at your hands, will be one of the things that will give me credit."

"And can you," said he, "leave the beautiful Panthea?" "Yes, Cyrus; for I have plainly two souls. I have now philosophized this point out by the help of that wicked sophister love: for a single soul cannot be a good one and a bad one at the same time, nor can it at the same time affect both noble actions and vile ones. It cannot incline and be averse to the same things at the same time; but it is plain there are two souls, and when the good one prevails, it does noble things; when the bad one prevails, it attempts vile things. But now that it has got you for a support the good one prevails, and that very much." "If you think it proper, therefore, to be gone," said Cyrus, "thus you must do in order to gain the greater credit with them. Relate to them the state of our affairs, and relate it so as that what you say may be as great a hindrance as possible to what they intend to do: and it would be some hindrance to them, if you should say that we are preparing to make an incursion into some part of their territory; for when they hear this, they will be less able to assemble their whole force together, every one being in fear for something at home. Then stay with them," said he, "as long as you can; for what they do when they are the nearest us, will be the most for our purpose to know. Advise them likewise to form themselves into such an order as may be thought the strongest; for when you come away, and are supposed to be apprized of their order, they will be under a necessity to keep to it, for they will be afraid of making a change in it; and if they do make a change, by their being so near at hand, it will create confusion among them."

Araspes, setting out in this manner, and taking with him such of his servants as he chiefly confided in, and telling certain persons such things as he thought might be of service to his undertaking, went his way.

Panthea, as soon as she perceived that Araspes was gone, sending to Cyrus, told him thus: "Do not be afflicted, Cyrus, that Araspes is gone off to the enemy; for if you will allow me to send to my husband, I engage that there will come to you one who will be a much more faithful friend to you than Araspes. I know that he will attend you with all the force that he is able; for the father of the prince that now reigns was his friend, but he who at present reigns attempted once to part us from each other; and reckoning him, therefore, an unjust man, I know that he would joyfully revolt from him to such a man as you are."

Cyrus, hearing this, ordered her to send for her husband. She sent; and when Abradatas discovered the signs from his wife, and perceived how matters stood as to the other particulars, he marched joyfully away to Cyrus, having about two thousand horse with him. When he came up with the Persian scouts he sent to Cyrus, to tell him who he was: Cyrus immediately ordered them to conduct him to his wife.

When Abradatas and his wife saw each other they mutually embraced, as was natural to do on an occasion so unexpected. On this Panthea told him of the sanctity and virtue of Cyrus, and of his pity and compassion towards her. Abradatas, having heard of it, said, "What can I do, Panthea, to pay my gratitude to Cyrus for you and for myself?" "What else," said Panthea, "but endeavor to behave towards him as he has done towards you?" On this Abradatas came to Cyrus, and as soon as he saw him, taking him by the right hand, he said, "In return for the benefits you have bestowed on us, Cyrus, I have nothing of more consequence to say, than that I give myself to you as a friend, a servant, and an ally; and whatever designs I observe you to be engaged in, I will endeavor to be the best assistant to you in them that I am able." Then Cyrus said, "I accept your offer, and dismiss you at this time, to take your supper with your wife; but at some other time you must take a meal with me in my tent, together with your friends and mine."

THE VISIT OF SOCRATES TO THEODOTA.

(From the "Memorabilia of Socrates.")

THERE was at Athens a very beautiful lady called Theodota, who had the character of a loose dame. Some person, speaking of her in presence of Socrates, said that she was the most beautiful woman in the whole world; that all the painters went to see her, to draw her picture, and that they were very well received at her house. "I think," said Socrates, "we ought to go see her too, for we shall be better able to judge of her beauty after we have seen her ourselves than upon the bare relation of others." The person who began the discourse encouraged the matter, and that very moment they all went to Theodota's house. They found her with a painter who was drawing her picture; and having considered her at leisure when the painter had done, Socrates began thus: "Do you think that we are more obliged to Theodota for having afforded us the sight of her beauty than she is to us for coming to see her? If all the advantage be on her side, it must be owned that she is obliged to us; if it be on ours, it must be confessed that we are so to her." Some of the company saying there was reason to think so, Socrates continued: "Has she not already had the advantage of receiving the praises we have given her? But it will be a greater benefit to her when we make known her merit in all the companies we come into; but as for ourselves, what do we carry from hence except a desire to enjoy the things we have seen? We go hence with souls full of love and uneasiness; and from this time forward we must obey Theodota in all she pleases to enjoin us." "If it be so," said Theodota, "I must return you many thanks for your coming hither." Meanwhile Socrates took notice that she was magnificently apparelled, and that her mother appeared likewise like a woman of condition. He saw a great number of women attendants elegantly dressed, and that the whole house was richly furnished. He took occasion from hence to inform himself of her circumstances in the world, and to ask her whether she had an estate in land or houses in the city, or slaves, whose labor supplied the expenses of her family. "I have nothing," answered she, "of all this; my friends are my revenue. I subsist by their liberality."

Upon which Socrates remarked that "friendship was one of the greatest blessings in life, for that a good friend could stand one in stead of all possessions whatever." And he advised Theodota to try all her art to procure to herself some lovers and friends that might render her happy. The lady asking Socrates whether there were any artifices to be used for that purpose, he answered, "there were," and proceeded to mention several: "Some for attracting the regard of the men, some for insinuating into their hearts; others for securing their affections and managing their passions." Whereupon Theodota, whose soul then lay open to any impression, mistaking the virtuous design of Socrates in the whole of this discourse for an intention of another sort, cried out in raptures, "Ah! Socrates, why will not you help me to friends?" "I will," replied Socrates, "if you can persuade me to do so." "And what means must I use to persuade you?" "You must invent the means," said Socrates, "if you want me to serve you." "Then come to see me often," added Theodota. Socrates laughed at the simplicity of the woman, and in raillery said to her, "I have not leisure enough to come and see you; I have both public and private affairs which take up too much of my time. Besides, I have mistresses who will not suffer me to be from them neither day nor night, and who against myself make use of the very charms and sorceries that I have taught them." "And have you any knowledge in those things, too?" said she. "Why do Apollodorus and Antisthenes," answered Socrates, "never leave me? why do Cebes and Simmias forsake Thebes for my company? This they would not do if I were not master of some charm." "Lend it me," said Theodota, "that I may employ it against you, and charm you to come to me." "No," said Socrates, "but I will charm you, and make you come to me." "I will," said Theodota, "if you will promise to make me welcome." "I promise you I will," answered Socrates, "provided there be nobody with me whom I love better than you."

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

(From the "Memorabilia of Socrates.")

WHEN Hercules had arrived at that part of his youth in which young men commonly choose for themselves, and show, by the result of their choice, whether they will, through the succeeding stages of their lives, enter and walk in the path of virtue or that of vice, he went out into a solitary place fit for contemplation, there to consider with himself which of those two paths he should pursue.

As he was sitting there in suspense he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a benign and amiable aspect; her beauty was natural and easy, her person and shape fine and handsome, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behavior full of modesty, and her raiment white as snow. The other wanted all the native beauty and proportion of the former; her person was swelled, by luxury and ease, to a size quite disproportioned and uncomely. She had painted her complexion, that it might seem fairer and more ruddy than it really was, and endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. Her eyes were full of boldness, and her dress transparent, that the conceited beauty of her person might appear through it to advantage. She cast her eyes frequently upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see whether any one regarded her, and now and then looked on the figure she made in her own shadow.

As they drew nearer, the former continued the same composed pace, while the latter, striving to get before her, ran up to Hercules, and addressed herself to him:

"I perceive, my dear Hercules, you are in doubt which path in life you should pursue. If, then, you will be my friend and follow me, I will lead you to a path the most easy and most delightful, wherein you shall taste all the sweets of life, and live exempt from every trouble. You shall neither be concerned in war nor in the affairs of the world, but shall only consider how to gratify all your senses—your taste with the finest dainties and most delicious drink, your sight with the most agreeable objects, your scent with the richest perfumes and fragrancy of odors, how you may enjoy the embraces of the fair, repose on the softest beds, render your slumbers sweet and easy, and by what means enjoy, without even the smallest care, all those glorious and mighty blessings.

"And, for fear you suspect that the sources whence you are to derive those invaluable blessings might at some time or other fail, and that you might, of course, be obliged to acquire them at the expense of your mind and the united labor and fatigue of your body, I beforehand assure you that you shall freely enjoy all from the industry of others, undergo neither hardship nor drudgery, but have everything at your command that can afford you any pleasure or advantage."

Hercules, hearing the lady make him such offers, desired to know her name, to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, and whom I have conducted, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

In the meantime, the other lady approached, and in her turn accosted him in this manner: "I also am come to you, Hercules, to offer my assistance; I am well acquainted with your divine origin and have observed the excellence of your nature, even from your childhood, from which I have reason to hope that, if you would follow the path that leadeth to my residence, you will undertake the greatest enterprises and achieve the most glorious actions, and that I shall thereby become more honorable and illustrious among mortals. But before I invite you into my society and friendship I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that nothing truly valuable can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of the Deity you must be at the pains of worshiping Him; if you would be beloved by your friends you must study to oblige them; if you would be honored by any city you must be of service to it; and if you would be admired by all Greece, on account of your probity and valor, you must exert yourself to do her some eminent service. If you would render your fields fruitful, and fill your arms with grain, you must labor to cultivate the soil accordingly. Would you grow rich by your herds, a proper care must be taken of them; would you extend your dominions by arms, and be rendered capable of setting at liberty your captive friends, and bringing your enemies to subjection, you must not only learn of those that are experienced in the art of war, but exercise yourself also in the practice of military affairs; and if you would excel in the strength of your body you must keep your body in due subjection to your mind, and exercise it with labor and pains."

Here Pleasure broke in upon her discourse—"Do you see, my dear Hercules, through what long and difficult ways this woman would lead you to her promised delights? Follow me, and I will show you a much shorter and more easy way to happiness."

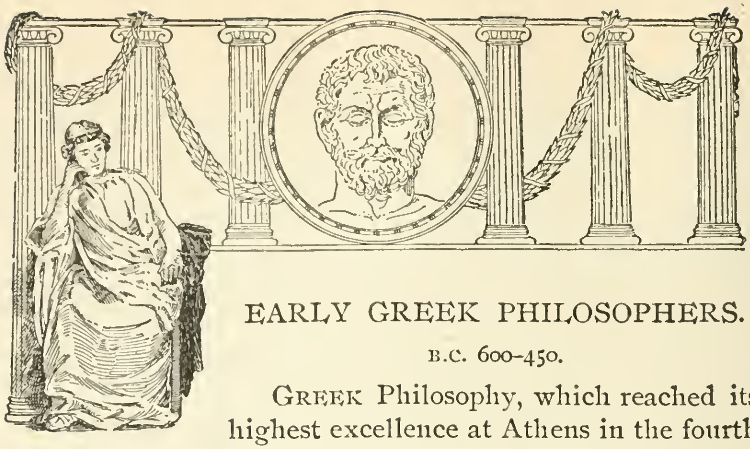
"Alas!" replied the Goddess of Virtue, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, "what happiness can you bestow, or what pleasure can you taste, who would never do anything to acquire it? You who will take your fill of all pleasures before you feel an appetite for any; you eat before you are hungry, you drink before you are athirst; and, that you may please your taste, must have the finest artists to prepare your viands; the richest wines that you may drink with pleasure, and to give your wine the finer taste you search every place for ice and snow luxuriously to cool it in the heat of summer. Then, to make your slumbers uninterrupted, you must have the softest down and the easiest couches, and a gentle ascent of steps to save you from the least disturbance in mounting up to them. And all little enough, Heaven knows! for you have not prepared yourself for sleep by anything you have done, but seek after it only because you have nothing to do. It is the same in the enjoyments of love, in which you rather force than follow your inclinations, and are obliged to use arts, and even to pervert nature, to keep your passions alive. Thus is it that you instruct your followers—kept awake for the greatest part of the night by debaucheries, and consuming in drowsiness all the most useful part of the day. Though immortal, you are an outcast from the gods, and despised by good men. Never have you heard that most agreeable of all sounds, your own praise, nor ever have you beheld the most pleasing of all objects, any good work of your own hands. Who would ever give any credit to anything that you say? Who would assist you in your necessity, or what man of sense would ever venture to be of your mad parties? Such as do follow you are robbed of their strength when they are young, void of wisdom when they grow old. In their youth they are bred up in indolence and all manner of delicacy, and pass their old age with difficulties and distress, full of shame for what they have done, and oppressed with the burden of what they are to do, squanderers of pleasures in their youth, and hoarders up of afflictions for their old age.

"On the contrary, my association is with the gods and with good men, and there is nothing excellent performed by either without my influence. I am respected above all things by the gods and by the best of mortals, and it is just I should. I am an agreeable companion to the artisan, a faithful security to masters of families, a kind assistant to servants, a useful associate in the arts of peace, a faithful ally in the labors of war, and the best uniter of all friendships.

"My votaries, too, enjoy a pleasure in everything they either eat or drink, even without having labored for it, because they wait for the demand of their appetites. Their sleep is sweeter than that of the indolent and inactive; and they are neither overburdened with it when they awake, nor do they, for the sake of it, omit the necessary duties of life. My young men have the pleasure of being praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years of being honored by those who are young. They look back with comfort on their past actions, and delight themselves in their present employments. By my means they are favored by the gods, beloved by their friends, and honored by their country; and when the appointed end of their lives is come they are not lost in a dishonorable oblivion, but live and flourish in the praises of mankind, even to the latest posterity.

"Thus, my dear Hercules, who are descended from divine ancestors, you may acquire, by virtuous toil and industry, this most desirable state of perfect happiness."

Such was the discourse, my friend, which the goddess had with Hercules, according to Prodicus. You may believe that he embellished the thoughts with more noble expressions than I do. I heartily wish, my dear Aristippus, that you should make such improvement of those divine instructions, that you too may make such a happy choice as may render you happy during the future course of your life.



EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

B.C. 600–450.

Greek Philosophy, which reached its highest excellence at Athens in the fourth century before Christ, had its origin two hundred years earlier in the outlying settlements of the Hellenic race in Asia Minor, Thrace, Sicily and Southern Italy, rather than in Greece proper. The founding of colonies and frequent changes of government in the older states led thoughtful men to study the constitution of man and of society. Such were most of those who have become famous as "The Seven Wise Men." They were prominent in their respective cities and some were known as "tyrants," that is, persons who had seized supreme power. Other thinkers turned from the unsatisfactory explanations of the external world, its phenomena and origin, embodied in the current mythology, to direct investigation of nature, and thus laid the foundations of science, as now understood. First and foremost among these was Thales of Ephesus, to whom the Ionic School of Philosophy traced its origin. His knowledge of astronomy was shown by his predicting the eclipse of the sun which took place in 585 B.C. His physical researches led him to the notion that there must be a primary element of all things, and this he maintained to be *water*, probably taking that as the representative of all fluids. His successor, Anaximenes of Miletus, half a century later, substituted *air* for *water*. Heraclitus of Ephesus, who flourished about 520 B.C., regarded *fire* as the fundamental principle. The writings of this philosopher "On Nature," are among the oldest relics of Greek prose. From the difficulty of understanding his meaning, Heraclitus was called the Obscure, but he is also popularly known as the Weeping Philosopher from his disposition to lament the follies of mankind. In contrast with him stands Democritus, the Laughing Philosopher, who took always a cheerful view of man's doings. Born at Abdera in Thrace about 460 B.C., he spent in travels in pursuit of knowledge the vast wealth which he had inherited. He propounded the theory that the universe is formed by various combinations of atoms, or infinitely small particles, in a void. This theory, somewhat modified, was afterwards accepted by Epicurus, and was developed at length by the great Roman poet Lucretius. It likewise resembles the atomic theory, which has been reached by modern scientists by different reasoning. Anaxagoras, born in Ionia about 500 B.C., dissatisfied with the materialistic theories of other thinkers, maintained that *Nous* or Mind gives life and form to matter.

In opposition to the foregoing Ionic School of Philosophers was the Eleatic School, so called from Elea in Italy, where it was founded by Xenophanes, who, however, was born at Celophon in Asia Minor, and flourished about 550 B.C. Pushing beyond the consideration of phenomena, it considered at once the problem of being as true reality. It passed from the study of physics to metaphysics, as the proper basis of a doctrine of the universe. "Looking up to universal heaven," says Aristotle, speaking of Xenophanes, "he proclaimed that unity is God." Of the few extant fragments of his philosophical poem, the following remarkable extracts must suffice: "One God there is, among gods and men the greatest, neither in body nor mind like to mortals. . . . With the whole of Him He sees, He thinks, He hears. Without exertion, by energy of mind He sways the universe." The great successor of Xenophanes was Parmenides, of Elea, who flourished about 505 B.C., and was held in the highest esteem by his fellow-citizens as a legislator. So exemplary was his career that the phrase "Parmenidean Life" became a proverb. When well advanced in years, he visited Athens, and reminiscences of his intercourse with Socrates are found in Plato's dialogues. From the fragments of his own poem we learn that he regarded the testimony of the senses as inferior to the intuitions of the mind, that numbers and the phenomena of nature are equally a condition of the mind itself, and that Being is the only reality.

A more remarkable figure is the philosopher Empedocles, of Agrigentum, who flourished about 450 B.C. He was of a noble and wealthy family, and used his power in behalf of the oppressed lower classes, but declined the sovereignty which was offered to him. He declared himself a favorite of Apollo, and believed that he had discovered the expiatory rites by which men might be restored to their original heavenly birthright. He therefore asserted miraculous power in healing diseases, and even claimed to be divine. When he left the city he was followed by thousands who desired to profit by his teaching and advice. He dressed gorgeously and endeavored to impress the people with music and mysterious ceremonies. According to the legends which accumulated about this enchanter, he leaped into the crater of Mount Ætna in order to conceal the manner of his death and establish his divinity, but the mountain cast forth one of the brazen slippers which he wore. He had composed "Lustral Precepts," a poem on "Nature" and other works, of which only four hundred and seventy lines have survived. The tragic fate of Empedocles forms the subject of an impressive poem by Matthew Arnold.

Still more famous than any of the preceding in the history of philosophy is Pythagoras, a native of the island of Samos, who flourished about 530 B.C. He was a profound student of mathematics, both practical and theoretical, and was so impressed with the mysteries of calculation, that he traced the origin of all things to *number*. To him are ascribed the invention of the multiplication-table and the discovery of some most important propositions in geometry. Music also held a prominent place in his system, so that he maintained that *harmony* is the regulating principle of the universe; hence arose the widely-diffused doctrine of the music of the celestial spheres, celebrated by many poets. In such reverence were the sayings of Pythagoras held by his disciples that it was customary for them to check discussion by the authoritative declaration, "*Ipse dixit*," HE SAID SO.

The word "philosophy" is due to Pythagoras; rejecting the name "*sophos*"—wise man, or sage—by which former moral teachers had been distinguished, he wished to be called merely "philosopher," or lover of wisdom. He had traveled widely, visiting Egypt and India in the pursuit of knowledge. He introduced to the Greeks the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and is said to have declared that he had been engaged in the Trojan war as Euphorbus, the son of Panthus. He settled at Crotona, in Italy, where he formed a band or brotherhood of three hundred devoted disciples, who were bound to each other by special ties, and had conventional symbols by which they could recognize the members of the fraternity. There were different degrees in the fraternity, and only to those of the inmost circle were the teachings of the master fully explained. Similar brotherhoods were established in various cities of Southern Italy, and after a time exercised considerable political influence, which, however, led to their suppression by violence. In the disturbances attending this Pythagoras is said to have perished. His followers continued, however, as a philosophical sect, and some of their number became famous. The "Symbols," or brief enigmatic sentences, and the "Golden Verses," or ethical precepts, which bear his name, were of later origin, yet were accepted by his school and were highly regarded by others.

The Seven Wise Men.

The Seven Wise Men form a remarkable group in the history of Greece. They belong to the sixth century before Christ, and mark the beginning of social philosophy. Most of them were composers in verse, but their fame is connected with certain maxims, chosen as characteristic of each. These are said to have been inscribed by order of the Amphictyonic Council in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. They mark the beginning of the use of prose instead of verse.

Solon of Athens	Know thyself.
Chilo of Sparta	Consider the end.
Thales of Ephesus	Suretyship is the forerunner of ruin.
Bias of Priene	Most men are bad.
Cleobulus of Lindus	Nothing too much [Avoid extremes].
Pittacus of Mitylene	Know thy opportunity.
Periander of Corinth	Nothing is impossible to labor.

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

(From the poem of Empedocles "On Nature.")

BLESSED is the man who hath obtained the riches of the wisdom of God; wretched is he who hath a false opinion about things divine.

God may not be approached, nor can we reach Him with our eyes or touch Him with our hands. No human head is placed upon His limbs, nor branching arms; He has no feet to carry Him apace, nor other parts of men; but He is all pure mind, holy and infinite, darting with swift thought through the universe from end to end.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(From the poem of Empedocles "On Nature.")

THEN every animal was tame and familiar with men, both beasts and birds, and mutual love prevailed. Trees flourished with perpetual leaves and fruits, and ample crops adorned their boughs through all the year. Nor had these happy people any Ares (Mars) or mad Uproar for their god; nor was their monarch Zeus (Jupiter), or Cronos (Saturn), or Poseidon (Neptune), but Queen Cypris (Venus). Her favor they besought with pious symbols and images, with fragrant essences and censers of pure myrrh and frankincense, and with brown honey poured on the ground. The altars did not reek with the gore of bullocks.

THE SYMBOLS OF PYTHAGORAS.

A FEW examples of these enigmatic sayings are given, with their probable explanations. Other interpretations, sometimes very profound, have been offered. Similar proverbs and riddles are found among the remains of early literature in many countries.

Go not beyond the balance.
(Transgress not the laws of justice.)
Tear not the crown (or wreath) to pieces.
(Spoil not joy. At Greek festivals it was customary to wear garlands.)

Having reached the border, turn not back.
(Be not dismayed at death.)
Leave not the mark of a pot in the ashes.
(Cherish no resentment after reconciliation.)
Wear not a tight ring.
(Do not oppress yourself for sake of appearances.)
Sow mallows, but do not eat them.
(Use mildness to others, but not to yourself.)
Feed the cock, but sacrifice him not.
(Cherish prophets and harm them not.)
Speak not, turned towards the sun.
(Do not tell everything to everybody.)
Abstain from beans.
(Abstain from politics. Black and white beans were used in voting in some Greek cities.)
When the winds blow, worship echo.
(Recognize Divine Providence in human commotions.)
When you go to the temple, worship; neither do nor say anything concerning your life.
Stir not fire with a sword.
(Do not intensify quarrels.)
Help a man to take up a burden, but not to put it down.
Look not in a mirror by a torch.
(Seek not truth in human inventions.)
Decline the highways; take the footpaths.
(Seek not notoriety.)

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST, in their ranks, the Immortal Gods adore—
Thine oath keep; next great Heroes; then implore
Terrestrial Demons, with due sacrifice.
Thy parents reverence, and near allies.
Him that is first in virtue make thy friend,
And with observance his kind speech attend:
Nor, to thy power, for light faults cast him by:
Thy power is neighbor to Necessity.
These know, and with attentive care pursue;
But anger, sloth, and luxury subdue:
In sight of others or thyself, forbear
What's ill; but of thyself stand most in fear.
Let Justice all thy words and actions sway;

Nor from the even course of Wisdom stray;
For know that all men are to die ordained.
Crosses that happen by Divine decree
(If such thy lot) bear not impatiently;
Yet seek to remedy with all thy care,
And think the just have not the greatest share.
'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread;
Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
If any some notorious falsehood say,
Thou the report with equal judgment weigh.
Let not men's smoother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If aught thou should'st attempt, first ponder it—
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit;
Nor do what afterwards thou may'st repent:
First know the thing on which thou'rt bent.
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete.
Nor must thou care of outward health forget.
Such temperance use in exercise and diet
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
Meats unprohibited, not curious, choose;
Decline what any other may accuse.
The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness: a mean in all is best.
Hurt not thyself. Before thou act, advise;
Nor suffer sleep at night to close thy eyes
Till thrice thine acts that day thou hast o'errun:
How hast thou slipped?—what duty left undone?
Thus, thine account summed up from first to last,
Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath passed.
These study, practice these, and these affect;
To sacred Virtue these thy steps direct:
Eternal Nature's fountain I attest,
Who the *Tetractys** on our souls impressed.

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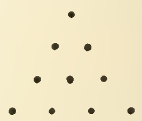
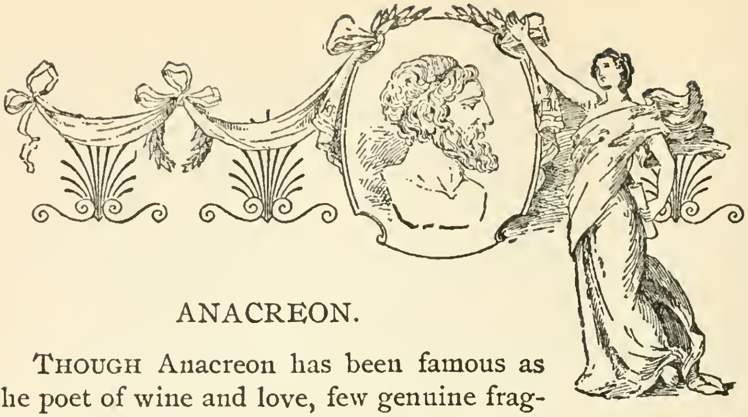
* The number *four*, as well as *one* and *seven*, was highly regarded by the Pythagoreans. The Tetractys or Quaternion, meaning literally *four*, was an emblem composed of ten dots arranged in four rows. In the soul it represents judgment, which is based upon the four faculties, understanding, knowledge, opinion and sense. But in its full mystic significance, it was a comprehensive emblem of the Deity, the universe and reason.



Before thy mind thou to this study bend,
Invoke the Gods to grant it a good end.
These if thy labor vanquish, thou shalt then
Know the connection both of gods and men;
How everything proceeds, or by what stayed;
And know (as far as fit to be surveyed)
Nature alike throughout; that thou mayst learn
Not to hope hopeless things, but all discern;
And know those wretches whose perverser wills
Draw down upon their hearts spontaneous ills,
Unto the good that's near them deaf and blind;
Some few the cure of these misfortunes find.
This only is the Fate that harms, and rolls
Through miseries successive human souls.
Within is a continual hidden sight,
Which we to shun must study, not excite.
  Great Jove! how little trouble should we know,
If thou to all men wouldst their genius show!
But fear not thou—man born of heavenly race,
Taught by diviner Nature what to embrace,
Which, if pursued, thou all I've named shall gain,
And keep thy soul clean from thy body's stain.
In time of prayer and cleansing, meats denied
Abstain from; thy mind's reins, let Reason guide;
Then stripped of flesh, up to free ether soar,
A deathless god—divine—mortal no more.



ANACREON.

Though Anacreon has been famous as the poet of wine and love, few genuine fragments of his songs have come down to us. Those which pass under his name belong to his Greek imitators in later times. Specimens are given here as a relief after the prosing of historians and philosophers.

Anacreon was born at Teos, in Ionia, about 550 B.C., but emigrated with other citizens to Abdera, in Thrace, to escape the Persian yoke. Here he cultivated the muse until the fame of his talents and courtly disposition brought him an invitation from Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos. At this centre of culture he remained for eighteen years, entertaining the tyrant and his subjects with the sweetness of amatory song. Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus, afterwards invited the poet to Athens, and a barge of fifty oars was sent for him. In his new home he found a brilliant throng of cultivated men, among whom was Simonides of Ceos. After the expulsion of the sons of Pisistratus, Anacreon returned to his native place. Here, in his eighty-fifth year, according to tradition, he was choked with a grape-stone.

The songs which from ancient times have been loosely attributed to Anacreon are marked by sweet simplicity and buoyant cheerfulness. His poems in praise of wine inculcate only moderate indulgence, and are far removed from excess. His best imitators in English have been Abraham Cowley, Richard Bourne and Thomas Moore. The last has been justly called the modern Anacreon, as having the playful spirit of the Greek, but his versions are paraphrases, rather than exact translations. The following specimens are taken chiefly from Bourne, as being more faithful to the original.

ON HIS LYRE.

WHILE I sweep the sounding string,
While the Atridæ's praise I sing—
Victors on the Trojan plain—
Or to Cadmus raise the strain,
Hark, in soft and whispered sighs,
Love's sweet notes the shell* replies.
Late I strung my harp anew,
Changed the strings—the subject too.
Loud I sung Alcides's toils;
Still the lyre my labor foils;
Still with Love's sweet silver sounds
Every martial theme confounds.
Farewell, Heroes, Chiefs, and Kings!
Naught but Love will suit my strings.

THE WEAPON OF BEAUTY.

POINTED horns—the dread of foes—
Nature on the Bull bestows;
Horny hoofs the Horse defend;
Swift-winged feet the Hare befriend;
Lions' gaping jaws disclose
Dreadful teeth in grinning rows;
Wings to Birds her care supplied;
Finny Fishes swim the tide;
Nobler gifts to Man assigned,
Courage firm and Strength of Mind.
From her then exhausted store
Naught for Woman has she more?
How does Nature prove her care?—
Beauty's charm is Woman's share.
Stronger far than warrior's dress
Is her helpless loveliness.
Safety smiles in Beauty's eyes;
She the hostile flame defies;
Fiercest swords submissive fall:—
Lovely Woman conquers all.

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* Hermes was fabled to have made the first lyre by stretching strins over the empty shell of a tortoise.

CUPID AS A GUEST.

'TWAS at the solemn midnight hour,
When silence reigns with awful power,
Just when the bright and glittering Bear
Is yielding to her Keeper's care,
When spent with toil, with care oppress,
Man's busy race has sunk to rest,
Sly Cupid, sent by cruel Fate,
Stood loudly knocking at my gate.
"Who's there?" I cried, "at this late hour?
Who is it batters at my door?
Begone! you break my blissful dreams!"—
But he, on mischief bent, it seems,
With feeble voice and piteous cries,
In childish accents thus replies:
"Be not alarmed, kind Sir; 'tis I,
A little, wretched, wandering boy;
Pray ope the door, I've lost my way;
This moonless night, alone I stray;
I'm stiff with cold; I'm drenched all o'er;
For pity's sake, pray, ope the door!"
Touched with this simple tale of woe,
And little dreaming of a foe,
I rose, lit up my lamp, and straight
Undid the fastenings of the gate;
And there, indeed, a boy I spied,
With bow and quiver by his side.
Wings too he wore—a strange attire!
My guest I seated near the fire,
And while the blazing fagots shine,
I chafed his little hands in mine;
His damp and dripping locks I wrung,
That down his shoulders loosely hung.
Soon as his cheeks began to glow,
"Come now," he cried, "let's try this bow;
For much I fear, this rainy night,
The wet and damp have spoiled it quite."
That instant twanged the sounding string,
Loud as the whizzing gad-fly's wing.—

Too truly aimed, the fatal dart
My bosom pierced with painful smart.—
Up sprang the boy with laughing eyes,
And, "Wish me joy, mine host!" he cries;
"My bow is sound in every part;
Thou'lt find the arrow in thy heart!"

THE IDEAL PORTRAIT.

Thou whose soft and rosy hues,
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of Painters, come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my Soul, thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart—
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the balmy spice distill,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnished as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm
The lightning of her eyes to form?—
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play;
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus's languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellowed red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lips, so rich in blisses;
Sweet petitioner for kisses;
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing love's invasion!

Then, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal.
A charm may peep, a hue may beam;
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.—
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

In Praise of Wine.

When the nectar'd bowl I drain,
Gloomy cares forego their reign;
Richer than the Lydian king
Hymns of love and joy I sing;
Ivy wreaths my temples twine
And while careless I recline,
While bright scenes my vision greet
Tread the world beneath my feet.
Fill the cup, my trusty page;
Anacreon, the blithe and sage,
As his maxim ever said,
"Those slain by wine are nobly dead."

Plea for Drinking.

The Earth drinks up the genial rains,
Which deluge all her thirsty plains;
The lofty Trees that pierce the sky
Drink up the earth and leave her dry;
The insatiate Sea imbibes each hour
The welcome breeze that brings the shower;
The Sun, whose fires so fiercely burn,
Absorbs the waves, and in her turn
The modest Moon enjoys each night
Large draughts of his celestial light.
Then, sapient sirs, pray tell me why,
If all things drink, why may not I?

ANACREON'S DOVE.

(Translated by Dr. Samuel Johnson.)

"LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scattering as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way.
Is it business? Is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove."
"Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Graced with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art,
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the Bard her Dove bestow'd.
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight:
As the letters that you see,
Weighty charge consigned to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward:
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits:
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent Dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
Now the generous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
Void of care, and free from dread
From his fingers snatch his bread,
Then with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chambers dance and play;
Or, from wine as courage springs,

O'er his face expand my wings;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all; be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,—
I have chattered like a pye."

THE GRASSHOPPER.

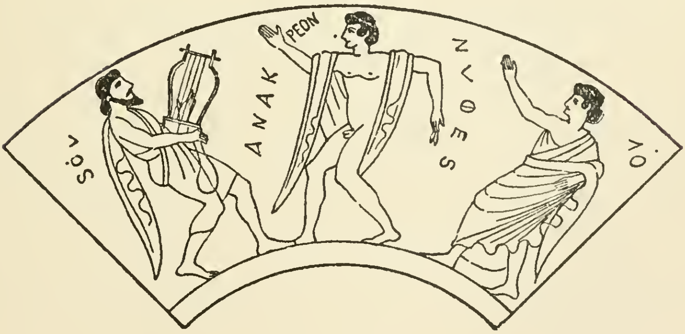
(Translated by Abraham Cowley.)

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce;
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country-hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy, thou
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,

(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)—
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"O mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—what shall I do?
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a peasant call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said: "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee?"



LATIN LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. B.C. 50–A.D. 25.

THE Golden Age of Latin Literature embraces two distinct periods, one belonging to the decline of the Republic and especially distinguished by the comprehensive genius of Cicero, the other to the founding of the Empire and commonly known as the Augustan Age from Cæsar Augustus, who by his liberality attached the poets Virgil and Horace to his court. The former period has already been treated and exemplified.* Yet the illustrious Julius Cæsar has been reserved for mention here, as the true founder of the new era, political and literary. The Augustan Age in fact began before the overthrow of the Republic, reached its zenith in the peaceful reign of Augustus, and may be said to terminate with the death of Ovid in the first years of the reign of Tiberius.

In French history Louis XIV. presents almost an exact counterpart to Augustus, both in political policy and in his attitude to literature. As rulers both were despotic, but they recognized literature and art not only as refined amusements, but as powerful levers for their respective policies. Genius and social eminence allied have exerted a powerful influence on literary history, and of this fact the Augustan Age is the most conspicuous proof, for it has affected the whole subsequent development of European literature. There is a period in English literature—the reign of Queen Anne—often called the Augustan Age, and deserving this title both from the corresponding artistic polish and elegance of its best products, and from the intimate relations between the writers and men of eminent social position.

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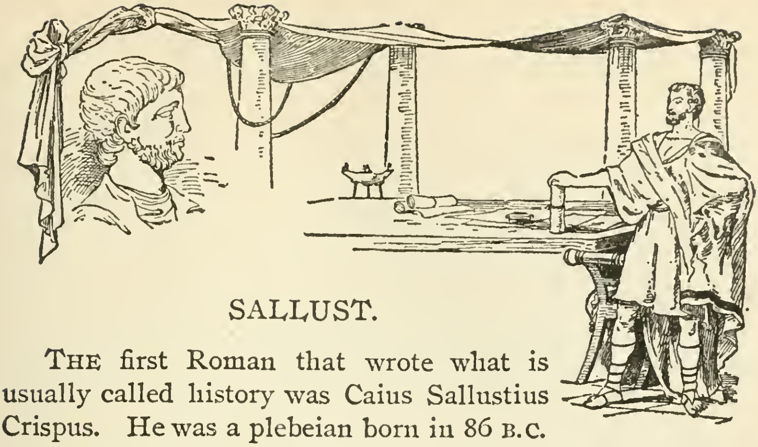
* See Volume III., pp. 92–122.

Latin prose had reached its highest development in the decline of the Republic, not only in the various works of Cicero, but in the vivid histories of Sallust and the masterly Commentaries of Cæsar. In the reign of Augustus both epic and lyric poetry attained a similar eminence. In neither species of verse was the Roman genius original, but essentially imitative, and yet by careful culture it reached a perfection which has made its productions the choicest models for subsequent writers. Virgil was not merely the master and guide of Dante; he was the instructor of all the great poets of modern Europe. Horace has been the favorite lyrist, and familiar friend of all cultivated people. Cæsar Octavianus, who was afterwards honored by the title Augustus, was fortunate in having his power firmly secured by the battle of Actium 31 B.C. When he returned to Rome to enjoy its fruits, he determined to cultivate the arts of peace, and won the favor of his subjects by his conciliatory course. He was fortunate in finding at Rome many young men of literary ability, and in having as his prime minister Caius Cilnius Mæcenas, whose name has become proverbial as a patron of arts and letters. Both the emperor and his premier were themselves writers and critics, though their writings have perished, and they exercised discriminating taste in the selection of the objects of their bounty. Inspiration was still sought from the master-pieces of Greek literature, but under the direction of the Alexandrian grammarians and rhetoricians. Hence the Latin products of this period bear a close resemblance to the Greek works produced under the patronage of the Ptolemies. Though Virgil in his Georgics imitated Hesiod, and in his Æneid the splendid epics of Homer, his polished style is more like that of Callimachus and Apollonius Rhodius. In his Eclogues he followed directly in the footsteps of Theocritus, the pastoral poet of the Egyptian court. Horace in like manner drew inspiration from Alcæus and Sappho, yet his verses resemble more the poems of the Greek Anthology. In his Epistles and Satires, not being restrained by the rules of Greek predecessors, he is truly Roman in subject and treatment. While in early life he was a voluptuary, he now became a moralist, yet genial and warm-hearted.

Tibullus and Propertius, the minor poets of the age, were graceful lyrists of the Greek style. They treat of love; Tibullus in pensive elegies, Propertius in more artificial style, imitated from Callimachus. But far more distinguished than these was the bolder poet Ovid, who not only sang loose love-songs, and wrote a collection of poetical love-letters, under the name "Heroïdes," but professed to teach "The Art of Love" in such lascivious way as to corrupt the emperor's daughter, and to draw upon himself the penalty of banishment to the shores of the Euxine Sea. To this facile poet the world is indebted for a brilliant summary of the ancient mythology under the title "Metamorphoses." Other poets graced the court of Augustus, but their works have perished.

The greatest work due to the Augustan period was the "History of Rome" by Titus Livius, born at Padua, but residing at the court of the emperor. In forty years he had written one hundred and forty-two books, treating fully the seven centuries from the foundation of Rome. Only thirty-five of the books have survived the ravages of time. Though he exercises little critical skill in the use of his authorities, his work is the most valuable record of the early development of the mightiest power of the world. He accepted the old traditions without question, and sought chiefly to present them in finished style for the delight of the Roman people. The work progressed simultaneously with Virgil's Æneid, and as successive portions were completed they were read to Augustus and Mæcenas. Yet the author did not seek by unworthy means to secure their favor, as was indicated by his bestowing high praise on Pompey. Aiming to set forth the glory of Rome and the prowess of its people, in their conquest of the world, he could not be absolutely fair to their enemies. His skill as an historical artist is great, and the scenes are full of vigor and interest. Following the pattern of the Greek historians, he recites speeches supposed to have been delivered by the chief actors in the events.



SALLUST.

The first Roman that wrote what is usually called history was Caius Sallustius Crispus. He was a plebeian born in 86 B.C. in the country of the Sabines. He was engaged in the civil wars on the popular side, and held many offices. In 50 B.C. he was expelled from the senate on a charge of flagrant immorality, though the true reason was that he belonged to Cæsar's party. He remained faithful to that leader, and was in a few years restored to his rank. For a time he was governor of Numidia, in which capacity he oppressed the people, but, though charged with maladministration, he was not brought to trial. Retiring to private life on his return from Africa, he entered on his historical works, and passed quietly through the turbulent period after Cæsar's death. His immense wealth was attested by the expensive gardens which he formed on the Quirinal hill. He died in 34 B.C. In his writings Sallust took Thucydides as his model, but he did not possess the same philosophic spirit. His language is concise and usually clear, except where his love of brevity renders it ambiguous. His graphic account of the conspiracy of Catiline is valuable, since he was a spectator of the scenes he describes and was unfriendly to Cicero. His other work relates in rhetorical style the history of Jugurtha, King of Numidia, but is not as exact in its statements as the former. Though notorious for immorality, Sallust, in his writings, poses as a moralist, and rebukes the degeneracy of the Romans.

Jugurtha at Rome.

The tribune Caius Memmius persuaded the Roman people to send Lucius Cassius, who was then prætor, to Jugurtha, and bring him from Africa to Rome on the public faith: that, by his evidence, Scaurus and others who were charged with betraying their trust might be clearly convicted.

The prætor Cassius, in consequence of this ordinance of the people, procured by Memmius, to the great surprise of the nobility, went to Jugurtha, who, from a consciousness of his guilt, was doubtful of his cause, and persuaded him "that since he had already delivered himself up to the Roman people, he should trust to their mercy rather than provoke their vengeance." He likewise pledged to him his own faith, which Jugurtha reckoned as strong a security as that of the republic; such at that time was the reputation of Cassius.

Jugurtha accordingly went to Rome with Cassius, yet divested of regal pomp, and dressed in such a manner as to excite compassion. But though he was himself of an intrepid spirit, and was moreover encouraged by assurances from those in reliance on whose power and criminal practices he had hitherto been supported, yet, by an immense sum of money, he secured the assistance of Caius Bæbius, tribune of the people, one who trusted to his invincible impudence for protection against all law and all manner of injuries.

When an assembly of the people was called by Memmius, though they were so highly exasperated against Jugurtha that some of them were for putting him in chains, others for putting him to death as a public enemy, according to the ancient usage, unless he discovered his associates, yet Memmius, more concerned for their dignity than the gratification of their fury, endeavored to calm the tumult and soften their minds, and declared that he would take care that the public faith should not be violated.

Having obtained silence and ordered Jugurtha to be brought before the assembly, he proceeded in his speech; recounted all his wicked actions, both in Rome and Numidia; exposed his unnatural behavior to his father and brothers, adding, that the Roman people, though they were not ignorant by whom he had been aided and supported, still desired full information of the whole from himself. If he declared the truth, he had much to hope from the faith and clemency of the Roman people; but if he concealed it, he would not save his friends by such means, but ruin his own fortune and his prospects forever.

When Memmius had concluded and Jugurtha was ordered to reply, the tribune Bæbius, who had been secured by a sum of money, as already mentioned, ordered him to be silent; and though the people there assembled were highly incensed, and endeavored to terrify him with their cries, with angry looks, with acts of violence, and every other method which indignation inspires, yet his impudence triumphed over it all. The people departed after being thus mocked; Jugurtha, Bestia and the rest, who were at first fearful of this prosecution, now assumed greater courage.

There was at this juncture a certain Numidian at Rome called Massiva, the son of Gulussa, and grandson of Masinissa, who, having taken part against Jugurtha in the war between the three kings, had fled from Africa on the surrender of Cirta and the murder of Adherbal. Spurius Albinus, who with Quintus Minucius Rufus, succeeded Bestia in the consulship, persuaded this man to apply to the senate for the kingdom of Numidia, as he was descended from Masinissa, and Jugurtha was now the object of public abhorrence on account of his crimes, and alarmed with daily fears of the punishment he merited. The consul, who was fond of having the management of the war, was more desirous that the public disturbances should be continued than composed. The province of Numidia had fallen to him, and Macedonia to his colleague.

When Massiva began to prosecute his claim, Jugurtha, finding that he could not rely on the assistance of his friends, some of whom were seized with remorse, others restrained by the bad opinion the public had of them and by their fears, ordered Bomilcar, who was his faithful friend and confidant, "to engage persons to murder Massiva for money, by which he had accomplished many things, and to do it by private means, if possible; but if these were ineffectual, by any means whatever."

Bomilcar quickly executed the king's orders, and, by employing proper instruments, discovered his places of resort, his set times and all his movements, and when matters were ripe laid a scheme for the assassination. One of those who were to put the murder into execution attacked Massiva and slew him, but, so imprudently, that he was himself apprehended, and being urged by many, especially by the consul Albinus, confessed all. Bomilcar was arraigned, more agreeably to reason and justice than to the law of nations, for he had accompanied Jugurtha, who came to Rome on the public faith.

Jugurtha, though clearly guilty of so foul a crime, repeated his endeavors to bear down the force of truth, till he perceived that the horror of his guilt was such as to baffle all the power of interest or bribery, on which, though he had been compelled in the commencement of the prosecution of Bomilcar to give up fifty of his friends as sureties for his standing his trial, he sent him privately to Numidia, being more concerned for his kingdom than the safety of his friends; for he was fearful, should this favorite be punished, that the rest of his subjects would be discouraged from obeying him. In a few days he himself followed, being ordered by the senate to depart out of Italy. When he left Rome, it is reported that, having frequently looked back to it with fixed attention, he at last broke out into these words: "O venal city, and ripe for destruction when a purchaser can be found."

Caius Marius Seeks the Consulship.

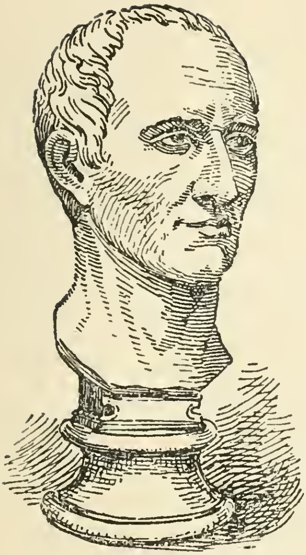
About the same time Marius happened to be at Utica, and as he was sacrificing to the gods the augur announced to him, "that great and wonderful things were presaged to him; he should therefore pursue whatever designs he had formed, and trust to the gods; he might push his fortune to the utmost, regardless of difficulty and confident of success."

Marius had been long seized with an ardent desire of the consulship, and possessed every qualification for obtaining it, except that of noble descent; he had industry, probity, consummate skill in war, and an intrepid spirit in battle; he displayed a model of temperance, and, completely master of his passions, looked with indifference on wealth and pleasure, but was covetous of renown, and possessed an insatiable thirst of glory. He was born at Arpinum, where he passed his childhood, and from the time that he was capable of bearing arms took no delight in the study of Grecian eloquence, nor in the luxurious manners of Rome, but entered with ardor on the military life, and thus in a short time, by a proper course of discipline, acquired a masterly knowledge in the art of war; so that when he first solicited from the people the military tribuneship, although his person was unknown, his character obtained it by the unanimous suffrages of all the tribes. From this time he rose still higher in public favor, and in every office which he filled still rendered himself worthy of greater dignity. Yet Marius, with all his merit, till this time (for ambition afterward fatally urged him to the wildest excesses) had not ventured to offer himself for the consulship; for though the people at that time conferred all the other offices, that of consul was reserved for the nobility, and the most renowned or distinguished by merit, unsupported by birth, were reckoned by them unworthy of the supreme magistracy.

Marius, perceiving that the prediction of the augur was agreeable to his own inclinations, petitioned Metellus for leave to visit Rome as a candidate for the consulship. Metellus, though distinguished for his virtue and honor, and other desirable qualities, yet possessed a haughty and disdainful spirit, the common vice of the nobility: struck with so extraordinary a request, he therefore expressed surprise at his designs, and cautioned him, as in friendship, not to entertain such unreasonable views, nor suffer his mind to be exalted above his station. To all men, he observed, the same objects could not be the aim of reasonable ambition, adding that Marius ought to be contented with his present fortune; and, in a word, that he should take care not to demand from the Roman people what they might justly refuse. After these and the like remonstrances, the consul still found Marius steady to his purpose, and promised to comply with his request as soon as it was consistent with the public service; and as he still continued to urge his petition, Metellus is reported to have told him, "that it was needless to be in such a hurry, as it would be time enough for him to think of standing for the consulship when his son should be of age to join with him." This youth was then about twenty years of age, and serving under his father without any command.

This fired Marius with a more ardent desire of obtaining the consulship, and highly incensed him against Metellus; so that he blindly followed the dictates of ambition and resentment, the most pernicious of counsellors. He did and said every thing that could promote his views; gave greater liberty to the soldiers under his command than formerly; inveighed severely to our merchants, then in great numbers at Utica, against Metellus's manner of conducting the war; and boasted of himself, "that were but half the army under his own command he would in a few days have Jugurtha in chains; that the consul prolonged the war on purpose, being a vain man, possessed of kingly pride, and intoxicated with the love of command." This was the more readily believed by the merchants, as they had suffered in their fortunes by the long continuance of the war; and to an impatient spirit no measures appear sufficiently expeditious.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.



GREATEST among the ancient Romans, Caius Julius Cæsar changed the course of the world's history. He turned an aristocratic republic into a democratic empire. Though he was removed by assassination in the very hour of his triumph, his work remained and his spirit dominated the civilized world for centuries. One of his names has become the title of the autocratic sovereigns of Europe; another is imbedded in the calendar of all Christian countries. It is impossible in a work of this kind to set forth in detail the successive audacities and glories of his career. Born of noble family on the 12th day of the month Quintilis (afterwards called in his honor July), in the year 100 B.C., he early engaged in party strife, contracted enormous debts, but won the favor of the people, and was raised in quick succession to the highest offices of state. He was nearly forty years of age when he began his series of foreign conquests by a war in Spain. He reconciled Pompey to Crassus, the wealthiest man in Rome, and with them formed the first triumvirate, to accomplish their respective designs. For himself he obtained command of Gaul for five years, and there, in wars with various tribes, trained an army by which he hoped to terminate the party struggles at Rome. He crossed the Rhine into Germany and the Channel into Britain, but effected no permanent conquests in either country. When Pompey saw that his own prestige was eclipsed by that of his younger rival, he became estranged. Cæsar was ordered by the Senate to disband his army, but in defiance crossed the Rubicon, the boundary of his province, towards Rome. Pompey saw his troops deserting him, and fled from Rome to

Capua, and thence to Greece, where he collected a formidable army. Cæsar was made dictator, but did not cross to Greece until some months later. At Pharsalia the decisive battle took place on the 9th of August, 48 B.C. Pompey fled and was slain on the coast of Egypt. Cæsar was now master of the Roman world and, though careless of human life in time of war, used his power with marked clemency. His victories in Gaul, Egypt, Pontus and Africa were celebrated with magnificent triumphs; but there was none for his victory in the Civil War. Although he inaugurated numerous schemes for the benefit of the Roman people, the patricians could not witness his success without envy. He was already dictator, and was made imperator (emperor) for life, but after a movement was begun to bestow on him the hated title of king, he was assassinated in the Senate house on the 15th of March, 44 B.C.

This great statesman and general was gifted by nature with the most varied talents, and excelled in the most diverse pursuits. He was an accomplished orator and a profound jurist. He holds high rank in literature by brief and perspicuous narratives of the Gallic and Civil wars in which he was engaged. These "Commentaries," as he chose to call them rather than histories, are models of historical composition. His style is noted for its purity and elegance. In youth he wrote some poems, which were suppressed by Augustus; in later life he did not disdain to compose some grammatical treatises, of which a few fragments remain. But the world has especially cherished and admired his modest narrative of his astonishing career in Gaul.

CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN.

Though but a small part of the summer now remained, Cæsar resolved to pass over into Britain, having certain intelligence that in all his wars with the Gauls, the enemies of the commonwealth had ever received assistance from thence. He indeed foresaw that the season of the year would not permit him to finish the war; yet he thought it would be of no small advantage if he should but take a view of the island, learn the nature of the inhabitants, and acquaint himself with the coast, harbors and landing places, to all which the Gauls were perfect strangers, for almost none but merchants resort to that island, nor have even they any knowledge of the country, except the sea coast and the parts opposite to Gaul. Before he embarked himself, he thought proper to send C. Volusenus with a galley to get some knowledge of these things, commanding him, as soon as he had informed himself in what he wanted to know, to return with all expedition. He himself marched with his whole army into the territory of the Morini, because thence was the nearest passage into Britain. Here he ordered a great many ships from the neighboring ports to attend him, and the fleet he had made use of the year before in the Venetian war.

Meanwhile, the Britons having notice of his design by the merchants that resorted to their island, ambassadors from many of their states came to Cæsar with an offer of hostages and submission to the authority of the people of Rome. To these he gave a favorable audience, and, exhorting them to continue in the same mind, sent them back into their own country. Along with them he dispatched Comius, whom he had appointed king of the Atrebatians, a man in whose virtue, wisdom and fidelity he greatly confided, and whose authority in the island was very considerable. To him he gave it in charge to visit as many states as he could and persuade them to enter into an alliance with the Romans, letting them know at the same time that Cæsar designed as soon as possible to come over in person to their island. Volusenus, having taken a view of the country, as far as was possible for one who had resolved not to quit his ship or trust himself in the hands of the barbarians, returned on the fifth day and acquainted Cæsar with his discoveries.

Cæsar, having got together about eighty transports, which he thought would be sufficient for carrying over two legions, distributed the galleys he had over and above to the questor, lieutenants and officers of the cavalry. There were, besides, eighteen transports detained by contrary winds at a port about eight miles off, which he appointed to carry over the cavalry.

The wind springing up fair, he weighed anchor about one in the morning, ordering the cavalry to embark at the other port and follow him. But as these orders were executed but slowly, he himself about ten in the morning reached the coast of Britain, where he saw all the cliffs covered with the enemy's forces. The nature of the place was such that the sea being bounded by steep mountains, the enemy might easily launch their javelins upon us from above. Not thinking this, therefore, a convenient landing place, he resolved to lie by till three in the afternoon and wait the arrival of the rest of his fleet. Meanwhile, having called the lieutenants and military tribunes together, he informed them of what he had learned from Volusenus, instructed them in the part they were to act, and particularly exhorted them to do everything with readiness and at a signal given, agreeably to the rules of military discipline, since sea affairs especially require expedition and dispatch, because the most changeable and uncertain of all. Having dismissed them, and finding both the wind and tide favorable, he made the signal for weighing anchor, and after sailing about eight miles farther, stopped over against a plain and open shore.

But the barbarians, perceiving our design, sent forward their cavalry and chariots, which they frequently make use of in battle, and following with the rest of their forces, endeavored to oppose our landing; and indeed we found the difficulty very great on many accounts; for our ships being large, required a great depth of water; and the soldiers, who were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed and loaded with a weight of armor, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast high amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy, while they, fighting upon dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of all their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts, and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they did not push the enemy with the same vigor and spirit as was usual for them in combats upon dry ground.

Cæsar, observing this, ordered some galleys, a kind of vessels less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion, to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set upon the enemy in flank, and by means of their engines, slings, and arrows, drive them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for what with the surprise occasioned by the shape of our galleys, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But when our men still delayed to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those places, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, having first invoked the gods for success, cried out aloud: "Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy; for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the commonwealth." Upon this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy; whereat, our men exhorting one another to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him. When this was perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they did likewise, and boldly approached the enemy.

The battle was obstinate on both sides; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their respective standards, because leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round an handful of the Romans; others falling upon them in flank, galled them mightily with their darts, which Cæsar observing, ordered some small boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men having got firm footing, were followed by all the rest, when falling upon the enemy briskly, they were soon put to rout. But as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue or advance far into the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete.

The enemy being thus vanquished in battle, no sooner got together after their defeat, than they dispatched ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace, offering hostages, and an entire submission to his commands. Along with these ambassadors came Comius the Atrebatian, whom Cæsar, as we have related above, had sent before him into Britain. The natives seized him as soon as he landed, and though he was charged with a commission from Cæsar, threw him into irons. But upon their late defeat, they thought proper to send him back, throwing the blame of what had happened upon the multitude, and begged of Cæsar to excuse a fault proceeding from ignorance. Cæsar, after some complaints of their behavior, in that having of their own accord sent ambassadors to the Continent to sue for peace, they had yet without any reason begun a war against him, told them at last he would forgive their fault, and ordered them to send a certain number of hostages. Part were sent immediately, and the rest, as living at some distance, they promised to deliver in a few days. Meantime they disbanded their troops, and the several chiefs came to Cæsar's camp to manage their own concerns and those of the states to which they belonged.

A peace being thus concluded four days after Cæsar's arrival in Britain, the eighteen transports appointed to carry the cavalry, of whom we have spoken above, put to sea with a gentle gale. But when they had so near approached the coast as to be even within view of the camp, so violent a storm suddenly arose, that being unable to hold on their course, some were obliged to return to the port whence they set out, and others were driven to the lower end of the island, westward, not without great danger; there they cast anchor, but the waves rising very high, so as to fill the ships with water, they were again in the night obliged to stand out to sea, and make for the Continent of Gaul. That very night it happened to be full moon, when the tides upon the sea coast always rise highest, a thing at that time wholly unknown to the Romans. Thus at one and the same time, the galleys which Cæsar made use of to transport his men, and which he had ordered to be drawn up on the strand, were filled with the tide, and the tempest fell furiously upon the transports that lay at anchor in the road; nor was it possible for our men to attempt anything for their preservation. Many of the ships being dashed to pieces, and the rest having lost their anchors, tackle, and rigging, which rendered them altogether unfit for sailing, a general consternation spread itself through the camp; for there were no other ships to carry back the troops, nor any materials to repair those that had been disabled by the tempest. And as it had been all along Cæsar's design to winter in Gaul, he was wholly without grain to subsist the troops in those parts.

All this being known to the British chiefs, who after the battle had repaired to Cæsar's camp, to perform the conditions of the treaty, they began to hold conferences among themselves; and as they plainly saw that the Romans were destitute both of cavalry, shipping, and grain, and easily judged from the smallness of the camp, that the number of their troops was but inconsiderable; in which notion they were the more confirmed, because Cæsar having brought over the legions without baggage, had occasion to inclose but a small spot of ground; they thought this a convenient opportunity for taking up arms, and by intercepting the Roman convoys, to protract the affair till winter; being confidently persuaded, that by defeating these troops, or cutting off their return, they should effectually put a stop to all future attempts upon Britain. Having, therefore, entered into a joint confederacy, they by degrees left the camp, and began to draw the islanders together; but Cæsar, though he was not yet apprized of their design, yet guessing in part at their intentions, by the disaster which had befallen his fleet, and their delays in relation to the hostages, determined to provide against all chances. He, therefore, had grain daily brought in to his camp, and ordered the timber of the ships that had been most damaged to be made use of in repairing the rest, sending to Gaul for what other materials he wanted. As the soldiers were indefatigable in this service, his fleet was soon in a condition to sail, having lost only twelve ships.

During these transactions, the seventh legion being sent out to forage, according to custom, as part were employed in cutting down the grain, and part in carrying it to the camp, without suspicion of attack, news was brought to Cæsar, that a greater cloud of dust than ordinary was seen on that side where the legion was. Cæsar, suspecting how matters went, marched with the cohorts that were upon guard, ordering two others to take their places, and all the soldiers in the camp to arm and follow him as soon as possible. When he was advanced a little way from the camp, he saw his men overpowered by the enemy, and with great difficulty able to sustain the fight, being driven into a small compass, and exposed on every side to the darts of their adversaries. For as the harvest had been gathered in everywhere else, and only one field left, the enemy suspecting that our men would come thither to forage, had hid themselves during the night in the woods, and waiting till our men had quitted their arms, and dispersed themselves for reaping, they suddenly attacked them, killed some, put the rest into disorder, and began to surround them with their horses and chariots.

Their way of fighting with their chariots is this: first they drive their chariots on all sides, and throw their darts, insomuch, that by the very terror of the horses, and noise of the wheels, they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry, they quit their chariots, and fight on foot; meantime the drivers retire a little from the combat, and place themselves in such a manner as to favor the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry; and by continual exercise and use have arrived at such expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses upon a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity.

Our men being astonished and confounded with this new way of fighting, Cæsar came very timely to their relief; for upon his approach the enemy made a stand, and the Romans began to recover from their fear. This satisfied Cæsar for the present, who not thinking it a proper season to provoke the enemy, and bring on a general engagement, stood facing them for some time, and then led back the legions to the camp. The continual rains that followed for some days after, both kept the Romans within their intrenchments, and withheld the enemy from attacking us. Meantime the Britons dispatched messengers into all parts, to make known to their countrymen the small number of the Roman troops and the favorable opportunity they had of making immense spoils and freeing their country for ever from all future invasions by storming the enemy's camp. Having by this means got together a great body of infantry and cavalry, they drew towards our intrenchments.

Cæsar, though he foresaw that the enemy, if beaten, would in the same manner as before escape the danger by flight; yet having got about thirty horse, whom Comius the Atrebatian had brought over with him from Gaul, he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp; and falling upon the Britons, who were not able to sustain the shock of our men, soon put them to flight. The Romans, pursuing them as long as their strength would permit, made a terrible slaughter, and setting fire to their houses and villages a great way round, returned to the camp.

The same day ambassadors came from the enemy to Cæsar, to sue for peace. Cæsar doubled the number of hostages he had before imposed upon them, and ordered them to be sent over to him into Gaul, because the equinox coming on, and his ships being leaky, he thought it not prudent to put off his return till winter. A fair wind offering, he set sail a little after midnight, and arrived safe in Gaul.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

THERE was as much space left between the two lines as sufficed for the onset of the hostile armies; but Pompey had ordered his soldiers to await Cæsar's attack, and not to advance from their positions, or suffer their line to be put into disorder. And he is said to have done this by advice of Caius Triarius, that the impetuosity of the charge of Cæsar's soldiers might be checked and their line broken, and that Pompey's troops, remaining in their ranks, might attack them when in disorder; and he thought that the javelins would fall with less force if the soldiers were kept on their ground than if they met them in full course; at the same time he trusted that Cæsar's soldiers, after running over double the usual ground, would become exhausted by the fatigue. But to me Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason; for there is a certain impetuosity of spirit and an alacrity implanted by nature in the hearts of all men, which is inflamed by a desire to meet the foe. This a general should endeavor not to repress, but to increase; nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors that the trumpets should sound on all sides and a general shout be raised; by which they imagined that the enemy were struck with terror, and their own army inspired with courage.

But our men, when the signal was given, rushed forward with their javelins ready to be launched, but perceiving that Pompey's men did not run to meet the charge, having acquired experience by custom, and being practiced in former battles, they of their own accord repressed their speed and halted almost midway, that they might not come up with the enemy when their strength was exhausted; and after a short respite they again renewed their course and threw their javelins, and instantly drew their swords, as Cæsar had ordered them. Nor did Pompey's men fail in this crisis, for they received our javelins, stood our charge, and maintained their ranks; and having launched their javelins, had recourse to their swords. At the same time Pompey's horsemen, according to their orders, rushed out at once from his left wing, and his whole host of archers poured after them. Our cavalry did not withstand their charge, but gave ground a little, upon which Pompey's troops pressed them more vigorously, and began to file off in troops and flank our army.

When Cæsar perceived this he gave the signal to his fourth line, which he had formed of the six cohorts. They instantly rushed forward and charged Pompey's cavalry with such fury that not a man of them stood; but all wheeling about, not only quitted their posts, but galloped forward to seek refuge in the highest mountains. By their retreat the archers and slingers, being left destitute and defenseless, were all cut to pieces. The cohorts, pursuing their success, wheeled about upon Pompey's left wing, while his infantry still continued to make battle, and taking them in the rear at the same time Cæsar ordered the third line to advance, which till then had not been engaged, but had kept their post. These new and fresh troops having come to the assistance of the fatigued, and others having made an attack upon their rear, Pompey's men were not able to maintain their ground, but all fled; nor was Cæsar mistaken in his opinion, that the victory, as he had declared in his speech to the soldiers, must have its beginning from these six cohorts, which he had placed as the fourth line to oppose the horse. For by them the cavalry were routed, by them the archers and slingers were cut to pieces, by them the left wing of Pompey's army was surrounded and obliged to be the first to fly. . . . .

In Pompey's camp you might see arbors, in which tables laid; a large quantity of plate set out; the floors of the tents covered with fresh sods; the tents of Lucius Lentulus and others shaded with ivy; and many other things which were proofs of excessive luxury and a confidence of victory; so that it might readily be inferred that they had no premonitions of the issue of the day, as they indulged themselves in unnecessary pleasures, and yet upbraided with luxury Cæsar's army, distressed and suffering troops, who had always been in want of common necessaries.

Pompey, as soon as our men had forced the trenches, mounting his horse and stripping off his general's habit, went hastily out of the back gate of the camp, and galloped with all speed to Larissa. Nor did he stop there, but with the same dispatch, collecting a few of his flying troops, and halting neither day nor night, he arrived at the sea-shore attended by only thirty horsemen, and went on board a victualling bark, often complaining, as we have been told, that he had been so deceived in his expectation, that he was almost persuaded that he had been betrayed by those from whom he had expected victory, when they began the fight.

VIRGIL.

Virgil takes the highest rank among the Roman poets. He was the poetical representative of the Augustan age in sentiment, in ethics, in culture and style. He gave to the Homeric epic that polish which was necessary to procure its acceptance by imperial Rome and to transmit it to the Western nations. Publius Virgilius Maro (whose name is said to be more correctly spelled Vergilius) was born in the year 70 B.C., in Andes, near Mantua. He acquired the rudiments of a liberal education at Cremona, Milan and Naples. He seems to have settled down to the composition of the eclogues in his native place, but owing to the public distribution of land which took place after the battle of Philippi, he was deprived of his hereditary farm. This, however, he recovered by the aid of Pollio and Mæcenas when he went to Rome. Henceforth he was a court favorite, and one of the galaxy of literary celebrities and associates of Mæcenas. In B.C. 19 he set out to make a tour of Greece, but having met the Emperor Augustus at Athens was persuaded to return with him. He was in feeble health; his sickness was aggravated by the homeward voyage, and resulted in his death on landing at Brundusium. It is said that in his last moments he called for the manuscript of the Æneid with the intention of burning it, but was dissuaded by his friends. His executors were enjoined not to publish any thing but what he himself had already edited. By order of Augustus this injunction was disregarded, and the Æneid was published.

Virgil's reputation among his contemporaries was first established by the Bucolics or Eclogues, partly pastoral, partly laudatory, written in imitation of Theocritus, but more artificial in style than the natural outpourings of the Sicilian poet. In the Georgics, Virgil, taking Hesiod as his model, gives a faithful portrayal of Italian life. The poem is dedicated to Mæcenas, who had suggested the subject to the author. It is divided into four books; the first relating to the cultivation of fields, the second to trees, the third to cattle, and the fourth to bees. The poem is entirely didactic, its object being to draw men's minds back to agriculture at a time when war had devastated the country. Throughout the Georgics the didactic element is often almost lost to sight in passages beautifully descriptive and highly poetical. But the work by which Virgil lives in the memory of men is the Æneid. It is the great epic of the Roman race, and expresses the national sentiment of pride, ambition, love of country and hatred of other races. Though imperfect as an epic, it remains "a poem of marvellous grace, evidencing culture most elaborate and refined." It was founded on the two great poems of Homer; the first six books, describing the wanderings of Æneas after the downfall of Troy, correspond to the Odyssey; while the last six books, showing his efforts to establish his colony in Italy, resemble in less degree the Iliad. In the first book Æneas while sailing westward from Troy is driven by a storm to Carthage, where he is hospitably received by Queen Dido. In the second book the capture and destruction of Troy is related by Æneas to Dido. The fourth book describes her ill-fated love for the Trojan leader, who abandons her. Here, more than in any other part, Virgil appears to sound a modern note. The fifth book brings Æneas to Sicily, and the sixth to Italy, the latter being chiefly occupied with his descent to the underworld, where his father reveals the future heroes of Rome. In the later books Æneas obtains in marriage Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. The valiant Turnus, to whom she had been betrothed, disputes his right, but is slain by his rival in battle.

Virgil was popular in his own day; he was esteemed by the emperor and loved by the people. He was modest almost to shyness, but simple, candid, and full of human sympathy.

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

In this First Eclogue, under a transparent disguise, are set forth the sufferings of Virgil (Tityrus) and his neighbors near Mantua, when their lands were distributed to the victorious soldiers of Augustus, and also the special favor which Virgil received from the emperor in having his farm restored.

Melibœus. Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And "Amaryllis" fills the shady groves.
Tityrus. These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.
Mel. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighborhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
This one, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yearning, on the rocks has left her young;
The hope and promise of my falling fold.
My loss, by dire portents the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserved your fortune in that fatal hour?
Tit. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;

And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.
Mel. What great occasion called you hence to Rome?
Tit. Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
Nor did my search of liberty begin
Till my black hairs were changed upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then, a hapless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still returned as empty as I went.
Mel. We stood amazed to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pined for your return;
We wondered why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late the ungathered apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them, only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appeared to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.
Tit. What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of god-like liberty remained;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I viewed,
For whom our monthly victims are renewed.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restored, my former flocks to feed.
Mel. O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company,
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of sallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees—
The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,

Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain,
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs,
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms, of love complain.
Tit. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the fair German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.
Mel. But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd,
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
Oh! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms once our own;
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these—on these—our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow:
Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labor only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Leap down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!
Tit. This night, at least, with me forget your care,
Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;

And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head,
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends,
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

POLLIO.

THE Fourth Eclogue, addressed to Virgil's friend, the consul Pollio, probably on the birth of his son, is a remarkable prophecy of a speedy return of the Golden Age. The Muse is called Sicilian because Theocritus, the Greek pastoral poet, was a native of Sicily.

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs and trees, that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends,
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thine own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banished virtue shall restore;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden, earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs, the promises of spring,
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds, secure from lions, feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd;
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,

Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet, of old fraud some vestige shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain;
Great cities shall with walls be compassed round,
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore,
Another Argo land her chiefs upon th' Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
And when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego:
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.
The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin:
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple and unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honors move,
Son of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
See, laboring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth and main!
See, to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crowned with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about
Thy infant eye, and, with a smile, thy mother single out.
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,

The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

THE well-known myth of Orpheus and his descent into Hades to recover his lost Eurydice is related incidentally in the Fourth Book of the Georgics.

Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn
His ravish'd bride that never shall return;
Wild for her loss, calls down th' inflicted woes,
And deadlier threatens, if no fate oppose.
When urged by thee along the marshy bed,
Th' unhappy nymph in frantic terror fled;
She saw not, doom'd to die, across her way,
Where, couch'd beneath the grass, the serpent lay.
But every Dryad, their companion dead,
O'er the high rocks their echo'd clamor spread,
The Rhodopeian mounts with sorrow rung,
Deep wailings burst Pangæa's cliffs among
Sad Orithyia, and the Getæ wept,
And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.
He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
Sooth'd his sad love with melancholy tone:
On thee, sweet bride! still dwelt th' undying lay,
Thee first at dawn deplor'd, thee last at close of day.
For thee he dar'd to pass the jaws of hell,
And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,
Trod with firm foot in horror's gloomy grove,
Approach'd the throne of subterraneous Jove,
Nor fear'd the Manes* and stern host below,
And hearts that never felt for human woe.
Drawn by his song from Erebus profound
Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,
Countless as birds that fill the leafy bow'r
Beneath pale eve, or winter's driving show'r.
Matrons and sires, and unaffianc'd maids,
Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,
While their fond parents saw th' ascending fire:

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* The Manes were the spirits of the dead.

All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud
Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,
All whom the Stygian lake's dark confine bounds,
And with nine circles, maze in maze, surrounds.
On him astonish'd Death and Tartarus gazed,
Their viper hair the wond'ring Furies raised:
Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half closed,
And fixed in air Ixion's wheel reposed.
  Now ev'ry peril o'er, when Orpheus led
His rescu'd prize in triumph from the dead,
And the fair bride (so Proserpine enjoin'd)
Press'd on his path, and followed close behind,
In sweet oblivious trance of amorous thought,
The lover err'd, to sudden frenzy wrought:
Ah! venial fault! if hell had ever known
Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.
He stopp'd, and, ah! forgetful, weak of mind,
Cast, as she reached the light, one look behind.
There die his hopes, by love alone betray'd,
He broke the law that hell's stern tyrant made;
Thrice o'er the Stygian lake a hollow sound
Portentous murmur'd from its depth profound.
"Alas! what fates our hapless love divide,
What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride?
Again I sink! A voice resistless calls.
Lo! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.
Now, now farewell! involv'd in thickest night,
Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,
And stretch towards thee, all hope forever o'er,
These unavailing arms, ah! thine no more."
She spoke, and from his gaze forever fled,
Swift as dissolving smoke through æther spread,
Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
To catch her shade, and pour the plaints of love.
Deaf to his pray'r no more stern Charon gave
To cross the Stygian lake's forbidden wave.
  Ah! many a month he wept in lofty caves
By frozen Strymon's solitary waves;
With melting melodies the beasts subdu'd,
And drew around his harp the list'ning wood.
Thus Philomel,* beneath the poplar spray,

* The nightingale.

Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
Whom some rough hind, that watch'd her fost'ring nest,
Tore yet unfledg'd from the maternal breast:
She on the bough all night her plaint pursues,
Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
No earthly charms had power his soul to move,
No second hymeneal lured to love.
'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
'Mid deserts hoary with Rhipæan snows,
Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd bride deplored,
And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.
  Scorned by the youth, whom grief alone could charm,
Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm;
'Mid the dark orgies of their god, they tore
His mangled limbs, and toss'd along the shore.
Ah! at that time while roll'd the floating head,
Torn from his neck, down Hebrus' craggy bed,
His last, last voice, his tongue now cold in death,
Still nam'd Eurydice with parting breath;
"Ah! dear Eurydice!" his spirit sigh'd,
And all the rocks "Eurydice" replied.

LAOCOÖN AND HIS SONS.

ÆNEAS tells the story of Laocoön, who alone of the Trojan leaders resisted the bringing of the wooden horse within the walls of the doomed city. By striking it with his spear he was said to have offended the deities to whom it was consecrated. He was therefore punished by being crushed, with his sons, in the folds of two enormous serpents.

  Laocoön, named as Neptune's priest,
Was offering up the victim beast,
When lo! from Tenedos—I quail,
E'en now, at telling of the tale—
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide,
And shoreward through the stillness glide.
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
And toss on high their sanguine crests;
The hind part coils along the deep,
And undulates with sinuous sweep.
The lashed spray echoes: now they reach
The inland belted by the beach,
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,

Dart their forked tongue, and hiss for ire.
We fly distraught; unswerving they
Toward Laocoön hold their way;
First round his two young sons they wreathe,
And grind their limbs with savage teeth:
Then, as with arms he comes to aid,
The wretched father they invade
And twine in giant folds; twice round
His stalwart waist their spires are wound,
Twice round his neck, while over all
Their heads and crests tower high and tall.
He strains his strength their knots to tear,
While gore and slime his fillets smear,
And to the unregardful skies
Sends up his agonizing cries:
A wounded bull such moaning makes,
When from his neck the axe he shakes,
Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.
The twin destroyers take their flight
To Pallas' temple on the height;
There by the goddess' feet concealed
They lie and nestle 'neath her shield.

THE DEATH OF PRIAM.

PERHAPS you may of Priam's fate inquire?
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruined palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On every side inevitable woes—
In arms disused invests his limbs, decayed,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not armed, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain.
Uncovered but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Doddered with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain,
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cried, "has seized my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aid! Were Hector here,
E'en Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be joined."
She said, and with a last salute embraced
The poor old man, and by the laurel placed.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus,* there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;

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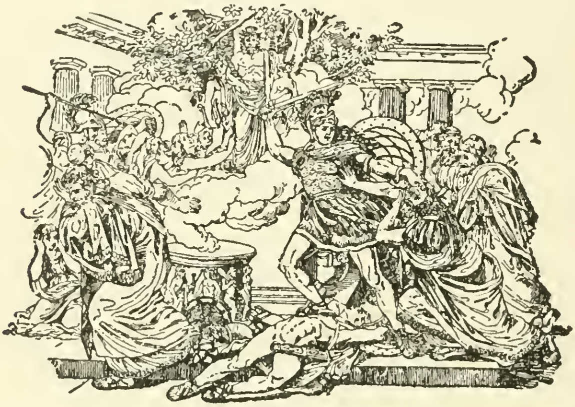
* Pyrrhus, called also Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles.

And, shaking more with anger than with age,
"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he feared,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent."*



This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,[1]
Which flutt'ring, seemed to loiter as it flew;
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: "Hence, dotard! meet thy fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!"—With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Slidd'ring through clottered blood and holy mire
(The mingled mire his murder'd son had made),
Haled from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid,
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;

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* See Volume I., pp. 166–169.

His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shores now lies th' abandoned king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

DIDO ON THE FUNERAL PILE.

THE following translation is from William Morris' "Æneids of Virgil."

And now Aurora left alone Tithonus' saffron bed,
And first light of another day across the world she shed.
But when the Queen from tower aloft beheld the dawn grow white,
And saw the ships upon their way with fair sails trimmed aright,
And all the haven shipless left, and reach of empty strand,
Then thrice and o'er again she smote her fair breast with her hand,
And rent her yellow hair and cried, "Ah, Jove! and is he gone?
And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?
Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?
Ho ye! why run ye not the ships down from their standing place?
Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!
What words are these, or where am I? What madness changeth
me?
Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.
Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord—lo, whereunto are come—
His faith and troth, who erst, they say, his country's house-gods
held
The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld!
Why might I not have shred him up, and scattered him piecemeal
About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,
Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?
But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle. Yea, O yea!
What might I fear, who was to die?—if I had borne the fire
Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and
sire
Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all!
—O Sun, whose flames on every deed earth doeth ever fall,

O Juno, setter-forth and seer of these our many woes,
Hecate, whose name howled out a-nights o'er city crossway goes,
Avenging Dread Ones, Gods that guard Elissa* perishing,
O hearken, turn your might most meet against the evil thing!
O hearken these our prayers! and if the doom must surely stand,
And he, the wicked head, must gain the port and swim a-land,
If Jove demand such fixèd fate and every change doth bar,
Yet let him faint mid weapon-strife and hardy folk of war!
And let him, exiled from his house, torn from Iulus,† wend,
Beseeching help mid wretched death of many and many a friend.
And when at last he yieldeth him to pact of grinding peace,
Then short-lived let his lordship be, and lovèd life's increase.
And let him fall before his day, unburied on the shore:
Lo, this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I pour.
And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,
Feed full your hate! When I am dead, send down this gift to me:
No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!
And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones outspring,
To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth
Now or hereafter—whensoe'er the day brings might to birth.
I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,
The sword 'gainst sword—fight ye that are, and ye that are to be!"
So sayeth she, and everywise she turns about her mind
How ending of the loathèd light she speediest now may find.
And few words unto Barce spake, Sychæus' nurse of yore;‡
For the black ashes held her own upon the ancient shore:
"Dear nurse, my sister Anna now bring hither to my need,
And bid her for my sprinkling-tide the running water speed;
And bid her have the hosts§ with her, and due atoning things;
So let her come; but thou, thine head bind with the holy strings;
For I am minded now to end what I have set afoot,
And worship duly Stygian Jove and all my cares uproot;
Setting the flame beneath the bale|| of that Dardanian head."
She spake; with hurrying of eld the nurse her footsteps sped.
But Dido, trembling, wild at heart with her most dread intent,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes about, her quivering cheeks besprent

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* Another name of Dido.

† Iulus, called also Ascanius, was the son of Æneas, from whom the Julian family of Rome claimed descent.

‡ Sychæus was Dido's first husband, and Barce, who had been his nurse, remained in Dido's household.

§ Victims for sacrifice.

|| Funeral pile.

With burning flecks, and otherwhere dead-white with death
drawn nigh,
Burst through the inner doorways there and clomb the bale on
high,
Fulfilled with utter madness now, and bared the Dardan blade,
Gift given not for such a work, for no such ending made.
There when upon the Ilian gear her eyen had been set,
And bed well known, 'twixt tears and thoughts a while she
lingered yet;
Then brooding low upon the bed her latest word she spake:
"O raiment dear to me while Gods and fate allowed, now take
This soul of mine and let me loose from all my woes at last!
I, I have lived, and down the way fate showed to me have passed;

And now a mighty shade of me shall go beneath the earth!
A glorious city have I raised, and brought my walls to birth,
Avenged my husband, made my foe, my brother, pay the pain:
Happy, ah, happy overmuch were all my life-days' gain,
If never those Dardanian keels had drawn our shores anigh."
She spake—her lips lay on the bed: "Ah, unavenged to die!
But let me die! Thus, thus 'tis good to go into the night!
Now let the cruel Dardan eyes drink in the bale-fire's light,
And bear for sign across the sea this token of my death."
Her speech had end; but on the steel, amid the last word's
breath,
They see her fallen; along the blade they see her blood foam out,
And all her hands besprent therewith; wild fly the shrieks
about
The lofty halls, and Rumor runs mad through the smitten town.

The houses sound with women's wails and lamentable groan;
The mighty clamor of their grief rings through the upper skies,
'Twas e'en as if all Carthage fell mid flood of enemies,
Or mighty Tyre of ancient days,—as if the wildfire ran
Rolling about the roof of God and dwelling-place of man.
Half dead her sister heard, and rushed distraught and trembling there,
With nail and fist befouling all her face and bosom fair:
She thrust amidst them, and by name called on the dying Queen:
"O was it this, my sister, then! guile in thy word hath been!
And this was what the bale, the fire, the altars wrought for me!
Where shall I turn, so left alone? Ah, scorned was I to be
For death-fellow! Thou shouldst have called me too thy way to wend.
One sword-pang should have been for both, one hour to make an end.
Built I with hands, on Father-Gods with crying did I cry,
To be away, a cruel heart, from thee laid down to die?
O sister, me and thee, thy folk, the fathers of the land,
Thy city hast thou slain——O give, give water to my hand,
And let me wash the wound, and if some last breath linger there,
Let my mouth catch it!"
Saying so she reached the topmost stair,
And to her breast the dying one she fondled, groaning sore,
And with her raiment strove to staunch the black and flowing gore.
Then Dido strove her heavy lids to lift, but back again
They sank, and deep within her breast whispered the deadly bane:
Three times on elbow struggling up a little did she rise,
And thrice fell back upon the bed, and sought with wandering eyes
The light of heaven aloft, and moaned when it was found at last.
Then on her long-drawn agony did Juno pity cast,
Her hard departing; Iris then she sent from heaven on high,
And bade her from the knitted limbs the struggling soul untie.
For since by fate she perished not, nor waited death-doom-given,
But hapless died before her day, by sudden fury driven,
Not yet the tress of yellow hair had Proserpine off-shred,
Nor unto Stygian Orcus yet had doomed her wandering head.
So Iris ran adown the sky on wings of saffron dew,
And colors shifting thousand-fold against the sun she drew,
And overhead she hung: "So bid, from off thee this I bear,
Hallowed to Dis, and charge thee now from out thy body fare."

She spake and sheared the tress away; then failed the life-heat spent,
And forth away upon the wind the spirit of her went.

The Young Marcellus.

Virgil, in the Sixth Book, represents Æneas descending into the under world, and there meeting his father, who prophesies the greatness of Rome and shows him the spirits of her future heroes. Among the rest pointed out was the young Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, who died in his twentieth year. The following lines were read by Virgil to the Emperor, in the presence of Octavia, the mother of Marcellus, soon after her loss. She fainted at the recital, but afterwards ordered the poet to be paid a magnificent sum of money for his tribute to her son's memory.

Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glittering armor shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and wond'ring, asked his airy guide,
"What and from whence was he, who press'd the hero's side,
His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound;
But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involve his head."
"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, then snatched away.
The gods too high had raised the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field! *
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
Admired when living, and adored when lost!

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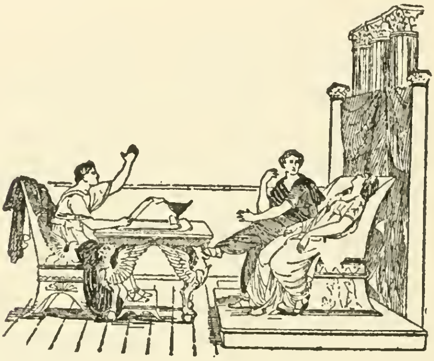
* The Campus Martius at Rome.

Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting-field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"



VIRGIL READING TO AUGUSTUS AND OCTAVIA.

THE DESCENT OF AVERNUS.

IN one of the most famous passages of the Æneid Virgil contrasts in a few lines the easy descent of Avernus with the difficulty of return. It has thus been translated by Prof. J. Conington.

The journey down to the abyss
  Is prosperous and light;
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis [Pluto]
  Stand open day and night;
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
Then comes the stress of labor; this
  May task a hero's might.

HORACE.

HORACE, the second in fame of the poets of the Augustan age, was the son of a freedman who had acquired a modest competence. His full name was Quintus Horatius Flaccus. He was born in 65 B.C., at Venusia, on the border of Apulia. His father, not satisfied with the educational resources of the Venusian school, took him to Rome and placed him with Orbilius, whom Horace has immortalized for his propensity to flog the boys. From Rome he proceeded to Athens for further study, and, after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, joined the army of Brutus in Macedonia. He was present at the battle of Philippi, where he sportively says he threw down his shield and sought safety in flight. The fortunes of war deprived him of his home, and, his father being dead, audacious poverty drove him to write verses. Through Varius and Virgil he was introduced to Mæcenas at the age of twenty-seven, and henceforth his position as a court poet was assured. Not a few of Horace's best traits are due to the influence of his patron Mæcenas, a polished man of the world, possessed of much tact and discretion. The compositions written by Horace after his introduction to court are quite different from those written before. Coarse personality gave place to urbanity and candor. Henceforward the poet places before himself higher ideals and nobler aims, and a more genial and kindly spirit pervades his work. The Satires are the product of the first decade of Horace's literary career, the Epistles belong to the second. Together they may be considered specimens of the poet's critical capacity, while the Odes exemplify his power as a lyric artist. The Satires are didactic, practical, somewhat prosaic, and deal with every-day life in familiar language. They teach the Stoic doctrine of self-mastery and consistency of conduct. They condemn the inordinate love of pleasure and craving for luxuries. The Epistles, with their musical ring and clear presentation of ideas, may be considered an innovation in poetic forms. The poet, in giving an honest estimate of himself, his critics and imitators, establishes a confidential relation with his readers. The longer epistles are almost purely didactic, the shorter resemble in tone the lighter odes.

Scarcely anything in literature has become so widely known and so popular among men of literary bent as the Odes of Horace. It is from them that he derives his immortality. They have produced a great variety of impressions among his admirers, and this itself is a token of the poet's flexibility of mind and talent. The Odes still hold a high position as models and educational elements in regard to literary taste and delicacy of language. They furnish specimens of the epigrammatic, the grave and the gay, the purely didactic and the simple Greek imitation. As a lyric poet Horace reaches his zenith in the Third Book. Here he stands forth, like Virgil, the poet of Roman national and religious sentiment. In the First Book he prays to Apollo for a life free from everything degrading, and yet not without gaiety; in the Second he predicts his survival after death; in the Third he throws down his implements, so to speak, and exclaims with confidence, "I have raised a monument more lasting than bronze." As poet laureate, Horace wrote the ode for the celebration of the Secular Games in 17 B.C. He died 8 B.C.

To the Roman People.

This is one of the earliest odes, and Horace never surpassed it in patriotic inspiration.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne,—
That Rome the Marsians could not crush, who border on the lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stern,

Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Aye, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal, by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with ruthless hands imbrued in brothers' gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread the City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown;
And the bones of great Quirinus,* now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily—
No better counsel I can urge than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and ravening wolf: so we in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or where'er across the sea the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
The circling ocean waits us: then away, where Nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happly isles,
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the trees that graff-shoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills?
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star,
With fury of remorseless heat, the sweltering herds doth mar.

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* Quirinus was the name under which Romulus was deified and worshiped.

Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods—
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily She of Colchis with step unchaste profaned;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses's toil-worn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared; but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise, arise and follow me.

MÆCENAS, PATRON AND FRIEND.

LUCKY I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards,
But Virgil first—that best of men and bards,
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance) I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate
On a Satureian barb; but what and who
I was, as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then—
Some nine months after—summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place;
And proud I feel that thus I won your grace;
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life and heart, devoid of blame.

HIS DAILY LIFE IN ROME.

I WALK alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
The forum too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls; thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and peas;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.

Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet and two beakers; near at hand
A common ewer, patera, and bowl:
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I. . . .
  I keep my couch till ten, then walk a while,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil—not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined just to appease
The sense of emptiness—I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.
So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, aye, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsires had been my dower.

INVITATION TO PHYLLIS.

I HAVE laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
  Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more.
In my gardens, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
  Grows the brightest of yellow parsley in plentiful store;
There's ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair:
  My plate, newly burnished, enlivens my rooms,
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there,
  Enwreathed with chaste vervain and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
  And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
  The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
  'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-sprung Venus—
  A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning—
  My own natal day not more hallowed or dear;
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
  The life which has swelled to a lustrous career.
So come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure—
  For ne'er for another this bosom shall long—
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
  How to charm away care with the magic of song.

THE LITERARY BORE.

It chanced that I, the other day
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
When there comes rushing up a wight
Whom only by his name I knew.
"Ha! my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know:
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
  Then, writhing to escape the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words; and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh, for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy madcap vein,
To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets—
The city's growth, its splendor, size.
"You're dying to be off," he cries:
(For all the while I'd been stock dumb);
"I've seen it this half-hour. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;

It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."
"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it; so I'll follow you!"
  Down dropped my ears on hearing this
Just like a vicious jackass's,
That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes:
  "If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, aye, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" says he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
  Here was an opening to break in:
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;
I've closed the eyes of every one."
O happy they, I inly groan;
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick dispatch me where I stand;
Now is the direful doom at hand,
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:
"Him shall no poison fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."

HORACE'S MONUMENT.

I'VE reared a monument—my own—
More durable than brass;
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as, with his Vestals mute,
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where brawls loud Aufidus and came
Parched Daunus erst, a horde
Of mystic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word,

As one who rose from mean estate,
The first, with poet's fire,
Æolic song to modulate
To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels, duly won,
Bind thou upon my hair.

OVID.

Ovid is more truly the representative poet of Roman imperialism than even Virgil. The latter constantly looks back to the national traditions and shows how the Roman republic rose and grew to greatness. Ovid began his career at a time of national prosperity when peace was firmly established and amid the reaction of public feeling after the turmoil and carnage of civil war. The regard for history had declined and the severer studies which involved intellectual exertion had given way to love of pleasure and literature of a lighter kind. The smooth-flowing, gaily-tripping, harmonious metres of Horace and Ovid were suited to the luxurious sentiments and mental debauchery of the age. Virgil had endeavored, by appealing to the higher motives of the governing classes, to create loyalty and enthusiasm towards the newly-established Empire; but now the people sought pleasure, and Rome was the seat of pleasure as well as the seat of government. The old Roman virtue and force of character which had once been the mainstay of the people's power, were now sapped by the encroaching tide of Italian effeminacy, which portended the notorious corruption of the later Empire.

Publius Ovidius Naso was born at Sulmo, B.C. 48. He was trained for the bar, but never practiced in courts, being indolent and of weak constitution. His equestrian origin, his culture, and his independent fortune gave him easy access to the fashionable and cultivated society of Rome. His poetical talent was early developed. He knew what pleased and interested his audience and sang accordingly. Ovid is presented to us in two phases of life, which stand in violent contrast to each other. In the former we see him as the gay-hearted gallant, reckless and amatory, devoting his highest art to the service of sensuous pleasure; in the latter, we see the broken-hearted exile wearing out a burdensome life on the inhospitable shores of the Danube, seeking in vain for sympathy, and striving by fulsome adulation to move the clemency and obtain the forgiveness of the emperor. The exact cause of Ovid's banishment, in 9 A.D., can only be surmised. He himself mentions two charges, a "song" and an "error." The "song" may refer to the "Art of Love," to which Augustus may have traced evil influences in the imperial family. But this work had been published ten years before the banishment. The "error" might have reference to some compromising act in the royal family which Ovid may have witnessed or abetted. It is significant that Julia, the emperor's granddaughter, was banished in the same year as the poet, and Silanus, her paramour, being disgraced, went into voluntary exile. Ovid died in Tomi on the Euxine Sea, A.D. 17.

Ovid's literary career may be divided into three periods corresponding to the vicissitudes of his life. The first period is that of the amatory poems, the lascivious and wanton tones of which are once interrupted by the plaintive note of the death of his fellow-poet Tibullus. To this period belong also the "Amores" suggested by a series of trifling incidents in the love adventures of the poet. His mistress, he tells us, was a "lady" (ingenua), yet he likens her to Lais, the ideal queen of Corinthian courtesans. The broad freedom, and yet refinement, with which such subjects were treated proved very attractive to the fashionable pleasure-seeking class in which the wanton Julia was the shining light. The "Heroïdes," called also "Epistles," are also assignable to the first period. They are a series of imaginary letters artificial and monotonous, supposed to be written by such noted characters as Briseis, Penelope and others. Then follows the "Art of Love," a poem more powerful and startling than anything Ovid had yet attempted. In it the poet plays the role of teacher, and professedly gives a recital of his own experiences. Notwithstanding the didactic and indelicate tendency of the poem, there is frequently a streak of genuine poetry and artistic refinement interwoven with the expression of lewd conceptions.

The "Metamorphoses" belongs to the second period of Ovid's literary life, and disputes with the "Art of Love" the claim to be the poet's masterpiece. This poem traverses the whole area of Greek mythology from chaos and the creation of man down to the transformation of Julius Cæsar into a star and the deification of Augustus. The "Fasti" also mostly belongs to the second period. It is simply a sort of calendar giving an account, partly historical, partly mythical, of the Roman festivals. The "Tristia" (Lamentations) mark the last period of the poet's work and life. In these, like Cicero, he broods over and bewails his sad fate, and prays that if release is not granted, another place of banishment may be assigned to him. His prayer was never answered.

NIOBE.

FAIR Niobe, who, when a virgin dwelt
In Lydian Sipylus, now queen of Thebes,
Proudly refused before the gods to bend,
And spoke in haughty boasting. Much her pride
By favoring gifts was swollen. Not the fine skill
Amphion practiced; not the lofty birth
Each claimed; not all their mighty kingdom's power,
So raised her soul (of all though justly proud)
As her bright offspring. Justly was she called
Most blest of mothers; but her bliss too great
Seemed to herself, and caused a dread reverse.
Now Manto, sprung from old Tiresias, skilled
In future fate, impelled by power divine,
In every street with wild prophetic tongue
Exclaimed: "Ye Theban matrons, haste in crowds,
Your incense offer, and your pious prayers,
To great Latona and the heavenly Twins,
Latona's offspring; all your temples bind
With laurel garlands. This the goddess bids;
Through me commands it." All of Thebes obey,
And gird their foreheads with the ordered leaves,
The incense burn, and with the sacred flames
Their pious prayers ascend. Lo! 'midst a crowd
Of nymphs attendant, far conspicuous seen,
Comes Niobe, in gorgeous Phrygian robe,
Inwrought with gold, attired. Beauteous her form,
Beauteous, as rage permitted. Angry shook
Her graceful head; and angry shook the locks
That o'er each shoulder waved. Proudly she towered,

Her haughty eyes round from her lofty stand
Wide darting, cried: "What madness this to place
Reported gods above the gods you see!
Why to Latona's altars bend ye low,
Nor incense burn before my power divine?
My sire was Tantalus: of mortals sole,
Celestial feasts he shared. A Pleiad nymph
Me bore. My grandsire is the mighty king,
Whose shoulders all the load of heaven sustain.
Jove is my father's parent: him I boast
As sire-in-law too. All the Phrygian towns
Bend to my sway. The hall of Cadmus owns
Me sovereign mistress. Thebes' high towering walls,
Raised by my consort's lute, and all the crowd
Who dwell inclosed, his rule and mine obey.
Where'er within my palace turn mine eyes,
Treasures immense I view. Brightness divine
I boast: to all seven blooming daughters add,
And seven fair sons; through whom I soon expect,
If Hymen favors, seven more sons to see,
And seven more daughters. Need ye further seek
Whence I have cause for boasting? Dare ye still
Latona, from Titanian Cæus sprung,—
The unknown Cæus,—she to whom all earth
In bearing pangs the smallest space denied:—
This wretch to my divinity prefer?
Not heaven your goddess would receive; not earth;
Not ocean: exiled from the world, she wept,
Till Delos sorrowing,—wanderer like herself,
Exclaimed: 'Thou dreary wanderest over the earth,
I o'er the main;'—and sympathizing thus,
A resting spot afforded. There become
Only of two the mother—can she vie
With one whose womb has sevenfold hers surpassed?
Blest am I. Who can slightly e'er arraign
To happiness my claim? Blest will I still
Continue. Who my bliss can ever doubt?
Abundance guards its surety. Far beyond
The power of fortune is my lot upraised:
Snatch them in numbers from me, crowds more great
Must still remain. My happy state contemns
Even now the threats of danger. Grant the power

Of fate this nation of my womb to thine,—
Of part deprived, impossible I shrink
To poor Latona's two—how scant removed
From mothers childless! Quit your rites;—quick haste
And tear those garlands from your flowing hair."
  Aside the garlands thrown, and incomplete
The rites relinquished, what the Thebans could
They gave: their whispering prayers the matron dame
Addressed. With ire the angry goddess flamed,
And thus on Cynthus' lofty top bespoke
Her double offspring: "O my children! see
Your parent, proud your parent to be called,—
To no celestial yielding, save the queen
Of Jove supreme. Lo! doubted is my claim
To rites divine; and from the altars, burnt
To me from endless ages, driven, I go,
Save by my children succored. Nor this grief
Alone me irks, for Niobe me mocks!
Her daring crime increasing, proud she sets
Her offspring far above you. Me too she spurns,—
To her in number yielding; childless calls
My bed, and proves the impious stock which gave
Her tongue first utterance." More Latona felt
Prepared to utter; more beseechings bland
For her young offspring, when Apollo cried:
"Enough, desist to plain;—delay is long
Till vengeance." Diana joined him in his ire.
  Swift gliding down the sky, and veiled in clouds,
On Cadmus' roof they lighted. Wide was spread
A level plain, by constant hoofs well beat,
The city's walls adjoining; crowding wheels
And coursers' feet the rolling dust upturned.
Here of Amphion's offspring daily some
Mount their fleet steeds; their trappings gaily press
Of Tyrian dye: heavy with gold, the reins
They guide. 'Mid these Ismenos, primal born
Of Niobe, as round the circling course
His well-trained steed he sped, and strenuous curbed
His foaming mouth,—loudly "Ah me!" exclaimed,
As through his bosom deep the dart was driven:
Dropped from his dying hands the slackened reins;
Slowly and sidelong from his courser's back

He tumbled. Sipylus gave unchecked scope
To his, when through the empty air he heard
The rattling quiver sound: thus speeding clouds
Beheld, the guider of the ruling helm,
A threatening tempest fearing, looses wide
His every sail to catch the lightest breeze.
Loose flowed his reins. The inevitable dart
The flowing reins quick followed. Quivering shook,
Fixed in his upper neck, the naked steel,
Far through his throat protruding. Prone he fell
O'er his high courser's head; his smoking gore,
The ground defiling. Hapless Phœdimas,
And Tantalus, his grandsire's name who bore,
Their accustomed sport laborious ended, strove
With youthful vigor in the wrestling toil.
Now breast to breast they strained with nervous grasp,
When the swift arrow from the bended bow
Both bodies pierced, as close both bodies joined;
At once they groaned; at once their limbs they threw,
With agonies convulsed, prone on the earth;
At once their rolling eyes the light forsook;
At once their souls were yielded forth to air.
  Alphenor saw, and smote his grieving breast;
Flew to their pallid limbs, and as he raised
Their bodies, in the pious office fell:
For Phœbus drove his fate-winged arrow deep
Through what his heart inclosed. Sudden withdrawn,
On the barbed head the mangled lungs were stuck;
And high in air his soul gushed forth in blood.
But beardless Damasichthon by a wound
Not single fell, as those; struck where the leg
To form begins, and where the nervous ham
A yielding joint supplies. The deadly dart
To draw essaying, in his throat, full driven
Up to the feathered head, another came:
The sanguine flood expelled it, gushing high,
Cutting the distant air. With outstretched arms
Ilioneus, the last, besought in vain;
Exclaiming,—"Spare me, spare me, all ye gods!"
Witless that all not joined to cause his woe.
The god was touched with pity, touched too late,—
Already shot the irrevocable dart:

Yet light the blow was given, and mild the wound
That pierced his heart, and sent his soul aloft.
  The rumored ill; the mourning people's groans;
The servants' tears, soon made the mother know
The sudden ruin: wondering first she stands,
To see so great Heaven's power, then angry flames
Indignant, that such power they dare to use.
The sire Amphion in his bosom plunged
His sword, and ended life at once and woe.
Heavens! how removed this Niobe from her
Who drove so lately from Latona's fane
The pious crowds; who marched in lofty state,
Through every street of Thebes, an envied sight!
Now to be wept by even her bitterest foes.
Prostrate upon their gelid limbs she lies;
Now this, now that, her trembling kisses press;
Her livid arms high-stretching unto heaven,
Exclaims,—"Enjoy, Latona, cruel dame,
My sorrows; feed on all my wretched woes;
Glut with my load of grief thy savage soul;
Feast thy fell heart with seven funereal scenes;
Triumph, victorious foe! conqueror, exult!
Victorious! said I?—How? To wretched me
Still more are left, than joyful thou canst boast:
Superior I midst all this loss remain."
  She spoke;—the twanging bowstring sounded loud!
Terrific noise—to all, save Niobe:
She stood audacious, callous in her crime.
In mourning vesture clad, with tresses loose,
Around the funeral couches of the slain,
The weeping sisters stood. One strives to pluck
The deep-stuck arrow from her bowels,—falls,
And fainting dies, her brother's clay-cold corpse
Pressed with her lips. Another's soothing words

Her hapless parent strive to cheer,—struck dumb,
She bends beneath an unseen wound; her words
Reach not her parent till her life is fled.
This, vainly flying, falls: that drops in death
Upon her sister's body. One to hide
Attempts: another pale and trembling dies.
Six now lie breathless, each by varied wounds;
One sole remaining, whom the mother shields,
Wrapt in her vest; her body o'er her flung,
Exclaiming,—"Leave me this, my youngest,—last,
Least of my mighty numbers,—one alone!"
But while she prays, the damsel prayed for dies.
  Of all deprived, the solitary dame,
Amid the lifeless bodies of her sons,
Her daughters, and her spouse, by sorrows steeled,
Sits hardened: no light gale her tresses moves;
No blood her reddened cheeks contain; her eyes
Motionless glare upon her mournful face;
Life quits the statue: even her tongue congeals
Within her stony palate; vital floods
Cease in her veins to flow; her neck to bow
Resists; her arms to move in graceful guise;
Her feet to step; and even to stone are turned
Her inmost bowels. Still to weep she seems.
Rapt in a furious whirlwind, distant far
Her natal soil receives her. There fixed high
On a hill's utmost summit, still she melts;
Still does the rigid marble flow in tears.

E. PAUPION, PINX

THISBE

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THISBE, the brightest of the eastern maids;
And Pyramus, the pride of all the youths,
Contiguous dwellings held, in that famed town,
Where lofty walls of stone we learn were raised
By bold Semiramis. Their neighboring site
Acquaintance first encouraged,—primal step
To further intimacy: love, in time,
Grew from this chance connection; and they longed
To join by lawful rites: but harsh forbade
Their rigid sires the union fate had doomed.
With equal ardor both their minds inflamed
Burnt fierce; and absent every watchful spy,
By nods and signs they spoke; for close their love
Concealed they kept;—concealed, it burned more fierce.
The severing wall a narrow chink contained,
Formed when first reared;—what will not love espy?
This chink, by all for ages past unseen,
The lovers first espied.—This opening gave
A passage for their voices; safely through
Their tender words were breathed in whisperings soft.
Oft punctual at their posts,—on this side she,
And Pyramus on that;—each breathing sighs,
By turns inhaling, have they mutual cried;
"Invidious wall! why lovers thus divide?
Much were it, did thy parts more wide recede,
And suffer us to join? were that too much
A little opening more, and we might meet
With lips at least. Yet grateful still we own
Thy kind indulgence, which a passage gives,
And amorous words conveys to loving ears."
Thus they loquacious, though on sides diverse,
Till night their converse stayed;—then cried, "Adieu!"
And each imprinted kisses, which the stones
Forbade to taste. Soon as Aurora's fires
Removed the shades of night, and Phœbus' rays
From the moist earth the dew exhaled, they meet
As 'customed at the wall: lamenting deep,
As wont in murmuring whispers: bold they plan,

Their guards evading in the silent night,
To pass the outer gates. Then, when escaped
From home, to leave the city's dangerous shade;
But lest, in wandering o'er the spacious plains
They miss to meet, at Ninus' sacred tomb
They fix their assignation,—hid concealed
Beneath the umbrageous leaves. There grew a tree,
Close bordering on a cooling fountain's brink;
A stately mulberry;—snow-white fruit hung thick
On every branch. The plot pleased well the pair.
And now slow seems the car of Sol to sink;
Slow from the ocean seems the night to rise;
Till Thisbe, cautious, by the darkness veiled,
Soft turns the hinges, and her guards beguiles.
Her features veiled, the tomb she reaches,—sits
Beneath the appointed tree: love makes her bold.
Lo! comes a lioness,—her jaws besmeared
With gory foam, fresh from the slaughtered herd,
Deep in the adjoining fount her thirst to slake.
Far off the Babylonian maid beheld
By Luna's rays the horrid foe,—quick fled
With trembling feet, and gained a darksome cave:
Flying, she dropped and left her robe behind.
Now had the savage beast her thirst allayed,
And backward to the forest roaming, found
The veiling robe, its tender texture rent,
And smeared the spoil with bloody jaws. The youth
(With later fortune his strict watch escaped)
Saw the plain footsteps of a monster huge
Deep in the sand indented!—O'er his face
Pale terror spread: but when the robe he saw,
With blood besmeared and mangled; loud he cried,—
"One night shall close two lovers' eyes in death!
She most deserving of a longer date;
Mine is the fault alone. Dear luckless maid!
I have destroyed thee;—I, who bade thee keep
Nocturnal meetings in this dangerous place,
And came not first to shield thy steps from harm.
Ye lions, wheresoe'er within those caves
Ye lurk! haste hither,—tear me limb from limb!
Fierce ravaging devour, and make my tomb
Your horrid entrails." But for death to wish

A coward's turn may serve. The robe he takes,
Once Thisbe's, and beneath the appointed tree
Bearing it, bathed in tears; with ardent lips
Oft fondly kissing, thus he desperate cries;—
"Now with my blood be also bathed!—drink deep!"
And in his body plunged the sword, that round
His loins hung ready girt: then as he died,
Hasty withdrew, hot reeking from the wound,
The steel; and backwards falling, pressed the earth.
High spouts the sanguine flood! thus forth a pipe
(The lead decayed, or damaged) sends a stream
Contracted from the breach; upspringing high
And loudly hissing, as the air it breaks
With jets repeated. Sprinkled with the blood,
The tree's white fruit a purple tinge received;
Deep soaked with blood the roots convey the stain
Inly, and tinge each bough with Tyrian dye.
  Now Thisbe comes, with terror trembling still,
Fearful she Pyramus expecting waits:
Him seek her beating bosom and her eyes;
Anxious the peril she escaped to tell.
Well marked her eyes the place,—and well the tree;
The berries changed in color, long she doubts
The same or no. While hesitating thus,
The panting members quivering she beholds,
Upon the sanguined turf; and back recoils!
Paler than box her features grow; her limbs
More tremble than when ocean fretful sounds,
Its surface briskly by the breezes swept.
Nor long the pause, her lover soon is known;
And now her harmless breast with furious blows
She punishes: her tresses wild she rends;
Clasps the loved body; and the gaping wound
Fills with her tears,—their droppings with the blood
Immingling. On his clay-cold face she pressed
Her kisses, crying: "Pyramus! what chance
Has torn thee from me thus? My Pyramus!
Answer me,—'tis thy dearest Thisbe speaks!
She calls thee,—hear me,—raise that dying face!"
At Thisbe's name, his lids, with death hard weighed,
He raised—beheld her,—and forever closed.
  Him dying thus,—her lacerated veil,

The ivory scabbard emptied of its sword,
She saw,—at once the truth upon her mind
Flashed quick. "Alas! thy hand, by love impelled,
Has wrought thy ruin: but to me the hand,
In this, at least, shall equal force display,
For equal was my love; and love will grant
Sufficient strength the deadly wound to give.
In death I'll follow thee; with justice called
Thy ruin's wretched cause,—but comrade too.
Thou, whom but death seemed capable to part
From me, shalt find even death too weak will prove.
Ye wretched mourning parents, his and mine!
The dying prayers respect of him,—of me:
Grant that, entombed together, both may rest;
A pair by faithful love conjoined,—by death
United close. And thou, fair tree, which shad'st
Of one the miserable corpse; and two
Soon with thy boughs wilt cover,—bear the mark
Of the sad deed eternal;—tinged be thy fruit
With mournful coloring—monumental type
Of double slaughter." Speaking thus, she placed
The steely point, while yet with blood it smoked,
Beneath her swelling breast; and forward fell.
Her final prayer reached heaven; her parents reached:
Purple the berries blush, when ripened full;
And in one urn the lovers' ashes rest.

Baucis and Philemon.

Two neighboring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown;
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities;
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod,
And many toilsome steps together trod:
For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked;
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.

At last a hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched, with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love, though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call
Were all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.
  From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door:
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals; and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire.
It smokes; and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnished gold the little seether shone;)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small, well-watered spot;)
She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She culled, and them with handy care she dressed.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,

And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed,
Sallow the feet, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments; yet such robes as these
They lay alone at feasts on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd;
So was the mended board exactly reared;
Then rubbed it o'er with newly-gathered mint,
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colored olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved.
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endives, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board,
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before.

Plums, apples, nuts; and of their wintry store
Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst a country banquet crowned:
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please.
  Meanwhile the beechen bowls went round and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill:
Filled without hands, and, of their own accord,
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
  One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her with malicious zeal the couple viewed;
She ran for life, and limping they pursued;
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies:
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was declared,
And owned the god, "The neighborhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety;
You stand alone exempted: but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed, and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."
  They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
They turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.

Wondering, with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbors' fate and country now no more;
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk
to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise;
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles
of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."
A while they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race,
In the same tenor, all the appointed space:
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
At once "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie;

I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

TIBULLUS.

THROUGH the patronage of the Emperor Augustus, amatory or erotic poetry received a powerful impulse and rose to a high position. The Roman names that overshadow all others in this variety of lyric, are those of Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid, who excelled their Greek models.

Albius Tibullus came of an equestrian family whose estate was near Tibur. Here he passed most of his brief life. The inspiration for the first of his three books of elegies arose out of his attachment to Delia, a real personage. When Delia proved faithless, the poet's love was transferred to Nemesis, the subject of the second book. Later he turned to Glycera, probably the Glycera mentioned by Horace, and to her the third book is devoted. The fourth book is a sort of supplement, containing pieces by Tibullus and some of his friends, one of whom was a lady.

Tibullus is a poet of refined taste; his verses are smooth and polished; his metres are varied, and always skillfully handled. He was much esteemed by Horace, and still occupies the first place in Roman elegy, which, like the Greek, permitted a wide range of personal feeling.

ELEGY TO DELIA.

OH! I was harsh to say that I could part
From thee; but, Delia, I am bold no more!
Driven like a top, which boys with ready art
Keep spinning round upon a level floor.

Burn, lash me, love, if ever after this
By me one cruel, blustering word is said;
Yet spare, I pray thee by our stolen bliss,
By mighty Venus and thy comely head.

When thou didst lie by fell disease o'erpowered,
I rescued thee, by prayers, from death's domain;
Pure sulphur's cleansing fumes I round thee showered,
While an enchantress sung a magic strain.

Yes—and another now enjoys the prize,
And reaps the fruit of all my vows for thee;
Foolish, I dreamed of life 'neath golden skies,
Wert thou but saved—not such great Heaven's decree.

I said—I'll till my fields, she'll guard my store
When crops are threshed in autumn's burning heat;
She'll keep my grapes in baskets brimming o'er,
And my rich must* expressed by nimble feet.

She'll count my flock; some home-born slave of mine
Will prattle in my darling's lap and play:
To rural god ripe clusters for the vine,
Sheaves for my crops, cates for my fold, she'll pay.

Slaves—all shall own her undisputed rule;
Myself a cypher—how the thought would please;
Here will Messala come, for whom she'll pull
The sweetest apples from the choicest trees;

And, honoring one so great, for him prepare
And serve the banquet with her own white hands.
Fond dream! which now the east and south winds bear
Away to far Armenia's spicy lands.

SULPICIA ON CERINTHUS GOING TO THE CHASE.

WHETHER, fierce boars, in flowery meads ye stray,
Or haunt the shady mountain's devious way,
Whet not your teeth against my dear one's charms,
But oh, let faithful Love restore him to my arms.
What madness 'tis the trackless wilds to beat,
And wound with pointed thorns thy tender feet:
Oh! why to savage beast thy charms oppose?
With toils and bloodhounds why their haunts enclose?
Yet, yet with thee, Cerinthus, might I rove,
Thy nets I'd trail through every mountain grove,

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* The unfermented juice of the grape.

Would track the bounding stags through tainted grounds,
Beat up their covers and unchain thy hounds.
But most to spread our artful toils I'd joy,
For, while we watched them, I could clasp my boy!
Oh, without me, ne'er taste the joys of love,
But a chaste hunter in my absence prove;
And oh, may boars the wanton fair destroy,
Who would Cerinthus to her arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread!—Be sports thy father's care;
But thou, all love! to these fond arms repair!

CERINTHUS TO SULPICIA.

"NEVER shall woman's smile have power
To win me from those gentle charms!"—
Thus swore I in that happy hour
When Love first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me
And couldst no heart but mine allure!—
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods over a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hushed, all ills subdued—
My light in even the darkest hour,
My crowd in deepest solitude!

No; not though Heaven itself sent down
Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would I for her forsake those charms.

PROPERTIUS.

The social and domestic relations of Propertius bear a striking resemblance to those of Tibullus. Both were of good parentage; both suffered from the public distribution of land occasioned by the civil war; both derived their poetical inspiration from the objects of their love, and both were removed by death before reaching the prime of life.

Sextus Aurelius Propertius, born about 50 B.C., died at the age of thirty-five. He formed one of the brilliant coterie of Mæcenas, and was on intimate terms with Ovid and Virgil, but his literary tastes differed somewhat from those of his colleagues. He was still more attracted by the complete mastery of form shown by the Alexandrian school. Besides the erotic elegies addressed to his mistress Cynthia, Propertius wrote various pieces relating to the early history of Rome. He was a man of extensive learning, thoroughly versed in Greek mythology, the repeated allusions to which frequently interrupt the course of his theme, and destroy sequence and coherency of thought. He makes a display of his learning in the use of Greek idioms, by which his style is rendered cramped, forced, and often inharmonious. The poetry of Propertius is passionate, sometimes licentious, but it does not approach that of Ovid in flagrant indelicacy.

The Image of Love.

Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
  First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
  Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ,
Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
  And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tossed upon a wavering main;
  Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.
Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbéd darts,
  The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
  And those inflicted wounds forever last.

In me are fixed those arrows—in my breast;
But, sure, his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.
In these scorched vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
Oh, shame! to others let thine arrows flee;
Let veins, untouched, with all thy venom swell;
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.
Destroy me,—who shall then describe the fair?
This my light Muse to thee high glory brings;
When the nymphs' tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet, she sings.

LOVE'S DREAM REALIZED.

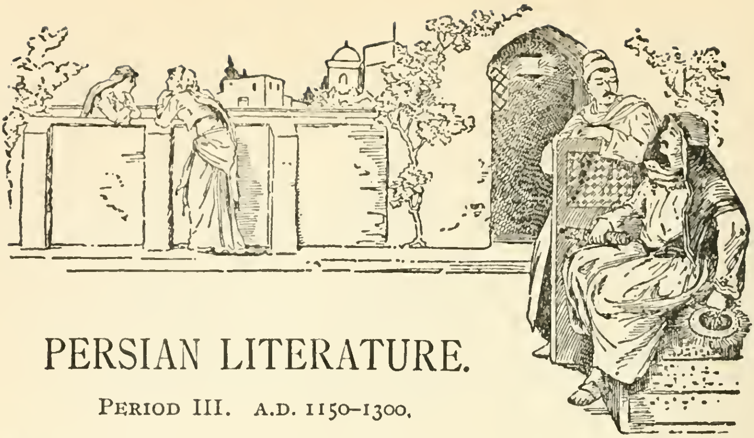
NOT in his Dardan triumph so rejoiced the great Atrides,
When fell the mighty kingdom of Laomedon of yore,
Not so Ulysses, when he moored his wave-worn raft beside his
Beloved Dulichian island home—his weary wanderings o'er;

As I, when last eve's rosy joys I ruminated over:
To me another eve like that were immortality!
A while before with downcast head I walked a pining lover—
More useless I had grown, 'twas said, than water-tank run dry.

No more my darling passes me with silent recognition,
Nor can she sit unmoved while I outpour my tender vow.
I wish that I had sooner realized this blest condition;
'Tis pouring living water on a dead man's ashes now.

In vain did others seek my love, in vain they called upon her,
She leaned her head upon my breast, was kind as girl could be.
Of conquered Parthians talk no more, I've gained a nobler honor,
For she'll be spoils, and leaders, and triumphal car to me.

Light of my life! say, shall my bark reach shore with gear befitting,
Or, dashed amid the breakers, with her cargo run aground?
With thee it lies; but if, perchance, through fault of my committing,
Thou giv'st me o'er, before thy door let my cold corpse be found.



PERSIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. A.D. 1150–1300.

THE wonderful revival of Persian literature after the Mohammedan invasion has already been treated.* The most distinguished writers of this era were the epic poet Firdausi and the pessimist Omar Khayyam. The singers of the twelfth century devoted themselves, almost indiscriminately, to praising the princes of their times. The chief panegyrist was Anwari, originally a poor student in the town of Tus. The Sultan and his suite happened to pass near the college grounds one day. One of his attendants being more magnificently mounted and gorgeously appareled than the rest, Anwari asked a bystander who he was. On being told that it was the court poet, the youth, fired with ambition, prepared a poem, which was presented to the sovereign the next day. The Sultan, finding it full of praise of himself, was so pleased that he offered the young man a position at once, which was accepted. Anwari attended him until his death. He wrote a few long poems and some simple lyrics. The greatest romantic poet of Persia was Nizami, who wrote five works known as "The Five Treasures of Nizami." Sadi says of him: "Gone is Nizami, our exquisite pearl, which Heaven, in its kindness, formed of the purest dew."

The thirteenth century has been called the mystical and moral age of Persian poetry. At this time Genghis Khan, the Tartar chief, swept over Asia like a whirlwind. Bokhara,

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* See Volume II., pp. 169–215.

Samarcand, and Bagdad, those centres of Mohammedan civilization, were devastated, their colleges and libraries utterly destroyed, and their men of learning driven to seek safety elsewhere. During these troubles the most illustrious of the Seljuk Turks was reigning at Iconium, in Asia Minor. Alauddin Kaikubad, as he was called, was well known as a lover and patron of letters; and his court became the refuge of scholars from all the Asiatic nations. The brightest ornament of this court was Jelaleddin Rumi, the mystic poet and philosopher. His father was the founder of a college in Iconium, of which he, himself, afterwards became director. His fame rests on his "Mesnavi," a work in six volumes, which is a series of stories with moral maxims.

The most important writer of the third period was Sadi, whose "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, is one of the most popular of the Persian classics. His "Bustan," or Fruit Garden, teaches lessons of morality and prudence in the form of poetry. Both of these works have been translated into German, French and English, and have found many admirers. His other writings are of less merit.

KHAKANI.

Khakani was the poetical name of Efsal-ed-din Hakaiki, and was derived from that of his patron Khakan Manughir, Prince of Shirvan. Having absented himself from court without permission, he was imprisoned for seven months in a fortress, where he had intercourse with Christian captives. He wrote a poem in favor of their views, yet he remained a pious Moslem and made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He was the most learned of the lyric poets of Persia. He died at Tabriz in 1186 A.D.

The Unknown Beauty.

O waving cypress! cheek of rose!
  O jasmine-breathing bosom! say,
Tell me each charm that round her glows;
  Who are ye that my heart betray;
Tyrant unkind! to whom I bow,
O life destroyer!—who art thou?

I saw thy form of waving grace!
  I heard thy soft and gentle sighs;

I gazed on that enchanting face,
 And looked in thy narcissus eyes;
Oh! by the hopes thy smiles allow,
Bright soul-inspirer!—who are thou?

Where'er she walks, amidst the shades,
 Where perfumed hyacinths unclose,
Danger her ev'ry glance pervades—
 Her bow is bent on friends and foes.
Thy rich cheek shames the rose—thy brow
Is like the young moon—who art thou?

The poet-slave has dared to drain
 Draughts of thy beauty, till his soul,
Confused and lost in pleasing pain,
 Is fled beyond his own control.
What bliss can life accord me now
But once to know thee!—who art thou?

NIZAMI.

Nizami, the greatest romantic poet of Persia, was born in 1114 A.D. and died in 1203. The early death of his parents threw a gloom over his life, so that he loved solitude and meditation. Gunja, where he spent most of his days, was full of Sunnites,—an austere sect, orthodox and bigoted; and the poet, first taking his tone from them, wrote in a didactic manner, full of gloom and asceticism. Becoming a Sufi or mystic, he changed his entire mode of thought about religion, art, and life, and ceasing to moralize he simply depicted the passions and struggles of humanity. Nizami was the favorite of the reigning Atabeg, from whom he received the revenues of two villages; but he haughtily refused to remain at court, preferring a life of independence and isolation.

His love songs are the most beautiful in the Persian tongue, and his great poem of "Laili and Majnun" is unrivalled in its sorrowful tenderness and purity. Every nation has its favorite romance, and to Persia none is so dear as that of Nizami. It is the story of two lovers, the maiden beautiful and lowly-born, the youth a chieftain's son. They are parted and mourn each other with a very madness of grief. Laili is wedded, in spite of her tears and protests, to one who woos her father with gold. Her husband dies unexpectedly. Laili flies to her lover. They meet and embrace with an ecstasy of joy, when suddenly Majnun remembers that he cannot marry a widow according to Arab law. He flies from Laili, and she returns to her rocky home and dies of a broken heart. Majnun is allowed to weep over her beautiful corpse, and then he dies too; after which, let us hope, the lovers meet happily in Paradise, and are rewarded for their devotion and sufferings. Before the composition of this masterpiece Nizami had written a didactic poem called "The Storehouse of Mysteries," and an epic, "Khosru and Shireen," founded on an old Persian story. Afterwards he recited in heroic verse the exploits of Alexander the Great, describing him not only as conqueror of the world, but as philosopher and prophet. Finally he wrote a book of romantic tales called "The Seven Beauties."

FERHAD THE SCULPTOR.

THE first epic of Nizami was "Khosru and Shireen," which relates the love story of the King of Persia and the beautiful Princess Shireen. Ferhad was an eminent sculptor whose passionate love for the same maiden gave the monarch vexation. To remove him from his court the king required him to hew a channel for a river through the lofty mountain of Beysitoun, and to decorate it with sculpture. He promised also that if Ferhad should accomplish this stupendous task, he should receive as his bride the object of his love. The enamored artist accepted the work on this condition. It is related that as he struck the rock, he constantly invoked the name of Shireen.

On lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun;
The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks that from her sides rebound.
Each day, all respite, all repose, denied,
Without a pause the thundering strokes are plied;
The mist of night around the summit coils,
But still Ferhad, the lover-artist, toils.
And still, the flashes of his axe between,
He sighs to every wind, "Alas, Shireen!"
A hundred arms are weak one block to move
Of thousands moulded by the hand of love

Into fantastic shapes and forms of grace,
That crowd each nook of that majestic place.
The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on, a foaming tide,—
A mighty work for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.
As flows the milky flood from Allah's throne,
Rushes the torrent from the yielding stone.
And, sculptured there, amazed, stern Khosru stands,
And frowning sees obeyed his harsh commands:
While she, the fair beloved, with being rife,
Awakes from glowing marble into life.
O hapless youth? O toil repaid by woe!
A king thy rival, and the world thy foe.
Will she wealth, splendor, pomp, for thee resign,
And only genius, truth, and passion thine?
Around the pair, lo! chiselled courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages grouped in solemn state;
From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow:
Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
And feathered throngs their loves seem murmuring.
The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems
Where dew-drops hang their fragile diadems,
And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
New from the wave, or recent from the mine.
"Alas, Shireen!" at every stroke he cries,—
At every stroke fresh miracles arise.
"For thee my life one ceaseless toil has been;
Inspire my soul anew,—alas, Shireen!"

Ferhad achieved his task, and with such exquisite skill and taste, that the most expert statuaries and polishers from every part of the world, coming to behold his works, bit the finger of astonishment and were confounded at the genius of that distracted lover. Ferhad was pausing, weary, at the completion of his toil, with his chisel in his hand, when his treacherous rival sent him the false message that Shireen was dead.

He heard the fatal news,—no word, no groan;
He spoke not, moved not, stood transfixed to stone.
Then, with a frenzied start, he raised on high
His arms, and wildly tossed them towards the sky;

Far in the wide expanse his axe he flung,
And from the precipice at once he sprung.
The rocks, the sculptured caves, the valleys green,
Sent back his dying cry,—"Alas, Shireen!"

THE EYE OF CHARITY.

ONE evening Jesus lingered in the market-place,
Teaching the people parables of truth and grace,
When in the square remote a crowd was seen to rise,
And stop with loathing gestures and abhorring cries.

The Master and his meek disciples went to see
What cause for this commotion and disgust could be,
And found a poor dead dog beside the gutter laid;
Revolting sight! at which each face its hate betrayed.

One held his nose, one shut his eyes, one turned away;
And all among themselves began aloud to say,—
"Detested creature! he pollutes the earth and air!"
"His eyes are blear!" "His ears are foul!" "His ribs are bare!"

"In his torn hide there's not a decent shoe-string left!"
"No doubt the execrable cur was hung for theft!"
Then Jesus spake, and dropped on him this saving wreath,—
"Even pearls are dark before the whiteness of his teeth!"

The pelting crowd grew silent and ashamed, like one
Rebuked by sight of wisdom higher than his own;
And one exclaimed, "No creature so accursed can be,
But some good thing in him a loving eye will see."

THE ORIENTAL ALEXANDER.

THE "Alexander-Book" is the latest of Nizami's works which has been brought to the knowledge of Western scholars. The following verses show how the character of the mighty conqueror had been transformed by Oriental imagination.

Some entitle him Lord of the Throne,
Taker of kingdoms—nay more, Master of the whole world:
Some, regarding the Vizier of his Court [Aristotle],
Inscribe his diploma with the name of Sage;
Some, for his purity and devotion to the Faith,
Give him admission to the order of the Prophets.

THE WORLD BEYOND.

ACCORDING to Nizami, Alexander the Great set out on a second expedition through the world. After making proper arrangements he proceeded from Macedonia to Alexandria, thence to Jerusalem, then by way of Africa to Andalusia. While in Africa he desired to reach the unfound sources of the Nile. After a long march over mountain and valley, he came at last to a steeply ascending mountain, in color resembling "green glass," from which flows down the river Nile. Of the people sent up thither not one came back. At last a man is despatched, accompanied by his son, with orders that, arrived at the summit, he should write what he had seen, and throw down the billet to his son, who is to wait for him below. The son returns without his father, but with the following message:

He gave to the King the paper, and the King read written
thereon:
"From the toilsomeness of the way,
My soul fainted within me from terror,
For I seemed to be treading the road to Hell.
The path was contracted to a hair's-breadth,
And whoever trod it washed his hands of life.
For in this path, which was slender as a hair,
There appeared no means of again coming down.
When I arrived at the rocky mound of the summit,
I was in an utter strait from the straitness of the way.
All that I beheld on the side which I had seen tore my
heart to pieces,
And my judgment was annihilated by its perilous aspect.
But on the other side the way was without a blemish,
Delight upon delight, garden upon garden,
Full of fruit, and verdure, and water, and roses;
The whole region resounding with the melody of birds,
The air soft, and the landscape so charming,
That you might say, God had granted its every wish.
On this side all was life and beauty,
On the other side all was disturbance and ruin;
Here was Paradise, there the semblance of Hell—
Who would come to Hell and desert Paradise?
Think of that desert through which we wended,
Look whence we came, and at what we have arrived!
Who would have the heart from this lovely spot

Again to set a foot in that intricate track?
Here I remain, King, and bid thee adieu;
And mayst thou be happy as I am happy!"

JELALEDDIN RUMI.

Sufism appeared among the Mohammedans as early as the ninth century, as a sort of reaction against the formalism of their religion. The central idea of this system is that "nothing really exists except God; that the human soul is an emanation from His essence and will finally be restored to Him." The doctrine was a revival of the principles of the sage Zoroaster, but it was modified by the effort to bring it into harmony with the Koran, now supreme. Persian literature is full of an ardent natural pantheism, and her chief poets, except Sadi, wrote with an occult and mystic significance. For instance, Hafiz sang of women and wine, but his admirers found in these raptures the symbols of his union with the Divine. To Western intelligence this seems exaggerated and improbable; but unquestionably the Persian poets did often convey, in their verse, sacred hidden meanings, for the benefit of the initiated. This may be called their esoteric manner. For the exoteric, they as unquestionably wrote that which was, on the face of it, deeply religious and significant.

Six of the seven great poets who are called "The Persian Pleiades" were Sufis. One of the chief of these, Jelaleddin, was born at Balkh in 1207 A.D., but in childhood was taken to Asia Minor, where he succeeded his father as head of a college in Iconium. Asia Minor was then and is still called by the Mohammedans Rum (or Roum), as having been part of the Roman empire. Jelaleddin, from his residence there, obtained the surname Rumi, "the Roman." He was converted to mysticism by a wandering Sufi named Shamsuddin, who aroused the indignation of the populace against himself by his aggressive manner. A riot ensued in which Rumi's son was killed. His friend and teacher was afterwards executed. In memory of these beloved dead the poet founded an order of dervishes famous for their piety, their mourning, and their mystic dances. Those latter symbolize the circling spheres and the inner vibrations of the Sufi's love for God. The order still exists, in cloisters, throughout the Turkish Empire; and the leadership has remained in Rumi's family over six hundred years. Rumi himself is worshipped as a saint. His great masterpiece is the "Mesnavi," or "Spiritual Mathnawi," a collection of ethical and moral precepts, anecdotes, comments on verses of the Koran, and sayings of the prophets. Rumi died in 1273 A.D.

THE MERCHANT AND THE PARROT.

THERE was once a merchant, who had a parrot,
A parrot fair to view, confined in a cage;
And when the merchant prepared for a journey,
He resolved to bend his way towards Hindustan.
Every servant and maiden in his generosity
He asked, what present he should bring them home,
And each one named what he severally wished,
And to each one the good master promised his desire.
Then he said to the parrot, "And what gift wishest thou,
That I should bring to thee from Hindustan?"
The parrot replied, "When thou seest the parrots there,
Oh, bid them know of my condition.
Tell them, 'A parrot, who longs for your company,
Through Heaven's decree is confined in my cage.
He sends you his salutation, and demands his right,
And seeks from you help and counsel.
He says, 'Is it right that I in my longings
Should pine and die in this prison through separation?
Is it right that I should be here fast in this cage,
While you dance at will on the grass and the trees?
Is this the fidelity of friends,
I here in a prison, and you in a grove?
Oh remember, I pray you, that bower of ours,
And our morning-draughts in the olden time;
Oh remember all our ancient friendships,
And all the festive days of our intercourse!'"
The merchant received its message,
The salutation which he was to bear to its fellows;
And when he came to the borders of Hindustan,
He beheld a number of parrots in the desert.

He stayed his horse, and he lifted his voice,
And he repeated his message, and deposited his trust;
And one of those parrots suddenly fluttered,
And fell to the ground, and presently died.
Bitterly did the merchant repent his words;
"I have slain," he cried, "a living creature.
Perchance this parrot and my little bird were close of kin,
Their bodies perchance were two and their souls one.
Why did I this? why gave I the message?
I have consumed a helpless victim by my foolish words!
My tongue is as flint, and my lips as steel;
And the words that burst from them are sparks of fire.
Strike not together in thy folly the flint and steel,
Whether for the sake of kind words or vain boasting;
The world around is as a cotton-field by night;
In the midst of cotton, how shall the spark do no harm?"
  The merchant at length completed his traffic,
And he returned right glad to his home once more.
To every servant he brought a present,
To every maiden he gave a token;
And the parrot said, "Where is my present?
Tell all that thou hast said and seen!"
He answered, "I repeated thy complaints
To that company of parrots, thy old companions,
And one of those birds, when it inhaled the breath of thy sorrow,
Broke its heart, and fluttered, and died."
And when the parrot heard what its fellow had done,
It too fluttered, and fell down, and died.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall,
Up he sprang, and dashed his cap to the ground.
"Oh, alas!" he cried, "my sweet and pleasant parrot,
Companion of my bosom and sharer of my secrets!
Oh alas! alas! and again alas!
That so bright a moon is hidden under a cloud!"
After this, he threw its body out of the cage;
And lo! the little bird flew to a lofty bough.
The merchant stood amazed at what it had done;
Utterly bewildered he pondered its mystery.
It answered, "Yon parrot taught me by its action:
'Escape,' it told me, 'from speech and articulate voice,
Since it was thy voice that brought thee into prison;'

And to prove its own words itself did die."
  It then gave the merchant some words of wise counsel,
And at last bade him a long farewell.
"Farewell, my master, thou hast done me a kindness,
Thou hast freed me from the bond of this tyranny.
Farewell, my master, I fly towards home;
Thou shalt one day be free like me!"

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

SEEKS thy spirit to be gifted
  With a deathless life?
Let it seek to be uplifted
  O'er earth's storm and strife.

Spurn its joys—its ties dissever;
  Hopes and fears divest;
Thus aspire to live forever—
  Be forever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
  Cease to love or hate;
Let not Time's illusions blind thee;
  Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
  In the Eternal's love;
All this sensuous nature fleeing
  For pure bliss above.

Earth receives the seed and guards it;
  Trustfully it dies;
Then, what teeming life rewards it
  For self-sacrifice!

With green leaf and clustering blossom
  Clad, and golden fruit,
See it from earth's cheerless bosom
  Ever sunward shoot!

Thus, when self-abased, Man's spirit
  From each earthly tie
Rises disenthralled t' inherit
  Immortality!

THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where,
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?—
'Tis where those we love abide:
And that little spot is best,
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.

"Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.

"With thee yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;*
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

THE LOVER'S DEATH.

THIS poem and the next are further specimens of the compositions of the Persian Sufis.

A lover on his death-bed lay, and o'er his face the while,
Though anguish racked his wasted frame, there swept a fitful smile:
A flush his sunken cheek o'erspread, and to his faded eye
Came light that less spoke earthly bliss than heaven-breathed ecstasy.
And one that weeping o'er him bent, and watched the ebbing breath,
Marvelled what thought gave mastery o'er that dread hour of death.

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* The river of Paradise.

"Ah, when the fair, adored through life, lifts up at length," he cried,
"The veil that sought from mortal eye immortal charms to hide,
'Tis thus true lovers, fevered long with that sweet mystic fire,
Exulting meet the Loved One's gaze, and in that glance expire."

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

BEATS there a heart within that breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine:
For the true spiritual Caaba is the heart,
And no proud pile of perishable art.
When God ordained the pilgrim rite, that sign
Was meant to lead thy thought to things divine.
A thousand times he treads that round in vain
Who e'en one human heart would idly pain.
Leave wealth behind; bring God thy heart,—best light
To guide thy wavering steps through life's dark night.
God spurns the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, "My chosen is he his heart who offers.
Nor gold nor silver seek I, but above
All gifts the heart, and buy it with my love;
Yea, one sad contrite heart, which men despise,
More than my throne and fixed decree I prize."
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly,
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence-chamber is the human breast;
Ah, happy he whose heart holds such a guest!

SADI.

SADI has been for over six centuries the proverbial philosopher of Persia. He was born at Shiraz about 1184 A.D., educated in a college in Bagdad, and remained there as one of the instructors until he was forty years old. When Genghis Khan conquered Bagdad, Sadi was obliged to flee. In the course of his long life he travelled through Barbary, Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Armenia, Asia Minor and parts of Europe and India. While in Damascus he wandered into Palestine and was made captive by the Crusaders, who forced him to work on their fortifications. Being recognized by a chief of Aleppo, he was restored and carried to that city, where he made his home in the house of his benefactor. The chief had a daughter who fell in love with the elderly poet, and, at last, succeeded in marrying him. She was beautiful, but a shrew, and the union was unhappy. As Sadi had been wretched in a former marriage, his prejudice against women is freely expressed in his writings. "Take your wife's opinion and act opposite to it," is one of his sayings; another is: "Choose a fresh wife every spring or New Year's day; for the almanac of last year is good for nothing." The poet's name was originally Musharrif-uddin, but he adopted that of Sadi in compliment to his first patron, the Sultan Sad ben Zangi.

Sadi, in common with the best Persian poets, had a deep love and reverence for Jesus, with a belief in his power of working miracles; and when in Damascus he prayed at the tomb of St. John the Baptist. The poet was the intimate friend of Rumi, and his daughter was married to Hafiz. Sadi lived to be over a hundred, some say one hundred and twenty years of age. He died in Shiraz, where he was born, having remained in hermit-like seclusion over a quarter of a century. He was nearly always poor, but was honored and beloved by all men, from the reigning sultan to the humblest water-carrier.

The poet's chief works are the "Gulistan" (The Rose Garden), and "Bustan" (The Fruit Garden). The first is a collection of one hundred and eighty-eight short stories in prose mingled with verse. Bustan contains ten chapters of poetic fable, written to inculcate morality and wisdom. Sadi's native sense and eloquence, his liberal education, his prolonged travels, his strange association with every sort of character in all the countries through which he passed; the extremes of his life—the honored scholar of Bagdad, the slave of Palestine, and the sage of Shiraz, companion of princes—all this garnered wisdom and experience give to his works an unrivalled value among the Persian classics. In many parts of the East a man is not considered respectable who does not know by heart much that Sadi has written. He is expected to use this knowledge for the betterment of his own life. Sadi is wise, witty, moral, and sarcastic; his poems abound more in practical wisdom than in enthusiasm and spirituality. One of his finer proverbs is:

"Oh, square thyself for use. A stone that may
Fit in the wall is not left in the way."

Sadi's "Divan," or collection of lyrical poems, is inferior to the songs of Hafiz and to the hymns of Rumi, yet has an attraction of its own.

PROEM TO THE GULISTAN.

One night I was reflecting on times gone by, and regarding my wasted life, and I pierced the stony mansion of my heart with the diamond of my tears, and read these verses, appropriate to my state:

One breath of life each moment flies,
A small remainder meets my eyes.
Sleeper, whose fifty years are gone,
Be these five days at least thy own.
Shame on the dull, departed dead,
Whose task is left unfinishèd.
In vain for them the drum was beat,
Which warns us of man's last retreat.
Sweet sleep upon the parting-day
Holds back the traveller from the way.
Each comer a new house erects,
Departs—the house its lord rejects;
The next one forms the same conceit,
This mansion none shall e'er complete.
Hold not as friend this comrade light,
With one so false no friendship plight.
Since good and bad alike must fall,
He's best who bears away the ball.
Send to the tomb an ample store;
None will it bring—then send before.
  Life is like snow in July's sun,
  Little remains; yet there is one
  To boast himself and vaunt thereon.
With empty hand hast thou sought the mart?
I fear thou wilt with thy turban part.
Who eat their corn while yet 'tis green,
At the true harvest can but glean.
To Sadi's counsel let thy soul give heed;
There is the way—be manful and proceed.

After deliberating on this subject, I thought it advisable that I should take my seat in retirement, and wash the tablet of my memory from vain words, nor speak idly in future.

Better who sits in nooks, deaf, speechless, idle,
Than he who knows not his own tongue to bridle.

At length one of my friends, who was my comrade in the camel-litter and my closet-companion, entered my door, according to old custom. Notwithstanding all the cheerfulness and hilarity which he displayed, and his spreading out the carpet of affection, I returned him no answer, nor lifted up my head from the knee of devotion. He was pained, and looking toward me said:

Now that the power of utterance is thine,
Speak, O my brother! kindly, happily,
To-morrow's message bids thee life resign;
Then art thou silent of necessity.

One of those who were about me informed him regarding this circumstance, saying: Sadi has made a resolution and fixed determination to pass the rest of his life in the world as a devotee, and embrace silence. If thou canst not, take thy way and choose the path of retreat. He replied: By the glory of the Highest and by our ancient friendship! I will not breathe nor stir a step until he hath spoken according to his wonted custom and his usual manner; for to distress friends is folly; but the dispensing with an oath is easy. It is contrary to rational procedure, and opposed to the opinion of sages, that the two-edged sword of Ali should remain in its scabbard, or the tongue of Sadi be silent in his mouth.

What is the tongue in the mouth of mortals? say,
'Tis but the key that opens wisdom's door;
While that is closed, who may conjecture, pray,
If thou sell'st jewels or the pedlar's store?
Silence is mannerly—so deem the wise,
But in the fitting time use language free;
Blindness of judgment just in two things lies,
To speak unwished, or speak unseasonably.

In brief, I had not the power to refrain from conversing with him; and I thought it uncourteous to avert my face from conference with him; for he was an agreeable companion and a sincere friend.

When thou contendest choose an enemy
Whom thou mayst vanquish or whom thou canst fly.

By the mandate of necessity, I spoke as we went out for recreation, it being the season of Spring, when the asperity of Winter was mitigated, and the time of the rose's rich display had arrived.

Vestments green upon the trees,
  Like the costly garments seeming,
Which at Id's festivities
  Rich men wear, all gayly gleaming.
'Twas the first day of April, the second month of the Spring;
From the pulpits of the branches slight-wreathed the bulbuls sing.
The red, red branches were begemmed with pearls of glistening dew,
Like moisture on an angry beauty's cheek—a cheek of rosy hue.

So time passed, till one night it happened that I was walking at a late hour in a flower-garden with one of my friends. The spot was blithe and pleasing, and the trees intertwined there charmingly. You would have said that fragments of enamel were sprinkled on the ground, and that the necklace of the Pleiades was suspended from the vines that grew there.

A garden where the murmurous rill was heard
While from the hills sang each melodious bird;
That, with the many-colored tulip bright,
These with their various fruits the eye delight.
The whispering breeze beneath the branches' shade,
Of blending flowers a motley carpet made.

In the morning, when the inclination to return prevailed over our wish to stay, I saw that he had gathered his lap full of roses and fragrant herbs and sweet-basil, with which he was setting out for the city. I said: To the rose of the flower-garden, as you know, is no continuance; nor is there faith in the promise of the rose-garden; and the sages have said that we should not fix our affections on that which has no endurance. He said: What, then is my course? I replied: For the recreation of the beholders and the gratification of those who are present, I am able to compose a book, the *Garden of Roses*, whose leaves the rude hands of Autumn cannot affect, and the blitheness of whose Spring the revolutions of time cannot change into the disorder of the waning year.

What use to thee that flower-vase of thine?
Thou wouldst have rose-leaves; take, then, rather mine,
Those roses but five days or six will bloom;
This Garden ne'er will yield to Winter's gloom.

As soon as I had pronounced these words he cast the flowers from his lap, and took hold of the skirt of my garment, saying: When the generous promise, they perform.—It befell that in a few days a chapter or two were entered in my note-book on the Advantages of Study and the Rules of Conversation, in a style that may be useful to augment the eloquence of tale-writers. In short, the rose of the flower-garden still continued to bloom till the book of the Rose-Garden was finished. It will, however, be really perfected when it is approved and condescendingly perused at the Court of the Asylum of the World, the Shadow of the Creator, and the Light of the Bounty of the All-powerful, the Treasury of the Ages, the Retreat of the True Religion, the Aided by Heaven, the Victorious Arm of the Empire, the Lamp of excelling Faith, the Beauty of Mankind, the Glory of Islam, Sâd, the Son of the Most Puissant King of Kings, Master of attending Nations, Lord of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, Sovereign of the Land and the Sea, Heir to the throne of Sulaiman, Atabak the Great, Muzaffu'd-din Abu-bakr-bin-Sâd-bin-Zangi. May God Most High perpetuate the good fortune of both, and prosper all their righteous undertakings.

The King's Gift to the Dervish.

I heard of a king who had spent the night in jollity, and when he was completely intoxicated he said, "I have never in my life experienced a more pleasant moment than the present, for I have no thoughts about good or evil, and am not plagued with any one." A naked Dervish, who had been sleeping without in the cold, said, "O king, there is none equal to thee in power. I grant that you have no sorrow of your own; but what then, hast thou no concern about us?" The king was pleased at this speech and threw out of the window a bag of a thousand dinars, and said, "O Dervish, hold out your skirt." He answered, "Whence shall I produce a skirt, who have not a garment?"

The king the more pitied his weak estate, and in addition to the money, sent him a dress. The Dervish, having consumed the whole sum in a short time, came again. Riches remain not in the hand of the pious, neither patience in the heart of a lover, nor water in a sieve. At a time when the king had no care about him they related his case. He was angry, and turned away his face from him; and on this point men of wisdom and experience have observed that we ought to guard against the fury and rage of kings, for frequently their thoughts are engrossed by important affairs of state, and they cannot endure interruption from the vulgar. Whosoever watches not a fit opportunity must expect nothing from the king's favor. Till you perceive a convenient time for conversing, lose not your own consequence by talking to no purpose. The king said, "Drive away this insolent, extravagant fellow, who has dissipated such an immense sum in so short a time; since the gift of charity is designed to afford a mouthful for the poor, and not to feast the fraternity of devils. The blockhead who burns a camphor candle in the daytime you will soon see without oil in his lamp at night." One of the viziers, a good counsellor, said, "O king, it seems expedient that stated allowances should be settled for people of this class, separately, for their maintenance, that they may not live extravagantly; but what you commanded in displeasure, to exclude them altogether, is repugnant to the principles of true generosity,—to fill one with hopes through kindness, and then to destroy him with despair; a monarch cannot admit people into his presence, and, when the door of liberality is open, then shut it upon them with violence. No one seeth the thirsty pilgrims on the seashore; wherever there is a spring of sweet water, men, birds and ants flock together."

THE WRESTLERS.

A PERSON had arrived at the head of his profession in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty capital sleights in this art, and every day exhibited something new; but having a sincere regard for a beautiful youth, one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine sleights, reserving, however, one sleight to himself. The youth excelled so much in skill and in strength that no one was able to cope with him. He at length boasted before the Sultan that the superiority which he allowed his master to maintain over him was out of respect to his years, and the consideration of having been his instructor; for otherwise he was not inferior in strength, and was his equal in point of skill.

The king did not approve of this disrespectful conduct, and commanded that there should be a trial of skill. An extensive ground was appointed for the occasion. The ministers of state and other grandees of the court were in attendance. The youth, like a lustful elephant, entered with a blow that would have removed from its base a mountain of iron. The master, being sensible that the youth was his superior in strength, attacked with the sleight which he had kept to himself. The youth not being able to repel it, the master with both hands lifted him from the ground, and raising him over his head, flung him on the earth. The multitude shouted.

The king commanded that a dress and a reward in money should be bestowed on the master, and reproved and derided the youth for having presumed to put himself in competition with his benefactor, and for having failed in the attempt. He said, "O king, my master did not gain the victory over me through strength or skill; but there remained a small part in the art of wrestling which he had withheld from me, and by that small feint he got the better of me." The master observed, "I reserved it for such an occasion as the present, the sages having said, 'Put not yourself so much in the power of your friend that, if he should be disposed to be inimical, he may be able to effect his purpose.' Have you not heard what was said by a person who had suffered injury from one whom he had educated? Either there never was any gratitude in the world, or else no one at this time practises it. I never taught any one the art of archery, who in the end did not make a butt of me."

THE JUDGE'S TRANSGRESSION.

THEY tell a story of a Cazy [judge] of Hamadan, that he was enamored with a farrier's beautiful daughter to such a degree that his heart was inflamed by his passion like a horseshoe red hot in a forge. For a long time he suffered great inquietude, running about after her in the manner which has been described: "That stately cypress coming into my sight has captivated my heart and deprived me of my strength, so that I lie prostrate at her feet. Those mischievous eyes drew my heart into the snare. If you wish to preserve your heart, shut your eyes. I cannot by any means get her out of my thought: I am the snake with the bruised head; I cannot turn myself." I have heard that she met the Cazy in the street, and something having reached her ears concerning him, she was displeased beyond measure, and abused and reproached him without mercy, flung a stone, and did everything to disgrace him. The Cazy said to a respectable man of learning who was in his company: "Behold that beauteous girl, how rude she is! behold her arched eyebrow, what a sweet frown it exhibits! In Arabic they say that a blow from the hand of her we love is as sweet as raisins. To receive a blow on the mouth from her hand is preferable to eating bread from one's own hand." Then again she tempered her severity with a smile of beneficence, as kings sometimes speak with hostility when they inwardly desire peace.

Unripe grapes are sour, but keep them a day or two and they will become sweet. The Cazy having said thus repaired to his court. Some well-disposed persons who were in his service made obeisance, and said: "That with permission they would present a matter to him, although it might be deemed unpolite, as the Sages have said, It is not allowable to argue on every subject: it is criminal to describe the faults of a great personage; but that in consideration of the kindness which his servants had experienced from him, not to present what to them appears advisable, is a species of treachery. The laws of rectitude require that you should conquer this inclination, and not give way to unlawful desires, for the office of Cazy is a high dignity, which ought not to be polluted with a crime. You are acquainted with your mistress's character and have heard her conversation. She who has lost her reputation, what cares she for the character of another? It has frequently happened that a good name acquired in fifty years has been lost by a single imprudence."

The Cazy approved the admonition of his cordial friends, praised their understanding and fidelity, and said: "The advice which my friends have given in regard to my situation is perfectly right, and their arguments are unanswerable. Of a truth, if friendship was to be lost on our giving advice, then the just might be accused of falsehood. Reprehend me as much as you please, but you cannot wash the blackamoor white." Having said thus, he sent people to inquire how she did, and spent a great deal of money, according to the saying, "He who has money in the scales has strength in his arms; and he who has not the command of money is destitute of friends in the world. Whosoever sees money lowers his head like the beam of the scales, which stoops although it be made of iron."

To be brief, one night he obtained a meeting in private, and the superintendent of the police was immediately informed of the circumstance that the Cazy passed the whole night in drinking wine and fondling his mistress. He was too happy to sleep, and was singing, "That the cock had not crowed that night at the usual hour." The lovers were not yet satisfied with each other's company; the cheeks of the mistress were shining between her curling ringlets like the ivory ball in the ebony bat in the game of Chowgong. In that instant, when the eye of enmity is asleep, be still upon the watch, lest some mischance befall you; until you hear the muezzin proclaiming the hour of prayer, or the sound of the kettle-drum from the gate of the police of Atabuk, it would be foolishness to cease kissing at the crowing of the foolish cock. The Cazy was in this situation when one of his servants entering, said, "Why are you sitting thus? Arise, and run as fast as your feet can carry you, for your enemies have laid a snare for you; nay, they have said the truth. But whilst this fire of strife is yet but a spark, extinguish it with the water of good management; for it may happen that to morrow, when it breaks out into a flame it will spread throughout the world." The Cazy, smiling, looked on the ground. and said: "If the lion has his paw on the game, what signifies it if the dog should come? Turn your face towards your mistress, and let your rival bite the back of his hand."

That very night they carried intelligence to the king of the wickedness which had been committed in his dominions, and begged to know his commands. He answered: "I believe the Cazy to be the most learned man of the age; and it is possible that this may be only a plot of his enemies to injure him. I will not give credit to this story without I see proofs with mine own eyes; for the Sages have said, He who quickly lays hold of the sword in his anger, will gnaw the back of his hand through sorrow." I heard that at the dawn of day, the king with some of his principal courtiers came to the Cazy's bed-chamber. He saw the candle burning and the mistress sitting down, with the wine spilt and the glass broken, and the Cazy stupefied between sleep and intoxication, lost to all sense of his existence. The king kindly waked him, and said, "Get up, for the sun is risen." The Cazy, perceiving him, asked, "From what quarter has the sun risen?" The king answered, "From the east." The Cazy replied, "God be praised! then the door of repentance is still open, according to the tradition, The gate of repentance shall not be shut against the servants of God until the sun shall rise in the west;" adding, "Now I ask pardon of God, and vow to Him that I will repent. These two things have led me unto sin, —ill fortune and a weak understanding. If you seize me, I deserve it; but if you pardon me, forgiveness is better than vengeance."

The king said: "Repentance can now avail nothing, as you know that you are about to suffer death. What good is there in a thief's repentance, when he has not the power of throwing a rope into the upper story? Tell him who is tall not to pluck the fruit, for he of low stature cannot extend his arm to the branch. To you who have been convicted of such wickedness there can be no hopes of escape." The king, having said thus, ordered the officers of justice to take charge of him. The Cazy said, "I have yet one word to speak to your Majesty." He asked, "What is it?" He replied, "As long as I labor under your displeasure, think not that I will let go the skirt of your garment. Although the crime which I have committed may be unpardonable, still I entertain some hopes from your clemency." The king said, "You have spoken with admirable wit, but it is contrary to reason and to law that your wisdom and eloquence should rescue you from the hand of justice. To me it seems advisable that you should be flung headlong from the top of the castle to the earth, as an example for others." He replied, "O monarch of the universe, I have been fostered in your family, and am not singular in the commission of such crimes; therefore I beseech you to precipitate some one else, in order that I may benefit by the example." The king laughed at his speech, and spared his life, and said to his enemies, "All of you are burdened with defects of your own; reproach not others with their failings. Whosoever is sensible of his own faults carps not at another's failing."

THE SINNER AND THE MONK.

IN JESUS' time there lived a youth so black and dissolute,
That Satan from him shrank, appalled in every attribute.
He in a sea of pleasures foul uninterrupted swam,
And gluttonized on dainty vices, sipping many a dram.
Whoever met him in the highway turned as from a pest,
Or, pointing lifted finger at him, cracked some horrid jest.
I have been told that Jesus once was passing by the hut
Where dwelt a monk, who asked him in, and just the door had shut,
When suddenly that slave of sin appeared across the way.
Far off he paused, fell down, and sobbingly began to pray.
As blinded butterflies will from the light affrighted shrink,
So from those righteous men in awe his timid glances sink;
And like a storm of rain the tears pour gushing from his eyes.
"Alas, and woe is me, for thirty squandered years," he cries.
"In drunkenness I have expended all my life's pure coin;
And now, to make my fit award, Hell's worst damnations join.
O would that death had snatched me when a sinless child I lay.
That ne'er had I been forced this dreadful penalty to pay.
Yet if thou let'st no sinner drown who sinks on mercy's strand,
O then in pity, Lord! reach forth and firmly seize my hand."

The pride-puffed monk, self-righteous, lifts his eyebrows with a sneer,
And haughtily exclaims, "Vile wretch! in vain hast thou come here.

Art thou not plunged in sin, and tossed in lust's devouring sea?
What will thy filthy rags avail with Jesus and with me?
O God! the granting of a single wish is all I pray;
Grant me to stand far distant from this man in the judgment-day."
From Heaven's throne a revelation instantaneous broke,
And God's own thunder words thus through the mouth of Jesus spoke;
"The two whom praying there I see shall equally be heard;
They pray diverse,—I give to each according to his word.
That poor one thirty years has rolled in sin's most slimy deeps,
But now, with stricken heart and streaming tears, for pardon weeps.
Upon the threshold of my grace he throws him in despair,
And, faintly hoping pity, pours his supplications there.
Therefore, forgiven and freed from all the guilt in which he lies,
My mercy chooses him a citizen of Paradise.
This monk desires that he may not that sinner stand beside,
Therefore he goes to Hell, and so his wish is gratified."

The one's heart in his bosom sank, the other's proudly swelled;
In God's pure court all egotistic claims as naught are held.
Whose robe is white, but black as night his heart beneath it lies,
Is a live key at which the gate of Hell wide open flies!
Truly not self-conceit and legal works with God prevail;
But humbleness and tenderness weigh down Salvation's scale.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME.

As once, at midnight deep, I lay with sleepless eyes,
These words between the moth and light did me surprise.
The moth kisses the flame, and says, with tender sigh:
"Dear radiance! I rejoice from love for thee to die.
My love, thou diest not, yet anxious groans and strong
Break loudly from thy heart, through all the darkness long!"
The bright flame says, "O moth! whom love to me attracts,
Know that I also burn with love for this sweet wax.
Must I not groan, as more my lover melting sinks,
And from his life my fatal fire still deeper drinks?"
As thus she spake, the hot tears coursed her yellow cheek,
And with each tear crackled a separation shriek.
Then from her mouth these further words of pleading fall:

" Poor moth ! boasting of love, say not thou lov'st at all.
Ah ! how thou moan'st when the fierce heat one wing has seared;
I stand till my whole form in flame has disappeared."
And so she talked till morning shone the room about;
When lo ! a maiden came to put the candle out;
It flickered up,—the wick a smoking relic lay.
'Tis thus, O gentle hearts ! that true love dies away.

King Toghrul and the Sentinel.

I have heard that King Toghrul came in his rounds on a Hindu sentinel. The snow was falling thick, and it rained in torrents, and he shivered with the cold like the star Canopus. The heart of the King was moved with compassion, and he said: "Thou shall put on my fur-mantle; wait a moment at the end of the terrace, and I will send it out by the hand of a slave." Meanwhile a piercing wind was blowing, and the King walked into his royal hall. There the sight of a lovely lady so enchanted him, that the poor sentinel entirely slipped his memory. As though the wintry cold was not suffering enough, to his evil fortune were added the pangs of disappointment.

Hear, whilst the King slept in comfort, what the watchman was saying towards the dawning of the morning:

"Perhaps thy good fortune made thee forgetful, for thy hand was clasped in the hand of thy beloved. For thee the night passed in mirth and enjoyment; what knowest thou of how it passed with us? When the company of the caravan are stooping the head over the platter, what concern have they for those who have fallen down in the sand [the desert]? O boatman, launch thy boat into the water, for it hath nearly reached the head of the helpless waders! Stay your steps a while, ye active youths, for in the caravan are weak old men also. Thou who art sleeping sweetly in thy litter, whilst the bridle of the camel is in the hand of the driver, what to thee are plain, and hill, and stone, and sand?—Ask how it is with those who are left behind on the journey. Thou who art borne along on thine high and strong dromedary, how knowest thou how he fareth who is traveling on foot? They who in the quiet of their hearts are reposing at the resting-place, what know they of the condition of the hungry wayfarer?"

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II.—1400–1550.

THE fifteenth century produced two Italian poets of romance, the sportive Pulci and the serious Boiardo. They were inferior in genius not only to their path-breaking predecessors, Dante and Petrarch, but also to their romantic successors, Ariosto and Tasso. Yet they served to preserve the succession and tradition of heroic poetry. Their fame rests on their revival of the mythical stories of Charlemagne and his Peers. Though that great Frankish monarch had waged successful war with the Saxons and had been solemnly crowned emperor at Rome, it was his expedition into Spain that, in spite of its disastrous issue, became a favorite with the mediæval romancers. The underlying reason probably was that war with the Moors implied and suggested the sentiments prevalent throughout Europe in the age of the Crusades. The most famous poem of this cycle was the "Chanson de Roland." * In the revised version, which was accepted and expanded in Italy, the hero was called Orlando. Nicolas of Padua, about 1320, wrote a romance on "The Entry into Spain," with a sequel on "The Capture of Pampeluna." These romances, which hardly rose above street ballads, formed the ground-work of Sagna's "Defeat at Roncesvalles."

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* See Volume I., p. 199.

There was also a prose harmony of the Cycle of Charlemagne, called "The Frankish Royalty." At last came Pulci, who was destined to raise these vernacular romances from the vulgar level to the height of accepted literature. Pulci, however, in his "Morgante Maggiore," treated his subject in a playful and even burlesque way. The learned and accomplished Boiardo, after translating Herodotus and Apuleius, composed in somewhat similar style the "Orlando Innamorato," but as it was left unfinished, it was recast several years later by Berni, the master of the humorous style, exemplified in English by Byron's "Don Juan."

The century after the death of Petrarch was chiefly devoted by cultivated Italians to renewed zeal in the study of the Latin classics, and to unsuccessful attempts to rival those immortal productions in the same language. The Humanists long persisted in using Latin freely for all purposes, but Italy in the sixteenth century witnessed a notable revival of interest in the vernacular. The gay court of Ferrara was the chief literary centre, and throughout the peninsula Petrarchists and Boccaccists abounded. Every gentleman was expected to be able to indite a sonnet. Among the love-sick singers was the learned but sensual Cardinal Bembo (1476–1547). In vain did the satirist hold the Petrarchist up to scorn; the fashion was bound to run to its extreme length. Among the noteworthy sonneteers were the mighty Michael Angelo, whose genius rose to sublime heights in the world of art: Galeazzo di Tarsia (1492–1555), who was also one of the many admirers of the gifted Vittoria Colonna (1490–1547), in whose honor most of his lyrics were written. Nor was the lady whom he thus honored the only poetess of her age; Gaspara Stampa (1523–1554), who had a romantic love disappointment, won for herself the name of a second Sappho. Her verses depict the tragedy of her love for a young nobleman, Collatino di Collalto. Sannazaro, besides writing excellent sonnets and lyrical pieces, achieved special distinction by reviving pastoral poetry in a new form in his famous "Arcadia."

Meantime, the succession of prose tales in the style of Boccaccio ran on, though none of his successors equalled his style or attained to his fame. Massucio from Salerno in the south, Arienti from Bologna and Illicini from Sienna, in the centre, and Luigi da Porto from Vicenza in the north, are among the novelists whose brief stories have survived. But more distinguished than any of these, not merely for his single novel or his historical treatise, but for his remarkable contribution to political philosophy, is the great Florentine, Niccolò Machiavelli. Besides his "Principe," still the subject of learned discussion, his "History of Florence," his "Discourses on Livy," his comedies and poems of less merit, his whimsical novel, "Belphegor," has given him high rank among Italian writers.

It might be safer to dismiss without a word the notorious Pietro Aretino (1492–1557), who has been styled "the illegitimate apostle of obscenity." He first wooed the muse in a series of obscene sonnets, which lost him the favor of the Papal Court. But the Medicis and the gay Francis I. of France were not so shocked. His scurrilous speech caused him, indeed, to be dreaded by the most powerful monarchs of the age. Charles V. and Clement VII. cultivated him. He was created a knight and pensioned as a sort of blackmail levy. Aretino was so proud of the fear which he inspired that he styled himself the "divine" and the "scourge of princes."

The condition of Italy at the close of the fifteenth century is thus described by the contemporary historian Francesco Guicciardini (1480–1540): "Never had Italy enjoyed such prosperity or known so enviable a state of things as that in which she now securely reposed, . . . being subject to none other than her own children. Not only did she abound in men and in riches, but adorned as she was by the magnificence of modern princes, by the splendor of the noblest and most beautiful cities, and by the supreme chair and majesty of religion; she flourished in the number of her eminent politicians, as well as in intellects ennobled by every science, and by all the liberal and industrial arts; not being destitute either of military glory, according to notions of the time; thus richly endowed, she maintained a great name and illustrious character among all nations."

LUIGI PULCI.

Luigi Pulci, born in Florence in 1431, of a noble family, was the youngest of three brothers who all won good reputation for ability and learning. Luigi grew up in the house of the Medici, and was on the most intimate terms with Lorenzo the Magnificent. The latter, in his poem on Hawking, represents himself as calling his fellow-sportsmen about him, but missing Luigi, he inquires:

"And where's Luigi Pulci? I saw *him*."
Oh, in the wood there. Gone, depend upon it,
To vent some fancy of his brain—some whim,
That will not let him rest till it's a sonnet."

Pulci, having become noted for this facility in throwing off light verses, was requested by Lorenzo's mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, to compose a heroic poem on Charlemagne, whose greatness was disfigured in the rude ballads of wandering singers. An obscure chivalrous poem furnished the mass of the material, but Pulci must treat it in his own way, which has somewhat bothered the critics and raised a controversy among them. He calls his poem "Morgante Maggiore," Morgante the Great, from a giant who is a conspicuous actor in the early part. He is converted to Christianity, but dies of the bite of a crab, when the poem is half finished. Orlando (Roland) is the hero, and perhaps in order to exalt his merits, the poet strips Charlemagne of many of his venerable attributes, and even makes Charles a confederate of the traitor Gano (or Ganelon). Yet in the epilogue the wayward poet makes tardy reparation to the emperor by recalling his many benefits and naming him divine. The grotesque extravagance of some portions of the poem have suggested to some critics that Pulci's real purpose was similar to that of Cervantes in relating the adventures of Don Quixote, and that he was mocking at chivalry. Its capricious character, however, seems due to the poet's facility in versification, combined with a certain indolence and reluctance to observe any definite rules of art. This accounts also for the prolixity which pervades the poem. Another suggestion is that the poet wrote partly to amuse the many, while seeking also to elevate the style of romance by occasional serious passages. All his cantos commence with a sacred invocation, and religious reflections are frequently intermixed with the droll adventures. This, however, was the fashion of the time and people among whom he wrote. The "Morgante" ends with an address to the Virgin respecting the lady who had suggested the poem, and a hope that her devout spirit may obtain peace for him in Paradise.

Nothing is certainly known of Pulci's later days, but he is said to have died at Padua. He may have suffered in the troubles which overtook the Medici family after the death of Lorenzo.

ORLANDO AND THE GIANTS.

ORLANDO, while wandering through the world with his horse Rondello and his good sword Cortana, came to an abbey which stood on the border between Christendom and the land of the Pagans. It was constantly in danger from stones flung by three terrible giants.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
  Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
  But certain savage giants looked him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
  And Alabaster and Morgante hover,
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
  Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
  Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
  Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
  We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
  And that you may not, Cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
  To be rusticity, you shall receive

The reason why our gate was barred to you;
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch,
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff.
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all,—we're not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers, living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante, is savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar trees and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondello, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, Cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear Abbot," Roland unto him replied.

"Of restiveness he'd cure him, had he need;
That stone seems with good-will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the Abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow,
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, Baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts,—
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than we, with reason, in proportion just.
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, "This I'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot, to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front—
"Then go you with God's benison and mine."
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont,
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft, with eyes observant,
Then asked him, if he wished to stay as servant,

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God,—not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with His monks so oft have broke the peace,
Vile dog! 'tis past His patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious.
When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging

The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good,
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go and, while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses;

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me, doubtless, for the bier outlaid;
To the right about! without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laidst me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed!
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay, he banned,
And most devoutly Macon [Mahomet] still blasphemed;
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word,—

Saying, "What grace to me thou'st this day given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found.
I pray thee, take heed of me till I can,
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said this much, he went his way;
  And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
  To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
  "How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
  That, if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
  There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
  And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he,
However, by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
  Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
  And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
  The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing;
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
  And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
  But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
  And to the gate he came with great regret.
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,—
  Sent by the miserable monks,—repentance;
For Providence Divine, in you and others,
  Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'Tis writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
  From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.

Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle Cavalier,
  Now, by thy God, say me no villany!
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
  And, if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
  I, by my faith, disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined, in humble tone,
  "I have had an extraordinary vision:
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
  And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence, to thy God, who for ye did atone
  Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

The Villain Margutte.

Answered Margutte: "Friend, I never boasted:
  I don't believe in black more than in blue,
But in fat capons, boiled or may-be roasted;
  And I believe sometimes in butter too,
In beer and must, where bobs a pippin toasted;
  Sharp liquor more than sweet I reckon true;
But mostly to old wine my faith I pin,
And hold him saved who firmly trusts therein.

"Apollo's nought but a delirious vision,
  And Trivigant perchance a midnight spectre:
Faith, like the itch, is catching; what revision
  This sentence needs, you'll make, nor ask the rector:
To waste no words you may without misprision
  Dub me as rank a heretic as Hector:
I don't disgrace my lineage, nor indeed
Am I the cabbage-ground for any creed.

"Faith's as man gets it, this, that, or another!
  See then what sort of creed I'm bound to follow:

For you must know a Greek nun was my mother,
My sire at Brusa, 'mid the Turks, a mollah;
I played the rebeck first, and made a pother
About the Trojan war, flattered Apollo,
Praised up Achilles, Hector, Helen fair,
Not once, but twenty thousand times, I swear.

"Next, growing weary of my light guitar,
I donned a military bow and quiver;
One day within the mosque I went to war,
And shot my grave old daddy through the liver:
Then to my loins I girt this scimitar,
And journeyed forth o'er sea, land, town and river,
Taking for comrades in each holy work
The congregated sins of Greek and Turk.

"That's much the same as all the sins of hell!
I've seventy-seven at least about me, mortal;
Summer and winter in my breast they swell:
Guess now how many venial crowd the portal!
'Twere quite impossible, I know full well,
If the world never ended, to report all
The crimes I've done in this one life alone;
Each item too is catalogued and known.

"I pray you listen for one little minute;
The skein shall be unraveled in a trice:—
When I've got cash, I'm gay as any linnet,
Cast with who calls, cut cards, and fling the dice;
All times, all places, or the devil's in it,
Serve me for play; I've spent on this one vice
Fame, fortune—staked my coat, my shirt, my breeches:
I hope this specimen will meet your wishes.

"Don't ask what juggler's tricks I teach the boxes!
Or whether sizes serve me when I call,
Or jumps an ace up!—Foxes pair with foxes;
The same pitch tars our fingers, one and all!—
Perhaps I don't know how to fleece the doxies?
Perhaps I can't cheat, cozen, swindle, bawl?
Perhaps I never learned to patter slang?—
I know each trick, each turn, and lead the gang."

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

The name of Niccolo Machiavelli has stood for infamy throughout three centuries, and even yet has a flavor of the diabolic about it. The Elizabethan playwright brought out the figure of Machiavelli as prologue much as if it represented Fiendishness incarnate; and to-day Machiavellian politics are regarded as synonymous with arbitrary power supported by cunning craft. In reality Niccolo Machiavelli was, if his newer and brighter rehabilitation be correct, a warm lover of freedom. As Snell puts the case: "Machiavelli's 'Il Principe' (The Prince) is a scientific presentment of certain very abstruse results which he had accomplished in his 'Commentary on Livy'—a treatise on political science. In spite of its evil savor, it was written, there is every reason to believe, with the best intentions. The actual design of Machiavelli is to show on what terms sovereignty can be attained and upheld, human nature remaining what it is. 'Il Principe' at first sight presents no ideal, and this is probably the reason for the disappointment and disgust with which many, especially modern, readers have perused it. Certainly Machiavelli takes a very low view of ordinary morality, but the facts with which observation and experience had rendered him familiar in practical life, justified and almost necessitated this pessimism. Machiavelli had a political as well as a scientific aim in writing this book, and it was not adverse to liberty. He looked (as he tells us in the last sentence) for the regeneration of Italy, the expulsion of the foreigner, the unity of rule. His work, in fact, was composed with the view to the freeing of his country by some petty prince, whose skill and genius, assisted by the counsels of wise men, should do what indeed was done later by the Savoyard princes. . . . Instead of this the work came to be regarded as a convenient manual for tyrants, and it is probable that no book has ever done more harm to its author or more mischief to humanity. Charles V., Catherine de Medicis, Henri III. and Henri IV. made it their daily companion, and its fame having reached the Levant, Mustapha III. caused it to be translated into Turkish. More recently Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have studied it in the hope of discovering some hints for the maintenance of his huge and ill-gotten empire."

Machiavelli seems to have chosen an idealized Cesare Borgia for his hero. Although he called the real Cesare a "basilisk" and a "hydra," he admired Borgia's statecraft, unscrupulous though he was. Machiavelli wished his ideal Prince to mingle the natures of the fox and the lion, and he speaks of "honorable fraud" and "splendid rascality." As Macaulay declared, Machiavelli was, after all, an Italian of his day and generation. He advocated a national army and militia for his national tyrant, and foreshadowed the coming monarchies of Europe.

Niccolo Machiavelli was born at Florence in 1469. He was for some time Secretary of the Florentine Republic, and he wrote the History of Florence in eight books, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the rise of the Italian Republics. This history is justly distinguished for its style and its spirit of philosophy. But Machiavelli also shone in the golden age of the Medici as dramatist and novelist, his versatility being remarkable. In his comedy "Mandragola," he satirized the social parasite and the religious impostor in a plot of a gulled husband who carves his own horns. His great, and only extant, novel is "Belphegor." The whimsical plot of the story was first narrated in an old Latin MS. An old English play (1691), modelled on Machiavelli's novella, was entitled "Belphegor, or, the Marriage of the Devil."

SHOULD PRINCES BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS?

THE work on which the fame of Machiavelli, for good or evil, rests, is "The Prince." It was written about 1514; but was not printed until 1532—five years after the author's death. It is chiefly devoted to the character which must be possessed by the prince who has become the ruler of a state, by conquest, election, or hereditary right, and wishes to retain his power. Towards the close of the work he discusses the question, "Whether Princes should be faithful to their Engagements?" and decides that they should not be so, unless this course be for their interest. This eighteenth chapter especially has given rise to the term "Machiavellian," to denote a crafty and unscrupulous mode of policy.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have performed great exploits few of them have piqued themselves on this fidelity, or have been scrupulous in deceiving those who relied on their good faith. It should, therefore, be known that there are two methods of warfare; one of which is by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the other is common to us with beasts. But when laws are not powerful enough, it is very necessary to recur to force. A prince ought to understand how to fight with both these kinds of arms.

The doctrine is admirably displayed to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles and many other princes of antiquity by the Centaur Chiron who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to each of these species, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage.

Now those animals whose forms the prince should know how to assume are the fox and the lion. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the other readily falls into snares that are laid for him. From the first a prince will learn to be dexterous, and avoid the snares; and from the other to be strong, and keep the wolves in awe. Those who despise the part of the fox understand but little of their trade. In other words, a prudent prince cannot nor ought to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious of inculcating such a principle if all men were good; but as they are all wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself on keeping his more scrupulously—and it is always easy to justify this want of faith. I could give numerous proofs of it, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the infidelity of princes; the most fortunate of whom has always been he who best understood how to assume the character of the fox. The object is to act his part well, and to know how in due time to feign and dissemble. And men are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily find dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient: Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, he was in all his artifices successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing. Never did a prince so often break his word, nor pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he knew perfectly well this part of the art of government.

There is, therefore, no necessity for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated; but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even go so far as to say that it is sometimes dangerous to make use of them, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. It is the duty of a prince most earnestly to endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still to retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince—and more especially a new prince—cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances shall require it. He should, above all, study to utter nothing which does not breathe kindness, justice, good faith, and piety.

The last quality is, however, that which it is the most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses. Every man can see, but it is allotted to but few to know how to rectify the errors which they commit by the eyes. We easily discern what a man appears to be, but not what he really is; and the smaller number dare not gainsay the multitude, who besides have with them the strength and the splendor of government.

Now when it is necessary to form a judgment of the minds of men—and more especially of those of princes—as we cannot have recourse to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. The point is to maintain his authority. Let the means be what they may, they will always appear honorable, and every one will praise them; for the vulgar are always caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. Now, the "vulgar" comprehend almost every one, and the few are of no consequence except when the multitude know not on whom to rely.

A prince who is now on the throne, but whom I do not choose to name,* always preaches peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would more than once have lost his reputation and his dominions.

THE RUSTIC OUTWITS THE DEVIL.

THE fiend Belphegor had been allowed to come on earth. He assumed the name Roderigo and was married, but the haughty airs of his wife drove all servants from his house and finally compelled him to desert her. He was pursued by her relatives, but rescued by Matteo, whom he rewarded by allowing him twice to remove the fiend from persons whom he had entered, and thus get great wealth. But Roderigo warned him not to carry this practice further.

Matteo returned to Florence after receiving fifty thousand ducats from his majesty, in order to enjoy his riches in peace, and never once imagined that Roderigo would come in his way again. But in this he was deceived; for he soon heard that a daughter of Louis, King of France, was possessed by an evil spirit, which disturbed our friend Matteo not a little, thinking of his majesty's great authority and of what Roderigo had said. Hearing of Matteo's great skill, and finding no other remedy, the king despatched a messenger for him, whom Matteo contrived to send back with a variety of excuses. But this did not long avail him; the king applied to the Florentine council, and our hero was compelled to attend. Arriving with no very pleasant sensations at Paris, he was introduced into the royal presence, when he assured his majesty that though it was true he had acquired some fame in the course of his demoniac practice, he could by no means always boast of success, and that some devils were of such a desperate character as not to pay the least attention to threats, enchantments, or even the exorcisms of religion itself. He would, nevertheless, do his majesty's pleasure, entreating at the same time to be held excused if it should happen to prove an obstinate case. To this the king made answer, that be the case what it might, he would certainly hang him if he did not succeed. It is impossible to describe poor Matteo's terror and perplexity on hearing these words; but at length mustering courage, he ordered the possessed princess to be brought into his presence. Approaching as usual close to her ear, he conjured Roderigo in the most humble terms, by all he had ever done for him, not to abandon him in such a dilemma, but to show some sense of gratitude for past services and to leave the princess. "Ah! thou traitorous villain!" cried Roderigo, "hast thou, indeed, ventured to meddle in this business? Dost thou boast thyself a rich man at my expense? I will now convince the world and thee of the extent of my power, both to give and to take away. I shall have the pleasure of seeing thee hanged before thou leavest this place."

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* He refers to Ferdinand V., King of Castile, who acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre.

Poor Matteo finding there was no remedy, said nothing more, but wisely set his head to work in order to discover some other means of expelling the spirit; for which purpose he said to the king, "Sire, it is as I feared; there are certain spirits of so malignant a character that there is no keeping any terms with them, and this is one of them. However, I will make a last attempt, and I trust that it will succeed according to our wishes. If not, I am in your majesty's power, and I hope you will take compassion on my innocence. In the first place, I have to intreat that your majesty will order a large stage to be erected in the centre of the great square, such as will admit the nobility and clergy of the whole city. The stage ought to be adorned with all kinds of silks and with cloth of gold, and with an altar raised in the middle. To-morrow morning I would have your majesty, with your full train of lords and ecclesiastics in attendance, seated in order and in magnificent array, as spectators of the scene at the said place. There, after having celebrated solemn mass, the possessed princess must appear; but I have in particular to intreat that on one side of the square may be stationed a band of men with drums, trumpets, horns, tambours, bagpipes, cymbals, and kettle-drums, and all other kinds of instruments that make the most infernal noise. Now, when I take my hat off, let the whole band strike up and approach with the most horrid uproar towards the stage. This, along with a few other secret remedies which I shall apply, will surely compel the spirit to depart."

These preparations were accordingly made by the royal command; and when the day, being Sunday morning, arrived, the stage was seen crowded with people of rank and the square with common people. Mass was celebrated, and the possessed princess conducted between two bishops, with a train of nobles, to the spot. Now, when Roderigo beheld so vast a concourse of people, together with all this awful preparation, he was almost struck dumb with astonishment, and said to himself, "I wonder what that cowardly wretch is thinking of doing now? Does he imagine I have never seen finer things than these in the regions above—ay! and more horrid things below! However, I will soon make him repent it, at all events." Matteo then approaching him, besought him to come out; but Roderigo replied, "Oh, you think you have done a fine thing now! What do you mean to do with all this trumpery? Can you escape my power, think you, in this way, or elude the vengeance of the king? Thou poltroon villain, I will have thee hanged for this!" And as Matteo continued the more to entreat him, his adversary still vilified him in the same strain. So Matteo, believing there was no time to be lost, made the sign with his hat, when all the musicians who had been stationed there for the purpose suddenly struck up a hideous din, and, ringing a thousand peals, approached the spot. Roderigo pricked up his ears at the sound, quite at a loss what to think, and rather in a perturbed tone of voice he asked Matteo what it meant. To this the latter returned, apparently much alarmed, "Alas! dear Roderigo, it is your wife; she is coming for you!" It is impossible to give an idea of the anguish of Roderigo's mind and the strange alteration which his feelings underwent at that name. The moment the name of "wife" was pronounced he had no longer presence of mind to consider whether it were probable, or even possible, that it could be her. Without replying a single word, he leaped out and fled in the utmost terror, leaving the lady to herself, and preferring rather to return to his infernal abode and render an account of his adventures, than run the risk of any further sufferings and vexations under the matrimonial yoke. And thus Belphegor again made his appearance in the infernal domains, bearing ample testimony to the evils introduced into a household by a wife; while Matteo, on his part, who knew more of the matter than the devil, returned triumphantly home, not a little proud of the victory he had achieved.

THE CREDULOUS FOOL.

(Chorus from "La Mandragola.")

  How happy is he, as all may see
Who has the good fortune a fool to be,
And what you tell him will always believe!
No ambition can grieve,
  No fear can affright him,
Which are wont to be seeds
  Of pain and annoy.
This doctor of ours,
  'Tis not hard to delight him—
If you tell him 'twill gain him

His heart's wish and joy,
He'll believe in good faith that an ass can fly,—
Or that black is white, and the truth a lie,—
All things in the world he may well forget—
Save the one whereon his whole heart is set.

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO.

It was the fate of the second Italian poet who took Orlando as his hero to be obliged to leave his work unfinished. A successor took it up, retouched almost every line, and issued it as his own. The later version is better known than the first, and though Boiardo's name is duly recorded in all histories of Italian literature, Berni's "Orlando Innamorato" is more frequently printed and read. Gradually it has been discerned that the greater merit belongs to the elder poet.

Matteo Maria Boiardo, born in 1434, near Ferrara, was educated at its university, and was attached to the court of Hercules, Count of Ferrara. Among other public employments he was sent on embassies to several Italian cities, was captain of Modena and governor of Reggio. He was an indulgent master and fonder of making love-verses than of the sterner duties of his office. His learning was early shown in translations from the Greek classics, and afterwards in his drama, "Timon," founded on Lucian's "Misanthrope." But his fame rests on his "Orlando Innamorato," which was interrupted by the French invasion of Italy, and afterwards recast in a less sober style by Berni. The epic romance consists of three chief parts: the search for Angelica, the beautiful but deceitful princess of Cathay, by Orlando and other lovers; the siege of her father's city, Albracca, by the Tartars; and the siege of Paris by the Moors. Yet there are numerous episodes loosely interwoven, and the scene shifts easily from France to China. Boiardo created the character of Angelica, and spun this epic for the amusement of Duke Hercules and his court of Ferrara. He has described his own chateau and grounds in the landscape of this poem, and (it is even said) gave the names of some of his peasants to the Saracen warriors, Mandricardo, Gradasse, Sacripant and Agramante.

PRASILDO AND TISBINA.

IROLDO, a knight of Babylon, had to wife a lady of the name of Tisbina, whom he loved with a passion equal to that of Tristan for Iseult; and she returned his love with such fondness, that her thoughts were occupied with him from morning till night. They had a neighbor who was accounted the greatest nobleman in the city; and he deserved his credit, for he spent his great riches in doing honor to his rank. He was pleasant in company, formidable in battle, full of grace in love; an open-hearted, accomplished gentleman.

This personage, whose name was Prasildo, happened one day to be of a party with Tisbina, who were amusing themselves in a garden, with a game in which the players knelt down with their faces bent on one another's laps, and guessed who it was that struck them. The turn came to himself, and he knelt down at the lap of Tisbina; but no sooner was he there, than he experienced feelings he had never dreamed of: and instead of trying to guess correctly, took all the pains he could to remain in the same position. These feelings pursued him all the rest of the day, and still more closely at night. He did nothing but think and sigh, and find the soft feathers harder than any stone. Nor did he get better as time advanced. His once favorite pastime of hunting now ceased to afford him any delight. Nothing pleased him but to be giving dinners and balls, to make verses and sing them to his lute, and to joust and tourney in the eyes of his love, dressed in the most sumptuous apparel.

The passion which had thus taken possession of this gentleman was not lost upon the lady for want of her knowing it. A mutual acquaintance was always talking to her on the subject, but to no purpose; she never relaxed her pride and dignity for a moment. The lover at last fell ill; he fairly wasted away, and was so unhappy that he gave up all his feastings and entertainments. The only solace he found was in a solitary wood, in which he used to plunge himself in order to give way to his grief and lamentations. It happened one day, early in the morning, while he was thus occupied, that Iroldo came into the wood to amuse himself with bird-catching. He had Tisbina with him; and as they were coming along, they overheard their neighbor during one of his paroxysms, and stopped to listen to what he said.

"Hear me," exclaimed he, "ye flowers and ye woods. Hear to what a pass of wretchedness I am come, since that cruel one will hear me not. Hear, O sun that hast taken away the night from the heavens, and you, ye stars, and thou the departing moon, hear the voice of my grief for the last time, for exist I can no longer; my death is the only way left me to gratify that proud beauty, to whom it has pleased Heaven to give a cruel heart with a merciful countenance. Fain would I have died in her presence. It would have comforted me to see her pleased even with that proof of my love. But I pray, nevertheless, that she may never know it; since, cruel as she is, she might blame herself for having shown a scorn so extreme; and I love her so, I would not have her pained for all her cruelty. Surely I shall love her even in my grave."

With these words, turning pale with his own mortal resolution, Prasildo drew his sword, and pronouncing the name of Tisbina more than once with a loving voice, as though its very sound would be sufficient to waft him to Paradise, was about to plunge the steel into his bosom, when the lady herself, by leave of her husband, whose manly visage was all in tears for pity, stood suddenly before him.

"Prasildo," said she, "if you love me, listen to me. You have often told me that you do so. Now prove it. I happen to be threatened with nothing less than the loss of life and honor. Nothing short of such a calamity could have induced me to beg of you the service I am going to request; since there is no greater shame in the world than to ask favors from those to whom we have refused them. But I now promise you, that if you do what I desire, your love shall be returned. I give you my word for it. I give you my honor. On the other side of the wilds of Barbary is a garden which has a wall of iron. It has four gates. Life itself keeps one; Death another; Poverty the third; the fairy of Riches the fourth. He who goes in at one gate must go out at the other opposite;

and in the midst of the garden is a tree, tall as the reach of an arrow, which produces pearls for blossoms. It is called the Tree of Wealth, and has fruit of emeralds and boughs of gold. I must have a bough of that tree, or suffer the most painful consequences. Now, then, if you love me, I say, prove it. Prove it, and most assuredly I shall love you in turn, better than ever you loved myself."

What need of saying that Prasildo, with haste and joy, undertook to do all that she required? If she had asked the sun and stars, and the whole universe, he would have promised them. Quitting her in spite of his love, he set out on the journey without delay, only dressing himself before he left the city in the habit of a pilgrim.

Now you must know, that Iroldo and his lady had set Prasildo on that adventure, in the hope that the great distance which he would have to travel, and the change which it might assist time to produce, would deliver him from his passion. At all events, in case this good end was not effected before he arrived at the garden, they counted to a certainty on his getting rid of it when he did; because the fairy of that garden, which was called the Garden of Medusa, was of such a nature, that whosoever did but look on her countenance forgot the reason for his going thither; and whoever saluted, touched, and sat down to converse by her side, forgot all that had ever occurred in his lifetime.

Away, however, on his steed went our bold lover; all alone, or rather with Love for his companion; and so, riding hard till he came to the Red Sea, he took ship, and journeyed through Egypt, and came to the mountains of Barca, where he overtook an old grey-headed palmer.

Prasildo told the palmer the reason of his coming, and the palmer told him what the reader has heard about the garden; adding, that he must enter by the gate of Poverty, and take no arms or armor with him, excepting a looking-glass for a shield, in which the fairy might behold her beauty. The old man gave him other directions necessary for his passing out of the gate of Riches; and Prasildo, thanking him, went on, and in thirty days found himself entering the garden with the greatest ease, by the gate of Poverty.

The garden looked like a Paradise, it was so full of beautiful trees and flowers and fresh grass. Prasildo took care to hold the shield over his eyes, that he might avoid seeing the fairy Medusa; and in this manner guarding his approach, he arrived at the Golden Tree. The fairy, who was reclining against the trunk of it, looked up, and saw herself in the glass. Wonderful was the effect on her. Instead of her own white-and-red blooming face, she beheld that of a dreadful serpent. The spectacle made her take to flight in terror; and the lover, finding his object so far gained, looked freely at the tree, climbed it, and bore away a bough.

With this he proceeded to the gate of Riches. It was all of loadstone, and opened with a great noise. But he passed through it happily, for he made the fairy who kept it a present of half the bough; and so he issued forth out of the garden, with indescribable joy.

Behold our loving adventurer now on his road home. Every step of the way appeared to him a thousand. He took the road of Nubia to shorten the journey; crossed the Arabian Gulf with a breeze in his favor; and traveling by night as well as by day, arrived one fine morning in Babylon.

No sooner was he there than he sent to tell the object of his passion how fortunate he had been. He begged her to name her own place and time for receiving the bough at his hands, taking care to remind her of her promise; and he could not help adding, that he should die if she broke it.

Terrible was the grief of Tisbina at this unlooked-for news. She threw herself on her couch in despair, and bewailed the hour she was born. "What on earth am I to do?" cried the wretched lady; "death itself is no remedy for a case like this, since it is only another mode of breaking my word. To think that Prasildo should return from the garden of Medusa! Who could have supposed it possible? And yet, in truth, what a fool I was to suppose anything impossible to love! O my husband! little didst thou think what thou thyself advisedst me to promise!"

The husband was coming that moment towards the room; and overhearing his wife grieving in this distracted manner, he entered and clasped her in his arms. On learning the cause of her affliction, he felt as though he should have died with her on the spot.

"Alas!" cried he, "that it should be possible for me to be miserable while I am so dear to your heart. But you know, O my soul! that when love and jealousy come together, the torment is the greatest in the world. Myself—myself, alas! caused the mischief, and myself alone ought to suffer for it. You must keep your promise. You must abide by the word you have given, especially to one who has undergone so much to perform what you asked him. Sweet face, you must. But oh! see him not till after I am dead. Let Fortune do with me what she pleases, so that I be saved from a disgrace like that. It will be a comfort to me in death to think that I alone, while I was on earth, enjoyed the fond looking of that lovely face. Nay," concluded the wretched husband, "I feel as though I should die over again, if I could call to mind in my grave how you were taken from me."

Iroldo became dumb for anguish. It seemed to him as if his very heart had been taken out of his breast. Nor was Tisbina less miserable. She was as pale as death, and could hardly speak to him or bear to look at him. At length turning her eyes upon him, she said, "And do you believe I could make my poor sorry case out in this world without Iroldo? Can he bear, himself, to think of leaving his Tisbina? he who has so often said, that if he possessed heaven itself, he should not think it heaven without her? O dearest husband, there is a way to make death not bitter to either of us. It is to die together. I must only exist long enough to see Prasildo! Death, alas! is in that thought; but the same death will release us. It need not even be a hard death, saving our misery. There are poisons so gentle in their deadliness, that we need but faint away into sleep, and so, in the course of a few hours, be delivered. Our misery and our folly will then alike be ended."

Iroldo assenting, clasped his wife in distraction; and for a long time they remained in the same posture, half stifled with grief, and bathing one another's cheeks with their tears. Afterwards they sent quietly for the poison; and the apothecary made up a preparation in a cup, without asking any questions; and so the husband and wife took it. Iroldo drank first, and then endeavored to give the cup to his wife, uttering not a word, and trembling in every limb; not because he was afraid of death, but because he could not bear to ask her to share it. At length, turning away his face and looking down, he held the cup towards her, and she took it with a chilled heart and trembling hand, and drank the remainder to the dregs. Iroldo then covered his face and head, not daring to see her depart for the house of Prasildo; and Tisbina, with pangs bitterer than death, left him in solitude.

Tisbina, accompanied by a servant, went to Prasildo, who could scarcely believe his ears when he heard that she was at the door requesting to speak with him. He hastened down to show her all honor, leading her from the door into a room by themselves; and when he found her in tears, addressed her in the most considerate and subdued, yet still not unhappy, manner, taking her confusion for bashfulness, and never dreaming what a tragedy had been meditated.

Finding at length that her grief was not to be done away, he conjured her by what she held dearest on earth to let him know the cause of it; adding that he could still die for her sake, if his death would do her any service. Tisbina spoke at these words; and Prasildo then heard what he did not wish to hear. "I am in your hands," answered she, "while I am yet alive. I am bound to my word, but I cannot survive the dishonor which it costs me, nor, above all, the loss of the husband of my heart. You also, to whose eyes I have been so welcome, must be prepared for my disappearance from the earth. Had my affections not belonged to another, ungentle would have been my heart not to have loved yourself, who are so capable of loving; but (as you must well know) to love two at once is neither fitting nor in one's power. It was for that reason I never loved you, baron; I was only touched with compassion for you; and hence the miseries of us all. Before this day closes, I shall have learned the taste of death." And without further preface she disclosed to him how she and her husband had taken poison.

Prasildo was struck dumb with horror. He had thought his felicity at hand, and was at the same instant to behold it gone for ever. She who was rooted in his heart, she who carried his life in her sweet looks, even she was sitting there before him, already, so to speak, dead. "It has pleased neither Heaven nor you, Tisbina," exclaimed the unhappy young man, "to put my best feelings to the proof. Often have two lovers perished for love; the world will now behold a sacrifice of three. Oh, why did you not make a request to me in your turn, and ask me to free you from your promise? You say you took pity on me! Alas, cruel one, confess that you have killed yourself, in order to kill me. Yet why? Never did I think of giving you displeasure; and I now do what I would have done at any time to prevent it, I absolve you from your oath. Stay or go this instant, as it seems best to you."

A stronger feeling than compassion moved the heart of Tisbina at these words. "This indeed," replied she, "I feel to be noble; and truly could I also now die to save you. But life is flitting; and how may I prove my regard?"

Prasildo, who had in good earnest resolved that three instead of two should perish, experienced such anguish at the extraordinary position in which he found all three, that even her sweet words came but dimly to his ears. He stood like a man stupefied; then begged of her to give him but one kiss, and so took his leave without further ado, only intimating that her way out of the house lay before her. As he spake, he removed himself from her sight.

Tisbina reached home. She found her husband with his head covered up as she left him; but when she recounted what had passed, and the courtesy of Prasildo, and how he had exacted from her but a single kiss, Iroldo got up, and removed the covering from his face, and then clasping his hands, and raising it to heaven, he knelt with grateful humility, and prayed God to give pardon to himself, and reward to his neighbor. But before he had ended, Tisbina sank on the floor in a swoon. Her weaker frame was the first to undergo the effects of what she had taken. Iroldo felt icy chill to see her, albeit she seemed to sleep sweetly. Her aspect was not at all like death. He taxed Heaven with cruelty for treating two loving hearts so hardly, and cried out against Fortune, and life, and Love itself.

Nor was Prasildo happier in his chamber. He also exclaimed against the bitter tyrant "whom men call Love;" and protested, that he would gladly encounter any fate, to be delivered from the worse evils of his false and cruel ascendancy.

But his lamentations were interrupted. The apothecary who sold the potion to the husband and wife was at the door below, requesting to speak with him. The servants at first had refused to carry the message; but the old man persisting and saying it was a matter of life and death, entrance for him into the master's chamber was obtained.

"Noble sir," said the apothecary, "I have always held you in love and reverence. I have unfortunately reason to fear that somebody is desiring your death. This morning a handmaiden of the lady Tisbina applied to me for a secret poison; and just now it was told me, that the lady herself had been at this house. I am old, sir, and you are young; and I warn you against the violence and jealousies of womankind. Talk of their flames of love! Satan himself burn them, say I, for they are fit for nothing better. Do not be too much alarmed, however, this time: for in truth I gave the young woman nothing of the sort that she asked for, but only a draught so innocent, that if you have taken it, it will cost you but four or five hours' sleeep. So, in God's name, give up the whole foolish sex; for you may depend on it, that in this city of ours there are ninety-nine wicked ones among them to one good."

You may guess how Prasildo's heart revived at these words. Truly might he be compared to flowers in sunshine after rain; he rejoiced through all his being, and displayed again a cheerful countenance. Hastily thanking the old man, he lost no time in repairing to the house of his neighbors, and telling them of their safety; and you may guess how the like joy was theirs.

But behold a wonder! Iroldo was so struck with the generosity of his neighbor's conduct throughout the whole of this extraordinary affair, that nothing would content his grateful though ever-grieving heart, but he must fairly give up Tisbina after all. Prasildo, to do him justice, resisted the proposition as stoutly as he could; but a man's powers are ill seconded by an unwilling heart; and though the contest was long and handsome, as is customary between generous natures, the husband adhered firmly to his intention. In short, he abruptly quitted the city, declaring that he would never again see it, and so left his wife to the lover.

Rinaldo Punished by Cupid.

When to the leafy wood his feet were brought,
  Towards Merlin's Fount at once he took his way;
Unto the fount that changes amorous thought
  Journeyed the Paladin without delay;
But a new sight, the which he had not sought,
  Caused him upon the path his feet to stay.
Within the wood there is a little close
Full of pink flowers, and white, and various:

And in the midst thereof a naked boy,
  Singing, took solace with surpassing cheer;
Three ladies round him, as around their joy,
  Danced naked in the light so soft and clear.

No sword, no shield, hath been his wonted toy;
  Brown are his eyes; yellow his curls appear;
His downy beard hath scarce begun to grow:
One saith 'tis there, and one might answer, No!

With violets, roses, flowers of every dye,
  Baskets they filled and eke their beauteous hands:
Then as they dance in joy and amity,
  The Lord of Montalbano near them stands:
Whereat, "Behold the traitor!" loud they cry,
  Soon as they mark the foe within their bands;
"Behold the thief, the scorner of delight,
Caught in the trap at last in sorry plight!"

Then with their baskets all with one consent
  Upon Rinaldo like a tempest bore:
One flings red roses, one with violets blent
  Showers lilies, hyacinths, fast as she can pour:
Each flower in falling with strange pain hath rent
  His heart and pricked his marrow to the core,
Lighting a flame in every smitten part,
As though the flowers concealed a fiery dart.

The boy who, naked, coursed along the sod,
  Emptied his basket first, and then began,
Wielding a long-grown leafy lily rod,
  To scourge the helmet of the tortured man:
No aid Rinaldo found against the god,
  But fell to earth as helpless children can;
The youth who saw him fallen, by the feet
Seized him, and dragged him through the meadow sweet.

And those three dames had each a garland rare
  Of roses; one was red and one was white:
These from their snowy brows and foreheads fair
  They tore in haste, to beat the writhing knight:
In vain he cried and raised his hands in prayer;
  For still they struck till they were tired quite:
And round about him on the sward they went,
Nor ceased from striking till the morn was spent.

Nor massy cuirass, nor stout plate of steel,
  Could yield defence against those bitter blows:

His flesh was swollen with many a livid weal
  Beneath his mail, and with such fiery woes
Inflamed as spirits damned in hell may feel;
  Yet theirs, upon my troth, are fainter throes:
Wherefore that Baron, sore and scant of breath,
For pain and fear was well-nigh brought to death.

Nor whether they were gods or men he knew:
  Nor prayer, nor courage, nor defence availed,
Till suddenly upon their shoulders grew
  And budded wings with gleaming gold engrailed,
Radiant with crimson, white and azure blue;
  And with a living eye each plume was tailed,
Not like a peacock's or a bird's, but bright
And tender as a girl's with love's delight.

Then after small delay their flight they took,
  And one by one soared upward to the sky,
Leaving Rinaldo sole beside the brook.
  Full bitterly that Baron 'gan to cry,
For grief and dole so great his bosom shook
  That still it seemed that he must surely die;
And in the end so fiercely raged his pain
That like a corpse he fell along the plain.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

A SINGLE work has given to Castiglione a high reputation. His treatise "Il Cortegiano," "The Courtier," written in 1514, set forth in elegant style the ideal gentleman of the Renaissance. The Italians called it "the book of gold." It was in the form of a discussion between distinguished gentlemen and ladies at the court of Urbino, then the most refined in Italy. The theme selected, after several suggestions, was, "What Constitutes a Perfect Courtier?" Four nights are occupied in the discussion, a principal speaker being chosen for each night, and the other members of the group criticising his speech. The divisions are: The form and manner of court life; the qualifications of a courtier; the accomplishments of a court lady; the duty of a prince. The discussion shows the adaptation of the old rules of the Courts of Love to more modern requirements.

Baldassare Castiglione was born near Mantua in 1478, and educated at Milan. In youth he entered the service of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and afterwards was attached to the court of the Duke of Urbino. Castiglione was employed on various embassies, and visited England and Spain. Here he was made Bishop of Avila and was charged with settling the dispute between Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. He died at Toledo in 1527. It is acknowledged that throughout his life Castiglione was a perfect example of the model that he drew.

THE COURTIER'S ADDRESSES.

THEY who are too precipitate and show a presumption, and, as it were, a mad pertinacity in their addresses, often miss their mark, and that deservedly; for it is always displeasing to a noble lady to be so little esteemed as that any one should, without due respect, require her love before he has done her due service. In my opinion, the way that a courtier should declare his love to his mistress is by signs and tokens rather than by words. For without doubt more love is shown in a sigh, or in some mark of timidity or reverence, than can be shown in a thousand words; and the eyes may afterwards be made the faithful messengers of the heart, because they frequently declare, with more eloquence, the inward passion, than can open speech, a letter, or any other kind of message.

LUIGI DA PORTO.

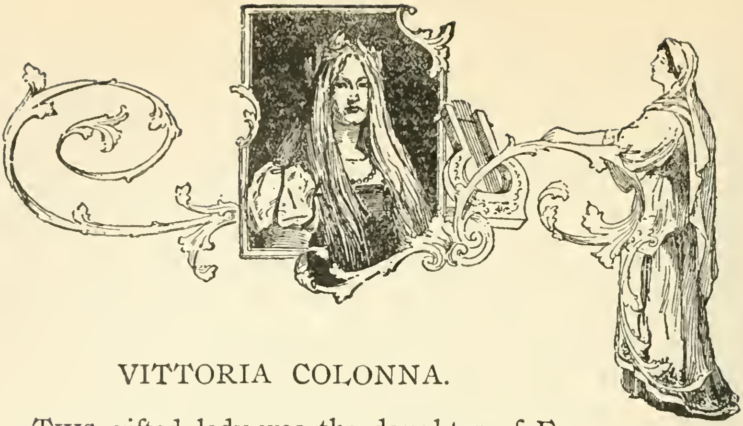
SHAKESPEARE drew more than one plot from the Italian novelists, but none more noteworthy than that of "Romeo and Juliet." For this he was indebted to Luigi da Porto, a poet, scholar, and novelist of Italy during the first quarter of the sixteenth century. "La Giulietta" is the sole story that survives from Porto's pen, although he is said to have produced several other novels. Porto was of noble descent, and fought for the republic of Venice in the wars connected with the League of Cambray. A wound crippled him and gave him to literature. He died in 1529, at the age of forty-four.

His single story was based on a previous tale by Massuccio Salernitano, and it may serve to show how far the dramatist, who has not, indeed, improved upon his model of Massuccio, has fallen short of the pathetic beauty of Luigi da Porto's story in its conclusion. It is only in the latter that we meet with the affecting circumstance of Juliet rising from her trance before the death of Romeo. It is this Italian story which has since suggested the improvement that has been adopted on the stage at the close of the tragedy, where Romeo does not expire before the revival of Juliet. The entire story is indelibly linked in modern memory with the Italian family feuds, has been actually traced to a Greek romance, and was once historically treated as a real event.

LOVE IN THE TOMB.

ON the evening of the day after Juliet's interment Romeo arrived at Verona without being discovered by any one. The same night, as soon as the city became hushed, he resorted to the convent of the Frati Minori, where the tombs of the Cappelletti lay. The church was situated in the Cittadella, where the monks at that time resided, although, for some reason, they have since left it for the suburb of San Zeno, now called Santo Bernardino, and the Cittadella was formerly, indeed, inhabited by San Francesco himself. Near the outer walls of this place there were then placed a number of large monuments, such as we see round many churches, and beneath one of these was the ancient sepulchre of all the Capelletti, in which the beautiful bride then lay. Romeo approaching near not long after midnight, and possessing great strength, removed the heavy covering by force, and with some wooden stakes which he had brought with him he propped it up to prevent it from closing again until he wished it, and he then entered the tomb and replaced the covering. The lamp he carried cast a lurid light around, while his eyes wandered in search of the loved object, which, bursting open the living tomb, he quickly found. When he beheld the features of the beautiful Juliet, now mingled with a heap of lifeless dust and bones, a sudden tide of sorrow sprung into his eyes, and amidst bitter sobs he thus spoke: "O eyes, which while our loves to Heaven were dear, shone sweetly upon mine! O sweeter mouth, a thousand and a thousand times so fondly kissed by me alone, and rich in honeyed words! O bosom, in which my whole heart lay treasured up, alas! all closed and mute and cold I find ye now! My hapless wife, what hath love done for thee, but led thee hither? And why so soon perish two wretched lovers? I had not looked for this when hope and passion first whispered of other things. But I have lived to witness even this!" and he pressed his lips to her mouth and bosom, mingling his kisses with his tears. "Walls of the dead!" he cried, "why fall ye not around me and crush me into dust? Yet, as death is in the power of all, it is a despicable thing to wish, yet fear it, too." Then taking out the poison from under his vest, he thus continued: "By what strange fatality am I brought to die in the sepulchre of my enemies, some of whom this hand hath slain? But as it is pleasant to die near those we love, now, my beloved, let me die!" Then, seizing the fatal vial, he poured its whole contents into his frame, and catching the fair body of Juliet in his arms in a wild embrace, "Still so sweet," he cried, "dear limbs, mine, only mine! And if yet thy pure spirit live, my Juliet, let it look from its seat of bliss to witness and forgive my cruel death; as I could not delighted live with thee, it is not forbidden me with thee to die," and winding his arms about her he awaited his final doom.

The hour was now arrived when, the vital powers of the slumbering lady reviving and subduing the icy cold ness of the poison, she should awake. Therefore while still straitly folded in the last embraces of Romeo, she suddenly recovered her senses, and, uttering a deep sigh, she cried, "Alas! where am I? in whose arms? whose kisses? Oh, unbind me, wretch that I am! Base friar, is it thus you keep your word to Romeo, thus lead me to his arms?" Great was her husband's surprise to feel Juliet alive in his embrace. Recalling the idea of Pygmalion, "Do you know me, sweet wife?" he cried. "It is your love, your Romeo, hither come to die with you. I came alone and secretly from Mantua to find your place of rest." Finding herself within the sepulchre and in the arms of Romeo, Juliet would not at first give credit to her senses; but, springing out of his arms, gazed a moment eagerly on his face, and the next fell on his neck with a torrent of tears and kisses. "O Romeo, Romeo, what madness brings you hither? Were not my letters which I sent you by the friar enough to tell you of my feigned death, and that I should shortly be restored to you?" The wretched youth, aware of the whole calamity, then gave loose to his despair. "Beyond all other griefs that lovers ever bore, Romeo, thy lot has been! My life, my soul, I never had thy letters!" And he told her the piteous tale which he had heard from the lips of her servant, and that, concluding she was dead, he had hastened to keep her company and had already drunk the deadly draught. At these last words his unhappy bride, uttering a wild scream, began to beat her breast and tear her hair, and then in a state of distraction she threw herself by the side of Romeo, already lying on the ground, and pouring over him a deluge of tears, imprinted her last kisses on his lips. All pale and trembling, she cried, "O my Romeo! will you die in my sight, and I, too, the occasion of your death? Must I live even a moment after you? Ah, would that I could give my life for yours? Would that I alone might die?" In a faint and dying tone her husband replied, "If my love and truth were ever dear to you, my Juliet, live; for my sake, live; for it is sweet to know that you will then be often thinking of him who now dies for you, with his eyes still fixed on yours." "Die! yes! you die for the death which in me was only feigned! What, therefore, should I do for this, your real, cruel death? I only grieve that I have no means of accompanying you, and hate myself that I must linger on earth till I obtain them. But it shall not be long before the wretch who caused your death shall follow you;" and uttering these words with pain, she swooned away upon his body. On again reviving, she felt she was catching the last breath, which now came thick and fast, from the breast of her husband.



VITTORIA COLONNA.

THIS gifted lady was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples. She was born in 1490 and died in 1547. Michael Angelo declared that before he knew her he was a half-finished statue to which her chisel gave form. One result of the great sculptor's admiration for her is that he turned poet himself and became a noble Petrarchist. Most of Vittoria's own poetry is dedicated to her husband, Francisco D'Avalos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, to whom she was betrothed when only four years old at the instance of Ferdinand of Aragon, and to whom she was married at the age of seventeen after she had refused a duke of Savoy. In 1511 Francisco offered his sword to the Holy League, and during the succeeding long exile of campaigning the young wife and husband corresponded in passionate verse and prose. Pescara became one of Charles V.'s bravest captains. He was offered the crown of Naples if he would join the emperor's enemies, but Vittoria kept him from that treason. She was hastening to his side when she learned of his death at Milan from his wounds. Michael Angelo in his sixty-fourth year met this sweet Italian woman at Rome and became a devoted admirer. He made drawings for her, wrote sonnets to her and spent hours in her charming society. She removed to Orvieto in 1541, and afterwards to Viterbo, but the great sculptor continued to visit her. The young widow meanwhile composed a number of "Rime Spirituali." Her elegiac and her amatory poems do not reveal any great poetic genius; but they gain note from her sex and personality.

J.J. LEFEBVRE, PINX.

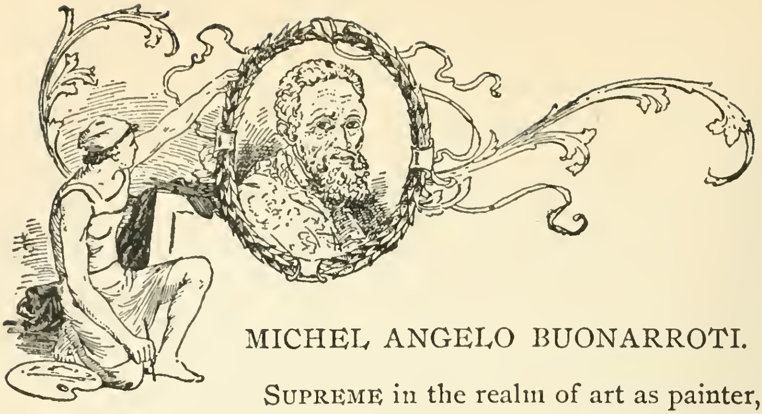
Vittoria Colonna

A BRANCH OF THE VINE.

FATHER of heaven! if by Thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true Vine
Which spreads o'er all,—and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—
In me much drooping, Lord, Thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due Thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with Thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou'dst with me be:
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

HEAVENLY UNION.

BLEST union, that in heaven was ordained
In wondrous manner, to yield peace to man,
Which by the spirit divine and mortal frame
Is joined with sacred and with love-strong tie!
I praise the beauteous work, its author great;
Yet fain would see it moved by other hope,
By other zeal, before I change this form,
Since I no longer may enjoy it here.
The soul, imprisoned in this tenement,
Its bondage hates; and hence, distressed, it can
Neither live here, nor fly where it desires.
My glory then will be to see me joined
With the bright sun that lightened all my path;
For in his life alone I learned to live.



MICHEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

Supreme in the realm of art as painter, sculptor and architect, Michel Angelo claims also a place in the republic of letters. The greatest Christian church, with its marvelous dome, is his eternal monument. His sculpture strove to embody a meaning which belongs more directly to the wider region of poetry. His life was marred by variances with successive popes, which compelled him to waste precious time in performing work for which inferior men were competent, while opportunity was denied him to execute his own sublime plans. Yet in spite of all obstacles his Titanic genius struggled on to the accomplishment of masterpieces which remain to baffle the ingenuity of critics and to challenge the admiration of the world.

Michel Angelo Buonarroti was born of noble family in the castle of Caprese in Tuscany in March, 1475. His first training was in the academy founded by Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence, and he gained the favor of that potentate. Statues and bas-reliefs still remain in Florence to attest his youthful skill. In the flush of his manhood he was called to Rome by the warlike pontiff, Julius II., and by his orders commenced the pope's tomb, which, partly owing to the quarrel of these two proud, imperious natures, was never completed in its original grandeur. The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, showing the prophets and heroes and striking episodes of sacred Scripture, are the chief witness of Michel Angelo's ability as a painter. The sublimity of his conceptions is equalled only by the power and facility with which they are executed. The luxurious Leo X., in spite of his love of art, wantonly neglected the greatest genius of his age, and assigned to him unworthy tasks. Paul III. recalled the master to suitable work and appointed him architect of St. Peter's church, which he had suggested long before. He formed the model for the dome, though he did not live to see it completed. He died in February, 1564.

It was his admiration and affection for Vittoria Colonna which led the great master of the plastic arts to express his thoughts in verse worthy of his fame. It was not until his sixtieth year that he had the good fortune to meet this gifted, pious woman; thenceforth until her death in 1547, her friendship was the great solace of his life. Previously he had been stern and solitary in disposition; now in old age the tenderness of his heart was revealed. His passion was perfectly pure, and while it inspired him to sing her praises and to celebrate Platonic love, it found expression also in mystic songs relating to the Christian religion and to the art which had heretofore dominated his mind. Though his paintings (apart from his frescoes) have been lost in the ravages of time, his sonnets and lyrics, thrown off amid the pressure of work, remain to win new admiration for the Olympian Zeus of Christian art.

On Dante.

From heaven his spirit came, and robed in clay,
The realms of justice and of mercy trod:
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
That he might make the truth as clear as day.
For that pure star, that brightened with his ray
The undeserving nest where I was born,
The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;
None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.
I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood,
Who only to just men deny their wage.
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
Against his exile coupled with his good
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage.

THE MODEL AND THE STATUE.

(To Vittoria Colonna.)

WHEN that which is divine in us doth try
To shape a face, both brain and hand unite
To give, from a mere model frail and slight,
Life to the stone by Art's free energy.
Thus too before the painter dares to ply
Paint-brush or canvas, he is wont to write
Sketches on scraps of paper, and invite
Wise minds to judge his figured history.
So, born a model rude and mean to be
Of my poor self, I gain a nobler birth,
Lady, from you, you fountain of all worth!
Each overplus and each deficiency
You will make good. What penance then is due.
For my fierce heat, chastened and taught by you?

LOVE THE LIGHT-GIVER.

(To Tommaso de Cavalieri.)

WITH your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain;
Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;
Wingless upon your pinions forth I fly;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain;
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath;
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone; for lo! our eyes see naught in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY LOVE.

LOVE is not always harsh and deadly sin,
When love for boundless beauty makes us pine;
The heart, by love left soft and infantine,

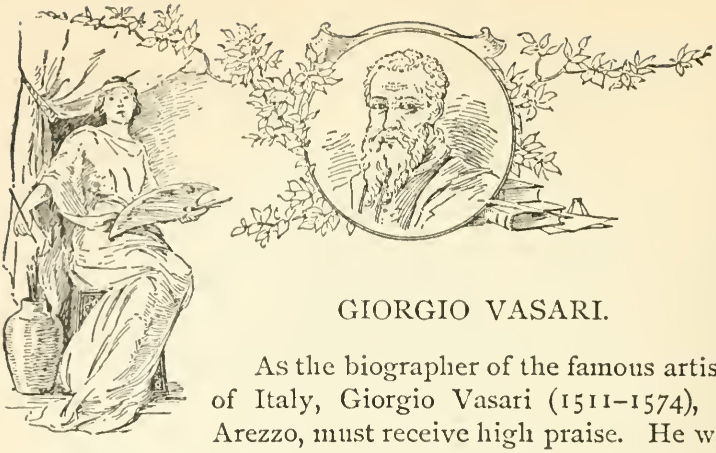
Will let the shafts of God's grace enter in.
Love wings and wakes the soul, stirs her to win
Her flight aloft, nor e'er to earth decline;
'Tis the first step that leads her to the shrine
Of Him who slakes the thirst that burns within.
The love of that whereof I speak ascends:
Woman is different far; the love of her
But ill befits a heart manly and wise.
The one love soars, the other earthward tends;
The soul lights this, while that the senses stir;
And still lust's arrow at base quarry flies.

AFTER THE DEATH OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

WELL might I in those days so fortunate,
What time the sun lightened my path above,
Have soared from earth to heaven, raised by her love
Who winged my laboring soul and sweetened fate.
That sun hath set, and I with hope elate
Who deemed that those bright days would never move,
Find that my thankless soul, deprived thereof,
Declines to death, while heaven still bars the gate.
Love lent me wings; my path was like a stair;
A lamp unto my feet, that sun was given;
And death was safety and great joy to find.
But dying now, I shall not climb to heaven,
Nor can mere memory cheer my heart's despair—
What help remains when hope is left behind?

LAMENT FOR LIFE WASTED.

AH me! Ah me! whene'er I think
Of my past years, I find that none
Among those many years, alas, was mine;
False hopes and longings vain have made me pine,
With tears, sighs, passions, fires, upon life's brink.
Of mortal loves I have known every one.
Full well I feel it now; lost and undone,
From truth and goodness banished far away,
I dwindle day by day.
Longer the shade, more short the sunbeams grow;
While I am near to falling, faint and low.



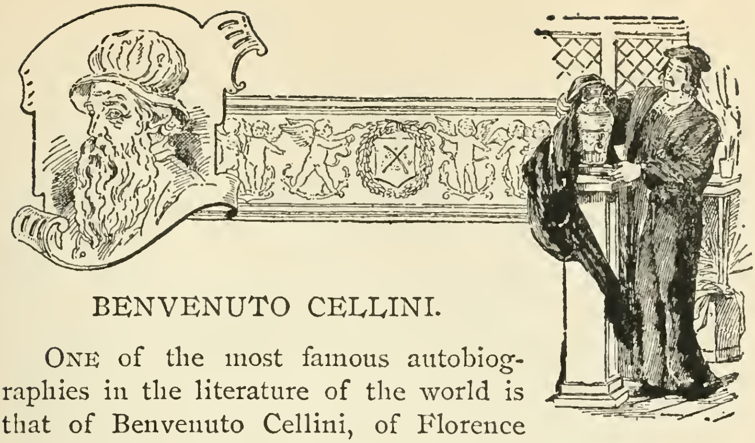
GIORGIO VASARI.

As the biographer of the famous artists of Italy, Giorgio Vasari (1511–1574), of Arezzo, must receive high praise. He was a pupil of the great Michel Angelo and of Andrea del Sarto. He was aided by the Medici princes. In 1529 he visited Rome and studied the works of Raphael and his school. His own paintings, although admired in the sixteenth century, are feeble parodies of Michel Angelo. He painted the wall and ceiling frescoes of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. He amassed a fortune by his art, and rose to the supreme office of gonfaloniere of his native town. He was singularly free from vanity and able to appreciate the works of others—even Cimabue and Giotto. Vasari also had a keen eye for character, and he has left us as superb prose portraits of the old masters of Italian art as any brush portraits by Raphael, Rembrandt or Van Dyke. His master-piece of biography was published (1550) under the title, "Delle Vite de' piu Eccellenti Pittori, Scultori, ed Architettori." It was dedicated to his patron Cosimo de' Medici.

BUFFALMACCO THE JESTING PAINTER.

BUONAMICO DI CRISTOFANO, nicknamed Buffalmacco, was a pupil of Andrea Tafi, and has been celebrated as a jester by Boccaccio. Franco Sacchetti also tells how, when Buffalmacco was still a boy with Andrea, his master had the habit, when the nights were long, of getting up before day to work, and calling his boys. This was displeasing to Buonamico, who had to rise in the middle of his best sleep, and he considered how he might prevent Andrea from getting up before day to work, and this was what occurred to him. Having found thirty great beetles in an ill-kept cellar, he fastened on each of their backs a little candle, and at the hour when Andrea was used to rise, he put them one by one through a hole in the door into Andrea's chamber, having first lighted the candles. His master awaking at the hour for calling Buffalmacco, and seeing the lights, was seized with terror and began to tremble like a fearful old man as he was, and to say his prayers and repeat the psalms; and at last, putting his head under the clothes, he thought no more that night of calling Baffalmacco, but lay trembling with fear till daybreak. The morning being come, he asked Buonamico if, like him, he had seen more than a thousand devils. Buonamico answered, "No," for he had kept his eyes closed, and wondered he had not been called. "What!" said Tafi, "I had something else to think of than painting, and I am resolved to go into another house." The next night, although Buonamico put only three beetles into Tafi's chamber, yet he, from the last night's terror and the fear of those few devils, could get no sleep at all, and, as soon as it was day, left the house determined never to return, and it took a great deal of good counsel to make him change his mind. At last Buonamico brought the priest to him, to console him. And Tafi and Buonamico discussing the matter, Buonamico said: "I have always heard say that demons are the greatest enemies of God, and consequently they ought to be the chief adversaries of painters, because not only do we always make them hideous, but we also never cease making saints on all the walls, and so cause men in despite of the devils to become more and more devout. So these devils being enraged against us, as they have greater power by night than by day, they come playing us these tricks, and it will be worse if this custom of getting up early is not quite given up." With such words Buffalmacco managed the matter, what the priest said helping him; so that Tafi left off getting up early, and the devils no longer went about the house at night with candles. But not many months after, Tafi, drawn by the desire of gain, and having forgotten his fears, began afresh to get up early and to call Buffalmacco; whereon the beetles began again to appear, until he was forced by his fears to give it up entirely, being earnestly counseled to do so by the priest. And the matter being noised abroad in the city for a time, neither Tafi nor any other painter ventured to get up at night to work.

While painting the church of the convent of Faenza, at Florence, Buffalmacco, who was very careless and negligent in his dress, as in other things, did not always wear his hood and mantle, as was the fashion at the time; and the nuns, watching him through the screen they had erected, began to complain that it did not please them to see him in his doublet. At last, as he always appeared in the same fashion, they began to think that he was only some boy employed in mixing colors; and they gave him to understand, through their abbess, that they should prefer to see his master, and not always him. To this Buonamico answered good-humoredly that when the master came he would let them know, understanding, nevertheless, how little confidence they had in him. Then he took a stool, and placed upon it another, and on the top he put a pitcher or water-jug, and fastened a hood on the handle, and covered up the rest of the jug with a cloak, fastening it well behind the tables; and having fixed a pencil in the spout of the jug, he went away. The nuns coming again to see the picture through a hole that they had made in the screen, saw the supposed master in his fine attire, and not doubting that he was working with all his might, doing very different work from what that boy did, for several days were quite content. At last, being desirous to see what fine things the master had done in the last fortnight (during which time Buonamico had not been there at all), one night, thinking he was gone, they went to see his picture, and were overcome with confusion when one more bold than the rest detected the solemn master, who during the fortnight had done no work at all. But, acknowledging that he had only treated them as they deserved, and that the work which he had done was worthy of praise, they sent their steward to call Buonamico back; and he with great laughter went back to his work, letting them see the difference between men and water-jugs, and that it does not always do to judge a man's work by his clothes.



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

One of the most famous autobiographies in the literature of the world is that of Benvenuto Cellini, of Florence (1500–1569). He was a contemporary of Vasari, and an artist like him. Cellini's father was a musician and maker of instruments, but Benvenuto early desired to become a goldsmith. He became skilled in all the mysteries of that craft. He also practised flute-playing, and was one of Pope Clement VII.'s court musicians. For this Pope's cope he made a magnificent button. His greatest achievement in art was the bronze group of Perseus holding the head of Medusa, which was placed in front of the old ducal palace at Florence,—"a work," as has been declared, "full of the fire of genius and the grandeur of a terrible beauty; one of the most typical and unforgettable monuments of the Italian Renaissance."

But it is Cellini the adventurer, the duellist, the warrior, the romantic hero of amours, who has become most famous. His violent temper early led him into quarrels and even homicide. He was obliged to escape in disguise after one such episode. At the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, Cellini himself—if we believe his own tale—shot the constable dead and afterwards wounded the Prince of Orange. Among other exploits, he avenged a brother's murder by slaying the slayer. He was thrown into the castle of Saint Angelo on the charge of having embezzled during the war the gems of the pontifical tiara, and though he effected a romantic escape down the tower, he was recaptured. Not being sent to the scaffold, he departed for the court of Francis I. at Fontainebleau and to Paris, where he had other adventures galore that lose nothing in his telling. He returned to his native city and produced numerous works of art which won general admiration. The regard of his fellow-citizens was attested when he was buried with great pomp. "His autobiographical memoirs," declares William M. Roscoe, "are a production of the utmost energy, directness and racy animation, setting forth one of the most singular careers in all the annals of fine art. His amours and hatreds, his passions and delights, his love of the sumptuous and exquisite in art, his self-applause and self-assertion, running now and then into extravagances which it is impossible to credit, and difficult to set down as strictly conscious falsehoods, make this one of the most singular and fascinating books in existence. Here we read of the devout complacency with which Cellini could regard a satisfactorily achieved homicide; of the legion of devils which he and a conjuror evoked in the Colosseum, after one of his numerous mistresses had been spirited away from him by her mother; of the marvelous halo of light which he found surrounded his head at dawn and twilight after his Roman imprisonment. and his supernatural visions and angelic protection during that adversity, and of his being poisoned on two occasions."

THE ONION STEW.

I CONTINUED to work for the Pope [Clement VII.], executing now one trifle and now another, till he commissioned me to design a chalice of exceeding richness. So I made both drawing and model for the piece. The latter was constructed of wood and wax. Instead of the usual top, I fashioned three figures of a fair size in the round; they represented Faith, Hope and Charity. Corresponding to these, at the base of the cup, were three circular histories in bas-relief. One was the Nativity of Christ, the second the Resurrection, and the third Saint Peter crucified head downwards; for thus I had received commission. While I had this work in hand, the Pope was often pleased to look at it; wherefore, observing that his Holiness had never thought again of giving me anything, and knowing that a post in the Piombo was vacant, I asked for this one evening. The good Pope, quite oblivious of his extravagances at the termination of the last piece, said to me: "That post in the Piombo is worth more than eight hundred crowns a year, so that if I gave it you, you would spend your time in scratching your paunch, and your magnificent handicraft would be lost, and I should bear the blame." I replied at once thus: "Cats of a good breed mouse better when they are fat than starving; and likewise honest men who possess some talent, exercise it to far nobler purport when they have the wherewithal to live abundantly; wherefore princes who provide such folk with competences, let your Holiness take notice, are watering the roots of genius; for genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and scabby; and your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the place with the hope of getting it. Only too happy am I to have that miserable post of mace-bearer. On the other I built but castles in the air. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not care to give it me, to bestow it on a man of talent who deserves it, and not upon some fat ignoramus who will spend his time scratching his paunch, if I may quote your Holiness's own words. Follow the example of Pope Julius of illustrious memory, who conferred an office of the same kind upon Bramante, that most admirable architect."

Immediately on finishing this speech, I made my bow, and went off in a fury. Then Bastiano Veneziano the painter approached, and said: "Most blessed Father, may your Holiness be willing to grant it to one who works assiduously in the exercise of some talent; and as your Holiness knows that I am diligent in my art, I beg that I may be thought worthy of it." The Pope replied: "That devil Benvenuto will not brook rebuke. I was inclined to give it him, but it is not right to be so haughty with a Pope. Therefore I do not well know what I am to do." The Bishop of Vasona then came up, and put in a word for Bastiano, saying: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto is but young; and a sword becomes him better than a friar's frock. Let your Holiness give the place to this ingenious person Bastiano. Some time or other you will be able to bestow on Benvenuto a good thing, perhaps more suitable to him than this would be." Then the Pope, turning to Messer Bartolommeo Valori, told him: "When next you meet Benvenuto, let him know from me that it was he who got that office in the Piombo for Bastiano the painter, and add that he may reckon on obtaining the next considerable place that falls; meanwhile let him look to his behavior and finish my commissions."

The following evening, two hours after sundown, I met Messer Bartolommeo Valori at the corner of the Mint; he was preceded by two torches, and was going in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him. On my taking off my hat, he stopped and called me, and reported in the most friendly manner all the messages the Pope had sent me. I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than any I had yet attempted, but without the least hope of having any reward whatever from the Pope. Messer Bartolommeo reproved me, saying that this was not the way in which one ought to reply to the advances of a Pope. I answered that I should be mad to reply otherwise—mad if I based my hopes on such promises, being certain to get nothing. So I departed, and went off to my business.

Messer Bartolommeo must have reported my audacious speeches to the Pope, and more perhaps than I had really said; for his Holiness waited above two months before he sent for me, and during that while nothing would have induced me to go uncalled for to the palace. Yet he was dying with impatience to see the chalice, and commissioned Messer Ruberto Pucci to give heed to what I was about. That right worthy fellow came daily to visit me, and always gave me some kindly word, which I returned. The time was drawing nigh now for the Pope to travel toward Bologna; so at last, perceiving that I did not mean to come to him, he made Messer Ruberto bid me bring my work, that he might see how I was getting on. Accordingly, I took it; and having shown, as the piece itself proved, that the most important part was finished, I begged him to advance me five hundred crowns, partly on account, and partly because I wanted gold to complete the chalice. The Pope said: "Go on, go on at work till it is finished." I answered, as I took my leave, that I would finish it if he paid me the money. And so I went away.

When the Pope took his journey to Bologna, he left Cardinal Salviati as Legate of Rome, and gave him commission to push forward the work that I was doing, adding: "Benvenuto is a fellow who esteems his own great talents but slightly, and us less; look to it then that you keep him always going, so that I may find the chalice finished on my return."

That beast of a Cardinal sent for me after eight days, bidding me bring the piece up. On this I went to him without the piece. No sooner had I shown my face, than he called out: "Where is that onion-stew [hodge-podge] of yours? Have you got it ready?" I answered: "O most reverend Monsignor, I have not got my onion-stew ready, nor shall I make it ready, unless you give me onions to concoct it with." At these words, the Cardinal, who looked more like a donkey than a man, turned uglier by half than he was naturally, and wanting at once to cut the matter short, cried out: "I'll send you to a galley, and then perhaps you'll have the grace to go on with your labor." The bestial manners of the man made me a beast too, and I retorted: "Monsignor, send me to the galleys when I've done deeds worthy of them; but for my present neglect, I snap my fingers at your galleys; and what is more, I tell you that, just because of you, I will not set hand further to my piece. Don't send for me again, for I won't appear, no, not if you summon me by the police."

After this, the good Cardinal tried several times to let me know that I ought to go on working, and to bring him what I was doing to look at. I only told his messengers: "Say to Monsignor that he must send me onions, if he wants me to get my stew ready." Nor did I ever give any other answer; so that he threw up the commission in despair.

The Pope came back from Bologna, and sent at once for me, because the Cardinal had written the worst he could of my affairs in his despatches. He was in the hottest rage imaginable, and bade me come upon the instant with my piece. I obeyed. Now, while the Pope was staying at Bologna, I had suffered from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, so painful that I scarce could go on living for the torment; and this was the chief reason why I had not carried out my work. The trouble was so serious that I expected for certain to be left without my eyesight; and I had reckoned up the sum on which I could subsist, if I were blind for life. Upon the way to the Pope, I turned over in my mind what I should put forward to excuse myself for not having been able to advance his work. I thought that, while he was inspecting the chalice, I might tell him of my personal embarrassments. However, I was unable to do so; for when I arrived in the presence, he broke out coarsely at me: "Come here with your work; is it finished?" I displayed it; and his temper rising he exclaimed: "In God's truth I tell thee, thou that makest it thy business to hold no man in regard, that, were it not for decency and order, I would have thee and thy work chucked out of windows." Accordingly, when I perceived that the Pope had become no better than a vicious beast, my chief anxiety was how I could manage to withdraw from his presence. So, while he went on bullying, I tucked the piece beneath my cape, and muttered under my breath: "The whole world could not compel a blind man to execute such things as these." Raising his voice still higher, the Pope shouted: "Come here; what sayest thou?" I stayed in two minds, whether or not to dash at full speed down the staircase; then I took my decision and threw myself upon my knees, shouting as loudly as I could, for he too had not ceased from shouting: "If an infirmity has blinded me, am I bound to go on working?" He retorted: "You saw well enough to make your way hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say." I answered, for I noticed he had dropped his voice a little: "Let your Holiness inquire of your physician, and you will find the truth out." He said: "So ho! softly; at leisure we shall hear if what you say is so." Then, perceiving that he was willing to give me hearing, I added: "I am convinced that the only cause of this great trouble which has happened to me, is Cardinal Salviati; for he sent to me immediately after your Holiness's departure, and when I presented myself, he called my work a stew of onions, and told me he would send me to complete it in a galley; and such was the effect upon me of his knavish words, that in my passion I felt my face inflame, and so intolerable a heat attacked my eyes that I could not find my own way home. Two days afterwards, cataracts fell on both my eyes; I quite lost my sight, and since your Holiness's departure I have been unable to work at all."

Rising from my knees, I left the presence without further license. It was afterwards reported to me that the Pope had said: "One can give commissions, but not the prudence to perform them. I did not tell the Cardinal to go so brutally about this business. If it is true that he is suffering from his eyes, of which I shall get information through my doctor, one ought to make allowance for him." A great gentleman, intimate with the Pope, and a man of very distinguished parts, happened to be present. He asked who I was, using terms like these: "Most blessed Father, pardon if I put a question. I have seen you yield at one and the same time to the hottest anger I ever observed, and then to the warmest compassion: so I beg your Holiness to tell me who the man is; for if he is a person worthy to be helped, I can teach him a secret which may cure him of that infirmity." The Pope replied: "He is the greatest artist in his own craft that was ever born; one day, when we are together, I will show you some of his marvellous works, and the man himself to boot; and I shall be pleased if we can see our way toward doing something to assist him." Three days after this, the Pope sent for me after dinner-time, and I found that great noble in the presence. On my arrival, the Pope had my cope-button brought, and I in the meantime drew forth my chalice. The nobleman said, on looking at it, that he had never seen a more stupendous piece of work. When the button came, he was still more struck with wonder; and looking me straight in the face, he added: "The man is young, I trow, to be so able in his art, and still apt enough to learn much." He then asked me what my name was. I answered: "My name is Benvenuto." He replied: "And Benvenuto [welcome] shall I be this day to you. Take flower-de-luces, stalk, blossom, root, together; then decoct them over a slack fire, and with the liquid bathe your eyes several times a day, you will most certainly be cured of that weakness; but see that you purge first, and then go forward with the lotion." The Pope gave me some kind words, and so I went away half satisfied.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

WHEN we had passed Mount Simplon we found a river near a place called Indevedro. This river was very wide and rather deep, and crossed by a little narrow bridge without a parapet. There was a hard frost that morning, and when I reached the bridge—for I was in front of the rest, and saw that it was very dangerous—I ordered my young men and the servants to dismount and lead their horses by the bridle. Thus I passed the said bridge in safety, and went on talking with one of those two Frenchmen, who was a gentleman. The other was a notary, who had remained somewhat behind and jeered at that gentleman and at me, saying that for fear of nothing at all we had preferred the discomfort of going on foot; to whom I turned, and seeing him on the middle of the bridge, prayed him to come softly, for that it was a very dangerous place. This man, who could not help showing his French nature, said to me in French that I was a man of little courage, and that there was no danger at all. While he was saying these words he pricked his horse with the spur, through which means it suddenly slipped over the edge of the bridge, and fell close beside a large stone, turning over with its legs in the air; and as God very often shows compassion to fools, this beast, along with the other beast, his horse, fell into a great and deep hole, wherein both he and his horse went under water. As soon as I saw this I began to run, and with great difficulty leaped upon the stone aforesaid, and, holding on by it and hanging over the brink, I seized the edge of a gown which that man was wearing, and by that gown I pulled him up, while he was still under water; and because he had drunk a great quantity of water, and within a little would have been drowned, I, seeing him out of danger, told him I was rejoiced at having saved his life. Whereat he answered me that I had done nothing—that the most important thing were his parchments, which were worth much money. It seemed that he spoke thus in anger, all soaked through as he was, and muttering confusedly. At this I turned to the guides we had with us and promised to pay them if they would help this beast. One of the guides valorously, and with great difficulty, set himself to do what he could, and fished up all the parchments, so that he lost nothing; the other would not put himself to any trouble to help him.

GIACOMO SANNAZARO.

ARCADIA is synonymous in literature with the ideal land of poetic dreams. This use, though founded on ancient examples, was established for modern times by the pastoral of Sannazaro, written in mingled prose and verse. The author was born at Naples in 1458, and was early proficient in Greek and Latin, but was led by his love for Carmasina Bonifacia to celebrate her charms in her native tongue. He was patronized and rewarded by King Ferdinand and his successor, to whom he remained faithful even after the loss of the kingdom. He died in 1532.

ELEGY FROM THE ARCADIA.

O BRIEF as bright, too early blest,
Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,
Safe in the far-off mansions of the sky,
There, with that angel take thy rest,
Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there!
Together quaff the immortal joys on high,
Scorning our mortal destiny;
Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years;
By living fountains, and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with love.

Thine, other hills and other groves,
And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers ·
While, following other Loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond Nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphnis' and by Melibœus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide

With the sweet music made;
While the glad choirs, that round appear,
Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine,
As golden ears to the glad sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain!
Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume
The best and loftiest of his race,
Who may escape his doom?
What shepherd ever more shall grace
The world like him, and with his magic strain
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer floods?

King Alphonso of Naples.

O THOU, so long the Muse's favorite theme,
Expected tenant of the realms of light,
Now sunk for ever in eternal night,
Or recollected only to thy shame!
From my polluted page thy hated name
I blot, already on my loathing sight
Too long obtruded, and to purer white
Convert the destined record of thy fame.
On thy triumphant deeds far other strains
I hoped to raise; but thou defraud'st the song,
Ill-omened bird, that shunn'st the day's broad eye!
Go, then; and whilst the Muse thy praise disdains,
Oblivion's flood shall sweep thy name along,
And spotless and unstained the paper lie.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Period III. 1500–1600.

FRENCH Literature in the sixteenth century shows the profound effects of three great causes—the invention of printing, the revival of classical learning, and the attempts to reform the Church. The earlier writers of this time, especially the scurrilous Rabelais and the skeptical Montaigne, have already been treated.* The poets and the less prominent prose writers remain to be considered here. They belonged chiefly to the latter part of that tumultuous century. The attacks on the corruptions of the Church led to a reaction against Christianity, both scholastic and practical. Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, though a patron of the Reformation, is generally regarded as the author of the tales of "The Heptameron," a palpable imitation, in style and subject, of Boccaccio's "Decameron." It was not published, however, till after her death, and shows more literary power than the other works she had produced. The stories are occupied with the higher classes of society, and show a voluptuous refinement of manners, but a low state of morals.

In the middle of the century there was a remarkable movement among the poets of France. A group of seven men banded themselves together for the reduction of the French language, and especially French poetry, to the rules of the ancient classics. They became known by the classical name of the "Pléiade," which had been applied to seven poets of the court of the Ptolemies. Ronsard and Du Bellay

See Volume III., pp. 171–206.

were the leaders of the movement. They cast aside as unworthy the rude and vigorous ballads of Villon and established the forms and rules of verse which have since prevailed in French poetry. Pierre Ronsard was called "the Prince of Poets" by his contemporaries, and his odes were the first practical illustration of the aims and methods of the new school. But his epic, the "Franciade," though his most ambitious work, was an utter failure. The critical poet Boileau afterwards condemned Ronsard, but his merits have been recalled by recent writers. Joachim du Bellay was called "the Apollo of the Pléiade," and was esteemed equally as a poet and prose-writer. Rémy Belleau, a third of the stars, made many poetical translations, and was noted for his descriptions of country life. The other members of the Pléiade were of less account. It would be possible to select seven more poets of that age showing equal talent. Du Bartas was called "the Protestant Ronsard," and his "First Week," describing the Creation, went through many editions. It established the long Alexandrine of fourteen syllables as the verse for serious poetry in French. It was translated into English and had its effect upon Milton.

Agrippa d'Aubigné is noted both as a prose-writer and poet, but chiefly as an inflexible Huguenot, who remained attached to Henry IV., after the king, for the restoration of peace, professed conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. D' Aubigné was a vigorous satirist as well as historian, and did not spare even his royal master. His masterpiece is a series of poems called "Les Tragiques," treating of the religious wars and contemporary abuses.

The critical faculty which has ever been strong in France was manifested in a new movement for the reform of the French language. The grammarian Malherbe attempted to reduce it to strict rule. So successful were his instruction and example that his successor, the great critic Boileau, declared that classical literature began with Malherbe. All writing before that time was regarded as barbarous, unworthy of study or attention. Only in recent days has this verdict been set aside, and the merits of the older French poetry been recognized.

FRANCIS I.

The age of Francis I. was full of poetry as well as of momentous political events. The king himself was a lyrical poet, and the vellum manuscript of his songs is now in the National Library at Paris. Francis I. was born in 1494, and died in 1547.

The Brightness of his Lady.

As at my window—all alone—
I stood about the break of day,
Upon my left Aurora shone
To guide Apollo on his way.
Upon my right I could behold
My love, who combed her locks of gold;
I saw the lustre of her eyes,
And, as a glance on me she cast,
Cried, "Gods, retire behind your skies,
Your brightness is by hers surpassed.

As gentle Phœbe, when at night
She shines upon the earth below,
Pours forth such overwhelming light,
All meaner orbs must faintly glow,
Thus did my lady, on that day,
Eclipse Apollo's brighter ray,
Whereat he was so sore distressed,
His face with clouds he overcast,
And I exclaimed, "That course is best,—
Your brightness is by hers surpassed."

Then happiness my bosom cheered;
But soon Apollo shone once more,
And in my jealous rage I feared
He loved the fair one I adore.
And was I wrong?—Nay, blame who can,
When jealous of each mortal man,
The love of gods can I despise,?
I hope to conquer fear at last,
By crying, "Keep behind your skies,
Ye gods, your brightness is surpassed!"

MARGUERITE OF NAVARRE.

THE reputed author of the Heptameron is known in history by three names: Marguerite d'Angoulême from her family; Marguerite de Valois from her house, and Marguerite of Navarre from the kingdom, claimed but not enjoyed by her husband. She was the sister of Francis I., and was two years his senior, being born in 1492. The Heptameron had circulated in manuscript, but was not published until after her death in 1549; but the gossipy Brantôme distinctly avers: "The Queen of Navarre composed most of these novels in her litter as she traveled; for her hours of retirement were employed in affairs of importance. I have heard this account from my grandmother who always went with her in her litter, as her lady of honor, and held her standish for her; and she wrote them down as quickly and readily, or rather more so, than if they had been dictated to her." The second edition was dedicated by Claude Gruget, the editor, to Marguerite's only daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV. Some scholars to-day hold the belief, nevertheless, that Des Périers, Marot and the wits of Marguerite's Court wrote these licentious tales for her, she supplying only the more pious prologues and epilogues, and maybe a few of the less questionable stories.

Marguerite's other literary relics consist of a collection of poems styled "Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses" (The Pearls of the Pearl of Princesses), and her Letters. In Paris she was the chief patroness of literature. After the death of her first husband, Charles, Duc d'Alençon, she wedded Henri d' Albret, King of Navarre; but Francis I. never succeeded in reconquering that kingdom for them as he had promised. Marguerite was possessed by a mystical pietism, and was a protector for the Reformers; still she saw no harm in her "Second Decameron," as she intended to entitle her great work in imitation of Boccaccio. She had collected only seventy-two tales for it, however, and Gruget rechristened it the Heptameron. Marguerite, called by Francis "Ma Mignonne," was more than tolerant of the illicit amours in which her royal brother openly revelled. She even pronounced, in her "Débat d'Amour," a pompous eulogy on one royal mistress, Madame d' Etampes. Her husband treated her most roughly. The Sorbonne passed a secret censure on her.

Of the seventy-two tales of the Heptameron Dunlop declares that "few of them are original; for, except about half-a-dozen which are historically true, and are mentioned as having fallen under the observation of the Queen of Navarre, they may all be traced to the Fabliaux, the Italian novels, and the Hundred Ancient Tales." But in her prologue the queen declares that all the tales are founded on fact. Certainly some of them are only half-veiled scandals of the court of Francis I. Brantôme analyzes a number of the stories and gives many purportedly real names of the masked characters. He assures us that the queen portrayed herself as a Princess of Flanders, relating the audacious attempt made upon her chastity by Admiral de Bonnivet. Madame Oisille, for instance, appears to be Marguerite's mother, Louise of Savoy. Oisille relates many of the tales of the Franciscans or Cordeliers. In this typical work of the age stories and comments of a very ticklish nature are characteristically mingled with the most pious reflections. The framework of the series of tales is inferior to that of Boccacio's fugitives from the Florentine plague. In the Heptameron ten French ladies and gentlemen, intercepted by a perilous inundation on their return from the baths of Cauterets, take shelter in a monastery of the Pyrenees. La Fontaine has drawn appreciably upon this store of tales. "The Heptameron" must be pronounced to be, however, a weak sort of Decameron. The exact original version was first published from the manuscript as late as 1853.

The Rejected Bridegroom.

In the town of Valencia there lived a gentleman who during five or six years had loved a lady so perfectly that neither of them was hurt in honor nor in conscience thereby; for his intention was to make her his wife,—and reasonably enough, as he was handsome, rich and of a noble house, and had not placed himself at her service without first making known his desire to arrange a marriage with the good-will of her friends; and these, being assembled for that purpose, found the match in every way fitting, if the girl herself should be of their mind. But she, either hoping to find a better, or wishing to hide the love she had for the youth, discovered an obstacle; so the company was broken up, not without regretting that she could not give the affair a better ending, seeing that on both sides the match was good. But, above all assembled, the poor gentleman was wroth, who could have borne his misfortune patiently had he believed the fault to lie with her friends and not with her: but knowing the truth (to believe which were more bitter than death), he returned home without a word to his lady-love or to any other there; and having put some order in his affairs, he went away into a desolate place, where he sought with pains and trouble to forget this affection, and to turn it wholly to the love of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to which affection he was, without comparison, the more obliged. And during this time he never heard either from his lady or from her friends; therefore he resolved, having failed in the happiest life he could have hoped, to take and choose the most austere and disagreeable; and full of this sad thought, which one might call despair, he went to become a monk at a Franciscan monastery, close to which lived several of his friends.

These friends, having heard of his despair, made every effort to hinder his resolve; but so firmly was it rooted in his heart, they could not turn him from it. Nevertheless, knowing his ailment, they thought to find the medicine, and went to her who was the cause of his sudden devotion. They found her much bewildered and astonished at their news, for she had meant her refusal, which was but for a time, to test the true love of her lover, and not to lose it forever; and seeing the evident danger of this, she sent him an epistle, which, rudely rendered, runs as follows:

Because, unless it well be proven, love
As strong and loyal no one can approve,
I wished to wait till proven to my mind
Was that I longed so ardently to find.
A husband full of perfect love it was
That I desired, a love that would not pass;
And so I begged my parents not to haste,
Still to delay, let one year, two years, waste
Before I played the game that must endure
Till death, which many a one repents, for sure.
  I never said I would not have your love;
So great a loss I was not dreaming of,
For certes, none but you I loved at all—
None other would I lord and husband call.
Ah me! my love, what bitterness to say
That thou without a word art gone away!
A narrow cell, a convent life austere,—
These are your choice; oh, misery to hear!
Now must I change my office pleading so,
As once in guileless words you used to do—
Requiring that which was of me required,
Acquiring him by whom I was acquired.
Nay, now, my love, life of the life of me,
I do not care to live bereft of thee.
  Ah! turn again thy distant eyes to mine;
Turn on thy steps, if so thy will incline.
Leave thou the cowl of gray, the life austere;
All of my love and all my heart are here,
By thee so many times so much desired.
Time hath not changed my heart, it hath not tired.
For thee, for thee alone, I keep my heart,
And that must break if thou must keep apart.
Come, then, again return; believe thy dear;
Consider in thy mind how many a year
We might be happy, joined in holy marriage;
And me believe, and not thy cruel courage.
Be sure I never meant to say or do

A word to wound, a deed to make thee rue.
I meant to make you happy, dear, enough,
When I had full assurance of your love.
And now, indeed, my heart is fixed and sure;
Thy firmness, faith and patience to endure,
And over all, thy love I know and see,
And they have gained me wholly, dear, to thee,
Come, now, and take the thing that is thine own;
For thine am I, and be thou mine alone.

This letter, carried by one of his friends, along with all possible remonstrances, was received by the gentleman Franciscan with a very mournful countenance, and with so many sighs and tears it seemed as though he meant to burn or drown the poor little letter. But he made no answer to it, telling the messenger that the overcoming of his extreme passion had cost him so dear that he now neither cared to live nor feared to die; wherefore he begged her who had been the occasion of his grief, since she had not chosen to gratify the passion of his great desires, not to torment him now that he was quit of them, but to content herself with the evil done, for which he could find no other remedy than the choice of this rude life, whose continual penance put his sorrow out of mind, and by fasts and discipline enfeebled his body so that the remembrance of death had become his sovereign consolation; and, above all, he prayed her never to let him hear any news of her, for even the memory of her name had become an insupportable purgatory to him. The gentleman returned with this mournful answer, delivering it to her, who could not hear it without incredible regret.

But Love, which lets not the spirit fail until it is in extremity, put it into her fancy that if she could only see him, the sight of her and the voice of her would have more force than writing. Wherefore, accompanied by her father and the nearest of her kin, she set out for the monastery where he dwelt, having left nothing that could heighten the aspect of her beauty; and sure she felt that if he could but see her once and hear her speak, it would be impossible that the flame so long continued in their hearts should not light up again,.and stronger than before. Therefore, entering the monastery about the end of vespers, she had him called to a chapel in the cloisters. He, knowing not who was asking for him, went to fight the hardest battle he had ever fought. And when she saw him, all pale and undone, so that she scarcely knew him again, yet filled none the less with a grace no less amiable than before, then love constrained her to stretch out her arms, thinking to embrace him; but the pity of seeing him in such a state sent such a sudden weakness to her heart that she fell down fainting. Then the poor monk, who was not destitute of brotherly charity, lifted her up and placed her on a seat which was in the chapel. And he himself, who no less needed succor, made as if he felt no passion, strengthening his heart in the love of his God against the opportunity that tempted him, so that he seemed, from his countenance, to be ignorant of that which he saw.

The lady, coming to life again, turned on him her eyes, that were so beautiful and piteous they would have softened stone, and began to tell him all the thoughts she had to draw him from that place; to which he answered in the most virtuous manner that he could. But in the end the poor monk, feeling his heart melt before the abundant tears of his darling (as one who sees Love, the cruel archer, whose wound he has long suffered from, make ready his golden arrow to strike him in a fresh and mortal part), even so he fled away from Love and his beloved, as though the only force left to him lay in flight. And being shut in his chamber, not wishing to let her go without some resolution taken, he wrote to her a few words in Spanish, and these words he sent to her by a little novice, who found her still in the chapel in such despair that had it been lawful for her to take the veil in that monastery, she would have stayed. But on seeing the writing, which said, "Return whence thou camest, my heart, for among the sad lives is mine." Knowing by these words that all her hopes had failed, she determined to follow the counsel of him and of her friends, and returned home, to lead there as melancholy a life as her lover spent austerely in his monastery.

Thus you see, ladies, the vengeance this gentleman took on his hard-hearted love, who, thinking to make an experiment of his truth, drove him to despair in such a manner that when she would she could not have him again.

"I am sorry," said Nomerfide, "that he did not doff his cowl and marry her; for then, methinks, there would have been a perfect marriage."

"Of a truth," said Simontault, "I think he was very wise; for one who has well considered the married state will not esteem it less vexatious than an austere devotion; and he, so greatly weakened by fasts and abstinences, feared to take upon him such a life-long burden."

"It seems to me," said Hircan, "she did very wrong to so weak a man in trying to tempt him with marriage; that is too much for the strongest man in the world. But had she only spoken of love and friendship, with no other bondage than that of will, there is no cord that would not have been broken nor knot untied; yet, seeing that for escape from purgatory she offered him hell, I think he had good reason to refuse."

"In faith," said Emarsuitte, "there are many who intending to do better than others, do worse; or, at least, the very reverse of what they would."

THE PLÉIADE.

SEVEN Greek poets of Alexandria had been named the Pleiades, after the constellation of the sailing stars. From them the first French school of classical poets took its name. It was called into being by Joachim du Bellay (1524–1560), and shone in its most refulgent glory in Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585). Both of these poets were born in the same year, and both, as well as a brother-Pléiad, Rémy Belleau, were extremely deaf. The minor stars of this classic galaxy were Jean Daurat (1507–1588), Jean Antoine de Baif, Pontus de Tyard and Etienne Jodelle. The honor of being the founder of this Parnassian society is assigned to Daurat, who might be Rabelais's Limousin, since he was born in Limoges and was brought before Francis I. He became director of the Collège de Coqueret, where he had Ronsard, Baif, Belleau and Tyard for pupils. Ronsard, later, recruited Du Bellay, and Jodelle, the father of the classical French tragedy, was the last to join. Daurat was styled "the royal poet" by King Charles IX., but his verses scarcely deserve mention.

The first real poet of the Pléiade, the sounder of its keynote, Joachim du Bellay, proclaimed the new literary programme in his "Defence et Illustration de la langue française," which appeared in 1549, only five years after the death of Clement Marot. It was not only one of the earliest pieces of literary criticism in French, but, as Van Laun asserts, "the first articulate profession of the classical theory of French poetry, and marked the inauguration of a literary epoch in verse which was (despite Malherbe's criticism) only to be overthrown completely by the poets of the Cénacle in the early years of this nineteenth century." The Pléiade set an artificial neo-classical style so decided that, says the same critic, "for upwards of two hundred years France had no poet of superlative genius or originality. . . . The man who consents to lace and pad his body, to wear stays and a wig, may look excellently well in a minuet or court dance, but the free play of the limbs, the natural agility and vigor which he might have enjoyed, must be sacrificed on the shrine of his adopted fashion." Joachim du Bellay was a nephew of the Cardinal du Bellay, Rabelais's powerful friend and protector. He was born, quite prophetically, at Lyre. Confined to his bed by a long illness, he turned for solace to the Latin and Greek poets, and soon burned to imitate them in French. In his "Defence et Illustration" he sounds the trumpet call:

"Thither, then, O Frenchmen, advance courageously towards that illustrious Roman city, and with the booty plundered from her, as you have more than once done, adorn your temples and your altars. Fear no more those cackling geese, that fierce Manlius and that traitor Camillus. . . . Enter that false-tongued Greece, and plant there once again the famous nation of Gallo-Greeks. Pillage without scruple the sacred treasures of that Delphic temple, as you did of old, and fear no more that dumb Apollo, his false oracles and his rebounding arrows. . . . Leave all these old French poems to the Floral Games of Toulouse, and to the *puy* (dramatic festivals) of Rouen; such as rondeaus, ballades, virelais, royal songs, lays, and other such spicy things, which corrupt the taste of our language, and are of no other value than to bear witness to our ignorance."

Du Bellay himself cultivated the sonnet, which he was the first French poet to use with fluency. His love-sonnets, "L'Olive," celebrate in Petrarchian fashion a mistress Viole, and his "Les Regrets" tell of his fiery passion in Rome for a married beauty, who passes under the poetic title of Columbelle. For these amatory poems he was crowned as the French Ovid. His other poems have a certain force and sublimity that appealed to Edmund Spenser, who translated sixty of the Roman sonnets into English. Du Bellay's "Winnowers' Hymn" has been declared to be one of the loveliest lyrics of the age. The admiring Spenser annexed the following envoi to his translation of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"Bellay, first garland of free Poesie
  That France brought forth, thou fruitfull of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
  That long hast travel'd by thy learned wits
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
  And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
  That can to others give eternall days:
Thy dayes therefore are endless, and thy praise
  Excelling all that ever went before."

The greatest of the poets of the Pléiade was, however, Ronsard, a native of the Vendôme, who was Du Bellay's particular intimate to the end, despite a quarrel over the priority in a new form of ode. While Du Bellay died Archbishop of Bordeaux, and was buried in Notre Dame, Ronsard's father was "maitre d'hotel" to Francis the First, and the young Pierre began as a page to the king's son, Charles, Duke of Orleans. Traveling with the Duke to England, Ronsard may have met there those pioneers of English song—Wyatt, Surrey and Gabriel Harvey. Deserting Mars for the Muses, he placed himself under Daurat, with Baif as a fellow-student. For seven years he devoted himself to Latin and Greek. He was the latest of the famous seven to sing, not publishing his four books of odes until 1550. He asked to be crowned the first French lyricist, and such is the inscription on the monument erected to his memory in 1872. Montaigne declared that in Ronsard French poetry had attained its standard and could not advance beyond him. He was hailed as the Pindar, the Petrarch of France. Marguerite of Savoy accepted the dedication of both his "Hymns" and his "Amours." Queen Elizabeth sent him a diamond. Even Tasso forwarded him the first outline of "Jerusalem Delivered." Nor was Ronsard in any danger from the Catholic court. His "Discourse about the Miseries of these Times," directed against the Calvinists, won him the public thanks of Catharine de Medici, and she also suggested the publication of his heroic poem, the "Franciade" (1572). This epic appeared only twenty days after the St. Bartholomew massacre. Ronsard purposed to prolong it in twenty-four books, tracing the glories of the French kings from Francion, a child of Hector and a Trojan by birth. When but four books had been finished Charles IX. died, and the disheartened court-poet laid aside his task. Ronsard, praised by Andrew Lang to-day as "Prince of Poets," boasted not only that he had labored indefatigably for his mother tongue, but that he had put her poetry into such shape that "the French could rival the Romans and Greeks." He ended his days as a priest in Tours.

Of De Baif, who founded the AcadémieeRoyale de Musique and was a wealthy courtier, it may be added that he was a delicate rhymer of "amours, sports and pastimes." Belleau wrote pastorals, and has been styled the French Herrick.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

(By Joachim du Bellay. Translated by Edmund Spenser.)

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding down
  From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
  The careful thoughts of mortal miseries;
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
  On that great river's bank that runs by Rome;

Which, calling me by name, bade me to rear
  My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come.
And, crying loud, "Lo! now behold," quoth he,
  "What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!"
  So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Since only God surmounts all time's decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
  An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
  All wrought with diamond after Doric wise:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
  But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
  One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase:
Gold was the *parget;* and the ceiling bright [*wall-covering*
  Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
  O world's vainness! While thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruin great.

Then did a sharp spire of diamond bright,
  Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his height,
  So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
  Made of the metal which we most do honor;
And in this golden vessel couchéd were
  The ashes of a mighty emperor:
Upon four corners of the base were *pight,* [*fixed*
  To bear the frame, four great lions of gold;
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight.
  Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

I saw a wolf under a rocky cave
  Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
  While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:

I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
And, roaming through the field with greedy rage,
T' imbrue her teeth and claws with lukewarm blood
Of the small herds, her thirst for to assuage:
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
That with an hundred spears her flank wide rended:
I saw her on the plain outstretched lie,
Throwing out a thousand throbs in her own soil;
Soon on a tree uphanged I saw her spoil.

THE WINNOWERS' HYMN.

In this hymn, by Du Bellay, the winds are invoked by the winnowers of the wheat.

To you, troop so fleet,
That with wingéd wandering feet,
Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of spring
In woods and grass,
Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

THE LOVERS' PRAYER TO VENUS.

(By Joachim Du Bellay.)

We that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,
New wedded in the village by thy fane,
Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is
We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,
A sign and sacrifice; may Love, we pray,

Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay;
Like these cool lilies, may our loves remain
Perfect and pure and know not any stain;
And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,
Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

April.

(By Rémy Belleau.)

April, pride of woodland ways,
Of glad days,
April, bringing hope of prime,
To the young flowers that beneath
Their bud sheath
Are guarded in their tender time;

April, pride of fields that be
Green and free,
That in fashion glad and gay,
Stud with flowers, red and blue,
Every hue,
Their jeweled spring array;

April, pride of murmuring
Winds of spring,
That beneath the winnowed air,
Trap with subtle nets and sweet
Flora's feet,
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair;

April, by thy hand caressed,
From her breast
Nature scatters everywhere
Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,
Buds and blooms,
Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,
Clothes with flowers
Over all her locks of gold
My sweet Lady; and her breast
With the blest
Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles,
Like the smiles,
Smiles of Venus; and thy breath
Like her breath, the Gods' delight,
(From their height
They take the happy air beneath);

It is thou that, of thy grace,
From their place
In the far-off isles dost bring
Swallows over earth and sea,
Glad to be
Messengers of thee and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,
And woodbine,
Lily, violet, and rose,
Plentiful in April fair,
To the air
Their pretty petals do unclose.

Nightingales ye now may hear,
Piercing clear,
Singing in the deepest shade;
Many and many a babbled note
Chime and float,
Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,
Spring sets free
Ancient flames, and with low breath
Wakes the ashes gray and old
That the cold
Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest, in the warm
Hours, the swarm
Of the thievish bees, that flies
Evermore from bloom to bloom
For perfume,
Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,
Fruits almost

Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,
Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,
That complete
Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise,
To these days,
Named with the glad name of Her*
That from out the foam o' the sea
Came to be
Sudden light on earth and air.

THE WREATH OF ROSES.

THIS poem and the four following pieces are by Pierre Ronsard, and are, with one exception, translated by Andrew Lang.

I SEND you here a wreath of blossoms blown
And woven flowers at sunset gathered,
Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known,
That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flowerlike, and brief of days, as the flower sown.
Ah, time is flying, lady—time is flying;
Nay, 'tis not time that flies, but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were;
Be therefore kind, my love, while thou art fair.

THE ROSE.

SEE, Mignonne, hath not the Rose,
That this morning did unclose
Her purple mantle to the light,
Lost, before the day be dead,
The glory of her raiment red,
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

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* Aphrodite, from which name the poet incorrectly supposes April is derived.

Ah, Mignonne, in how few hours,
The petals of her purple flowers
  All have faded, fallen, died;
Sad Nature, mother ruinous,
That seest thy fair child perish thus
  'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, my darling, speaking sooth,
Gather the fleet flower of your youth,
  Take your pleasure at the best;
Be merry ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it,
  Like roses that were loveliest.

To His Young Mistress.

Fair flower of fifteen springs, that still
  Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
  A heart so full of hardihood,
    Seeking to hide in friendly wise
    The mischief of your mocking eyes.

If you have pity, child, give o'er;
  Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate, setting so little store
  On this your captive from Love's sea,
    Holding his misery for gain,
    And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,
  But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace,
  My heart would give her of Love's due;
    And she shall have it, since I find
    That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay, I would rather that it died,
  Within your white hands prisoning,
Would rather that it still abide
  In your ungentle comforting,
    Than change its faith, and seek to her
    That is more kind, but not so fair.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

WHEN you are very old, and by the candle's flame,
Sitting beside the fire, you talk and spin and sing
My songs o' nights, then you will say, half wondering:
"Ronsard in bygone days hath sung my beauty's fame."

When those around thee hear this word, no serving dame
Of thine, already at her task half slumbering,
But at the echo of my name awakening,
With everlasting praise shall rise and bless thy name.

But I, a formless ghost within the earth full deep,
Beneath the myrtle shadows I shall lie asleep;
While thou before the fire art crouching, old and gray,
Weeping for my lost love and for thy proud disdain.
Wait not the morrow, but live now, if thou wilt deign
To hear me; pluck the roses of thy life to-day.

HIS LADY'S DEATH.

TWAIN that were foes, while Mary lived, are fled;
One laurel-crowned abides in heaven, and one
Beneath the earth has fared, a fallen sun,
A light of love among the loveless dead.
The first is Chastity, that vanquishèd
The archer Love, that held joint empery
With the sweet beauty that made war on me,
When laughter of lips with laughing eyes was wed.
Their strife the Fates have closed, with stern control,
The earth holds her fair body, and her soul
An angel with glad angels triumpheth;
Love has no more that he can do; desire
Is buried, and my heart a faded fire,
And for Death's sake, I am in love with Death.

BRANTÔME.

PIERRE DE BOURDEILLES, Seigneur de Brantôme (1540–1614), has been aptly styled by Van Laun as "the Grammont and the Pepys of his age, who, if he could have kept his eyes upon its best rather than upon its worst features, might possibly have been its Plutarch.'' As it is, his works furnish an admirable picture of the general court life of his time, with its undisguised and unblushing profligacy. Brantôme was the third son of the Viscount de Bourdeilles, and he was brought up in the court of Marguerite of Navarre. That princess's nephew, King Henri II., bestowed on Pierre de Bourdeilles the abbey of Brantôme, but to the end of his life the recipient remained more a refined courtier than a proper abbé. Early in life he had espoused the profession of arms, only to lay them down after the death of Charles IX. On the field he had proved himself a brave soldier, a fact which later, no doubt, caused him to be chosen as one of the companions of Mary Queen of Scots in her voyage from France to Scotland. To the last he idolized Mary as a martyr, the victim of "lies and abuse." But, alas, he also made idols of Catharine de Medici and the dissolute Marguerite of Valois, wife of Henry IV. The fact is that he was essentially a courtier of his age, who could not truly perceive the stains on the *dames galantes* and *hommes illustres* of his worship. Nevertheless this very unconscious view of them adds a piquancy to his gallery of portraits ; and although his scandals and chronicles are not of the most trustworthy, yet as a whole they furnish an almost unexampled picture of the times. It is a satisfaction to read Rabelais in the light of Brantôme. His style is naïve and conversational, and he does not neglect the foreign captains and duels he has seen in dwelling on the picturesque and vivacious annals of the court of the Valois.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LEAVING FRANCE.

WHEN the beginning of autumn had come, it was necessary that the queen who had been delaying should leave France. She set out by land to Calais, accompanied by my lords her uncles and my lord of Nemours, and by most of the grand and honorable persons of the court, together with the ladies, as Madame de Guise and others, all regretting and weeping with abundant tears the loss of such a queen.

She found in port two galleys, one belonging to my Lord de Mevillon, the other to Captain d'Albize, and two ships of burden. This was the entire fleet, and after six days' rest at Calais, having said her sad and mournful adieus to all the grand company which was there, from the highest to the lowest, she embarked, having with her her uncles, my lords d'Aumale, Grand Prior, and d'Elben, and my Lord Damville, now my Lord Constable, and most of the nobility of us that were with her in the galley of my Lord de Mevillon, as being the better and finer.

Just when she was wishing to begin leaving the harbor, and the oars were commencing to turn, she saw a ship put out to sea, and full in view sink and perish before her, and the greater part of the sailors drowned, through not having well learned the current and the ground. Seeing this, she cried out at once, "Ah, God! what an omen for a voyage is this!" The galley having left the harbor, and a slight wind having arisen, they set sail, and the oars had rest. She, without thinking of other action, leaned her arms on the stern of the galley beside the helm, and melted in a flood of tears, steadfastly casting her lovely eyes on the harbor and the town which she had left, ever and anon uttering these sad words, "Adieu, France!—adieu, France!"—repeating them at every turn. This mournful fit lasted nearly five hours, until night began to come on, and they asked her if she would not move from the spot and take some food. Then redoubling her weeping more than ever, she said, "It is at this hour I lose you forever from sight, dear France, since the dark night is jealous of my beholding you as long as I could, and draws a black veil before my eyes to deprive me of such a joy. Adieu, then, my dear France; when I lose you from sight, I shall see you nevermore!" Thus she withdrew, saying that she had done just the opposite to Dido, who did nothing but gaze upon the sea, when Æneas departed from her, while she looked steadily at the land.

The queen resolved to lie down without eating, and would not descend to the cabin in the stern; but they prepared the deck of the galley above the stern for her, and there arranged her couch. There resting a little, yet not forgetting her sighs and tears, she directed the helmsman, as soon as it should be day, if he still saw or descried the land of France, that he should awake her and not fear to call her. In this fortune favored her, for the wind having ceased, and recourse being had to the oars, they made little way that night; so that when daylight appeared the coast of France was still in view, and the helmsman did not neglect the command she had given. She rose on her couch, and again began to watch the shore of France as long as she could. But as the galley withdrew she lost this solace, and saw no more her beautiful land. Then again she repeated those words, "Adieu, France! It is finished. Adieu, France! I feel that I shall see you nevermore!" She even expressed a wish at that time that an English fleet should appear and so threaten us, that she might be compelled to fall behind and escape to the harbor whence she had set out. But in this matter God did not favor her desires.

Without any hindrance we arrived at Little Luc (the port of Leith.) As for the voyage, I shall mention this little incident, that the first evening after we embarked the Lord of Chastelard (who was afterwards executed in Scotland for his overboldness, and not for a crime; he was a well-bred cavalier, a good soldier, and a good scholar) when he saw them lighting the lantern of the galley, used this witty remark: that there was no need of that lantern nor of a torch to lighten us on the sea, for the beautiful eyes of the queen were bright and brilliant enough to light up all the sea with their beautiful fires, without even setting fire to them for any need.

It should be noted, that a day before the Sunday morning on which we arrived in Scotland, there sprang up so great a fog that we could not see from the stern to the prow, in consequence of which the pilot and his comrades were astonished, so that it was necessary to cast anchor in the open sea, and to take soundings to know where we were. This fog lasted a day and a night, until the next morning at eight o'clock, when we found ourselves surrounded by a large number of rocks; so that if we had gone ahead or aside we should have struck them, and should have all perished. But the Queen said, that for her part she would not have been troubled nor wished for anything so much as death, but that she should not wish or desire that for the welfare of the kingdom of Scotland. On the morning after the lifting of this fog, when we recognized and viewed the coast of Scotland, there were some augured from that fog that we were going to land in a kingdom full of confusion and quarrels and misfortunes.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HISTORIANS still dispute the character and actions of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. She lived in a time of the bitterest religious controversy, and was firmly attached to the Roman Church. Though heiress of the Scottish crown, she had been married to the dauphin of France, and would have preferred to remain in that sunny land had fate permitted. On the death of Francis II. she was obliged to return to Scotland to take an active part in the conflict with a rude and turbulent people. In the bleak and dreary Northern land there was little to attract the youthful lover of gayeties, such as she had shared in the French court. No wonder that she gave her affection to the foreigners who ministered to her pleasures, and roused the hatred of the fickle Darnley, whom she had been persuaded to marry. Whatever may have been her ambition with regard to the English crown, she bitterly expiated in prison and on the scaffold any offence she had committed. The few literary relics she has left are in the French language.

On the Death of Her Husband, Francis II.

In accents sad and low,
  And tones of soft lament,
I breathe the bitterness of woe
  O'er this sad chastisement:
With many a mournful sigh
The days of youth steal by.

Was e'er such stern decree
  Of unrelenting fate?
Did merciless adversity
  E'er blight so fair a state
As mine, whose heart and eye
In bier and coffin lie,—

Who, in the gentle spring
  And blossom of my years,
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting,
  Sadness, and grief, and tears,—
Thoughts, that alone inspire
Regret and soft desire?

What once was blithe and gay,
  Changed into grief I see;
The glad and glorious light of day
  Is darkness unto me:
The world—the world has naught
That claims a passing thought.

Deep in my heart and eye
  A form and image shine,
Which shadow forth wan misery
  On this pale cheek of mine,
Tinged with the violet's blue,
Which is love's favorite hue.

Where'er my footsteps stray,
  In mead or wooded vale,
Whether beneath the dawn of day,
  Or evening twilight pale,—
Still, still my thoughts ascend
To my departed friend.

If towards his home above
  I raise my mournful sight,
I meet his gentle look of love
  In every cloud of white;
But straight the watery cloud
Changes to tomb and shroud.

When midnight hovers near,
  And slumber seals mine eyes,
His voice still whispers in mine ear,
  His form beside me lies;
In labor, in repose,
My heart his presence knows.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL, beloved France to thee,
    Best native land!
    The cherished strand
That nursed my tender infancy!
Farewell, my childhood's happy day!
The bark that bears me thus away
  Bears but the poorer moiety hence;
The nobler half remains with thee,—
  I leave it to thy confidence,
But to remind thee still of me!

FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE.

THE great French critic who trampled the laurels of Ronsard and the Pléiade in the dust was François de Malherbe (1555–1618). He clasped the fetters of a new formalism on French verse—shackles not to be broken until the rise of Victor Hugo and Romanticism. The Græco-Gallic innovations of the Pléiade were certainly far too luxuriant, but the modern verdict has sided with Ronsard against Malherbe. Malherbe's own poems are all contained in a thin little volume of small intrinsic merit outside of a few severely polished gems, such as the poem "Consolation à Du Perrier," addressed to an old Provençal friend on the loss of his daughter. But while Malherbe was by no means so splendid a poet as Ronsard, he was vastly superior to the minor Pléiadists and their grotesque imitators; and if his cold formalism sinned against the true poetic spirit, it may well be doubted whether the great romantic school of the early nineteenth century which rose so triumphantly against the slavery of his rules, could really have been, had Malherbe not first have swept away the exaggerated conceits of his predecessors and early contemporaries. He was thirty years old when Ronsard died, and the latest survivor of the Pléiade—Desportes—lived to grace Malherbe's pillory. The critic, indeed, did not hesitate to insult this worthy elder poet at his own table. "Your soup is better than your 'Psalms,'" he once said to his host. The anecdote sheds a vivid light on the insolent character of Malherbe. He was a servile flatterer of the great, an obstinate suitor for favors, and yet a bearish fellow to his equals. His criticism is infected with jealousy, and is frequently downright unfair. The eldest son of a king's counsellor in the magistracy of Caen, he swore to "degasconize" French poetry, that is, to free it from the infection of the Troubadours. His ungratefulness is visible in the fact that after dedicating a collection of servile verses to King Henry III., he libelled that monarch. His success dates from his submissive courtiership to Marie de Medici. His friend Recan wrote a Boswell-like life of him, while Regnier, Desportes' half-vagabond nephew, of all men, defended the Pléiade that had condemned Villon, and embalmed the great satirist in a supreme satire. Regnier declared that to judge and write poetry after Malherbe's fashion, "is to make prose of poetry and poetry of prose." But Boileau, in his summary of the origin of French poetry, praised Malherbe's life labors as a critic in his sententious and famous line, "At last arrived Malherbe."

PHYLLIS AND GLYCERA.

PHYLLIS sees me pine away,
Sees my ravished senses stray,
Down my cheeks the tear-drops creeping.
When she seeks the cause of pain,
Of her charms she is so vain,
That she thinks for her I'm weeping.

Sorry I should be, forsooth,
Did I vex her with the truth.
Yet it surely is permitted
Just to point out her mistakes,
When herself the cause she makes
Of a crime she ne'er committed.

'T was a wondrous school, no doubt,
Where she found her beauty out,
Which, she thinks, can triumph o'er me;
So that deeming her divine,
I can languish, weep and pine,
With so plain a truth before me.

Mine would be an easy case
If a happy resting place
In her den she could insure me;
Then for solace to my woe
Far I should not have to go,—
E'en the vilest herbs might cure me.

'Tis from Glycera proceeds
Grief with which my bosom bleeds
Beyond solace or assistance.
Glycera commands my fate,
As she pleases to dictate,
Death is near or at a distance.

Sure of ice that heart is made
Which no pity can invade,
Even for a single minute;
But whatever faults I see,
In my soul still bideth she,—
Room for thee is not within it.

Consolation for a Daughter's Death.

The following is translated from his "Consolation à Du Perrier," written to a friend who had lost his only daughter.

I know with what delights her infancy was filled,
And I have not undertaken,
As hurtful friend, to console thy grief,
By making light of it.

Yet she was of this world, where the finest things
  Have the sorest fate;
And a rose herself, she has lived as the roses
  The brief space of a morning.

. . . . . .

For me, already twice have I been maimed
  By the like fire from heaven,
And twice has reason fortified my soul
  That I lament no more.

Yet it is pain to me, because the tomb
  Owns what I held so dear;
But that which knows no remedy should be
  Devoid of idle plaint.

Death has his cruel terrors unsurpass'd;
  In vain we sue for grace,
The harsh oppressor shuts his ruthless ears,
  And lets his victims sue.

The wretch half-sheltered by his roof of straw
  Is subject to his will;
No faithful guard who stands at Louvre's gate
  Can shield the heads of kings.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA.*

THE "Heimskringla," or "Round World," is a work of great historic interest, being the sagas of the kings of Norway. Snorri's preface to this bead-roll of honor begins with this short summary of what was known of "parts of the earth :"

"The round world, wherein mankind dwell, is much sheared apart by gulfs; great seas go from the outer sea into the earth, and men know surely that a sea goeth from Niorvi's Sound right up to the land of Jerusalem; from that sea goeth a long gulf to the north-east, which is called the Black Sea, and sundereth the two World-Ridings; to the east is Asia, but to the west is called Europe by some, but by some Enea; but north of the Black Sea lies Sweden the Great on the Cold. . . . Mighty lordships there are in Sweden, and peoples of manifold kind, and many tongues withal; there are giants and dwarfs, yea, and Blue-men, and folk of many kinds and marvellous; and there are savage beasts, and dragons wondrous great."

Snorri knew nothing of the bold Eric and Leif Ericson who had long before discovered the still more wonderful continent, afterwards named America, but he tells us the circumstantial tale of Odin and Freyia and all the royal deities whose romantic adventures form the burden of these sagas of the Ynglings, down to the year 1177. We learn of the immigration of the Æsir into Sweden and the doings of their successors, the kings of Upsala, and of the Norwegian kings, particularly of Olaf Tryggvesson and Saint Olaf. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Ari the Learned, the mass-priest, for the "many ancient tales" that make up these histories. Several of these stories from the Saga of King Olaf have been versified in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

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* For General Introduction to Scandinavian Literature, see Volume II., pp. 340–345.

GYDA, ERIC'S DAUGHTER.

KING HARALD sent his men after a certain maiden called Gyda, the daughter of King Eric of Horfaland, and she was at fostering at Valldres with a rich bonder. Now the king would fain have her to his bed-mate, because she was a maiden exceeding fair and withal somewhat high-minded. So when the messengers came there they put forth their errand to the maiden, and she answered in this wise: "I will not waste my maidenhood for the taking of a husband who has no more realm to rule over than a few folk. Marvellous it seems to me that there be no king minded to make Norway his own, and be sole lord thereof in such wise as Gorm of Denmark or Eric of Upsala have done." Great words, indeed, seemed this answer to the messengers, and they asked her concerning her words, what this answer should come to; and they say that Harald is a king so mighty that the offer is right meet for her. But yet, though she answered to their errand otherwise than they would, they see no way as at this time to have her away but if she were willing thereto, so they arrayed them for their departing, and when they were ready, men led them out. Then spake Gyda to the messengers: "Give this my word to King Harald, that only so will I say yea to being his sole and lawful wife, if he will first do so much for my sake as to lay under him all Norway, and rule that realm as freely as King Eric rules the Swede-realm, or King Gorm Denmark; for only so may he be called aright a king of the people."

Thereupon the messengers fare back to King Harald and tell him of this word of the maiden, calling her overbold and witless, and saying withal that it would be but meet for the king to send after her with many men, for the doing of some shame to her. Then answered the king that the maid had spoken naught of ill, and done naught worthy of evil reward. Rather he bade her much thanks for her word, "For she has brought to my mind that matter which it now seems to me wondrous I have not had in my mind heretofore." And moreover he said, "This oath I make fast, and swear before that God who made me and rules over all things, that never will I cut my hair nor comb it till I have gotten to me all Norway, with the scat [revenue] thereof and the dues, and all rule thereover, or else will I die rather." For this word Duke Guthorm thanked him much, and said it were a work worthy of a king to hold fast this word of his. . . . . .

. . . . . Now King Harald was feasting in Mere at Earl Rognvald's, and had now gotten to him all the land. So King Harald took a bath and then he let his hair be combed, and then Earl Rognvald sheared it. And heretofore it had been unshorn and uncombed for ten winters. Aforetime he had been called Shockhead, but now Earl Rognvald gave him a by-name and called him Harald Harfagr (Fair hair), and all who saw him said that that was a most proper name, for he had most plenteous hair and goodly.

THE BIRTH OF OLAF TRYGGVESSON.

KING TRYGGVE OLAFSSON had married a wife who was called Astrid. She was a daughter of Eric Biodaskalde, a great man, who dwelt at Ofrostad. But after Tryggve's death Astrid fled, and privately took with her all the loose property she could. Her foster-father, Thoralf Lusiskiæg, followed her, and never left her; and others of her faithful followers spied about to discover her enemies, and where they were. Astrid was pregnant with a child of King Tryggve, and she went to a lake, and concealed herself in a holm or small island in it with a few men. Here her child was born, and it was a boy; and water was poured over it, and it was called Olaf after the grandfather. Astrid remained all summer here in concealment; but when the nights became dark, and the day began to shorten and the weather to be cold, she was obliged to take to the land, along with Thoralf and a few other men. They did not seek for houses, unless in the night time, when they came to them secretly; and they spoke to nobody. One evening, towards dark, they came to Ofrostad, where Astrid's father Eric dwelt, and privately sent a man to Eric to tell him; and Eric took them to an out-house, and spread a table for them with the best of food. When Astrid had been here a short time her travelling attendants left her, and none remained behind with her but two servant girls, her child Olaf, Thoralf Lusiskiæg, and his son Thorgils, who was six years old; and they remained all winter.

After Tryggve Olafsson's murder, Harald Greyskin and his brother Gudrod went to the farm which he owned; but Astrid was gone, and they could learn no tidings of her. A loose report came to their ears that she was pregnant to King Tryggve; but they went away northwards, as before related. As soon as they met their mother Gunhild, they told her all that had taken place. She inquired particularly about Astrid, and they told her the report they had heard; but as Gunhild's sons the same harvest and winter after had bickerings with Earl Hakon, as before related, they did not seek after Astrid and her son that winter.

The spring after Gunhild sent spies to the Uplands, and all the way down to Viken, to spy what they could about Astrid, and her men came back, and could only tell her that Astrid must be with her father Eric, and it was probable was bringing up her infant, the son of Tryggve. Then Gunhild, without delay, sent off men well furnished with arms and horses, and in all a troop of thirty; and as their leader she sent a particular friend of her own, a powerful man called Hakon. Her orders were to go to Ofrostad to Eric, and take King Tryggve's son from thence, and bring the child to her; and with these orders the men went out. Now when they were come to the neighborhood of Ofrostad, some of Eric's friends observed the troop of travellers, and about the close of the day brought him word of their approach. Eric immediately, in the night, made preparation for Astrid's flight, gave her good guides, and sent her away eastward to Sweden, to his good friend Hakon Gamle, who was a powerful man there. Long before day they departed, and towards evening they reached a domain called Skon. Here they saw a large mansion, towards which they went, and begged a night's lodging. For the sake of concealment they clad in mean clothing. There dwelt here a bonder called Biorn Edderquise, who was very rich, but very inhospitable. He drove them away; and, therefore, towards dark, they went to another domain close by that was called Vither. Thorstein was the name of the bonder; and he gave them lodging, and took good care of them, so that they slept well, and were well entertained. Early that morning Gunhild's men had come to Ofrostad, and inquired for Astrid and her son. As Eric told them she was not there, they searched the whole house, and remained till late in the day before they got any news of Astrid. Then they rode after her the way she had taken, and late at night they came to Biorn Edderquise in Skon, and took up their quarters there. Hakon asked Biorn if he knew anything about Astrid, and he said some people had been there in the evening wanting lodgings; "but I drove them away, and I suppose they have gone to some of the neighboring houses."

Now Thorstein's laborer was coming from the forest, having left his work at nightfall, and called in at Biorn's house because it was in his way; and finding there were guests come to the house, and learning their business, he comes to Thorstein and tells him of it. As about a third part of the night was still remaining, Thorstein wakens his guests, and orders them in an angry voice to go about their business; but as soon as they were out of the house upon the road, Thorstein tells them that Gunhild's messengers were at Biorn's house, and are upon the trace of them. They entreat of him to help them, and he gave them a guide and some provisions. He conducted them through the forest to a lake, in which there was an islet overgrown with reeds. They waded out to the islet, and hid themselves among the reeds. Early in the morning Hakon rode away from Biorn's into the township, and wherever he came he asked after Astrid; and when he came to Thorstein's he asked if she had been there. He said that some people had been there; but as soon as it was daylight they had set off again, eastwards, to the forest. Hakon made Thorstein go along with them, as he knew all the roads and hiding-places. Thorstein went with them; but when they were come into the woods, he led them right across the way Astrid had taken. They went about and about the whole day to no purpose, as they could find no trace of her; so they turned back to tell Gunhild the end of their travel. Astrid and her friends proceeded on their journey, and came to Sweden, to Hakon Gamle (the Old), where she and her son remained a long time, and had friendly welcome.

THE WEDDING OF OLAF TRYGGVESSON.

OLAF lay by Borgund-holm, but there got they bitter wind and a storm at sea, so that they might no longer lie there, but sailed south under Wendland, and got there good haven, and faring full peacefully, abode there awhile.

Burislaf was the name of the king in Wendland, whose daughters were Geira, Gunnhild and Astrid. Now Geira, the king's daughter, had rule and dominion there, where Olaf and his folk came to the land, and Dixin was the name of him who had most authority under Queen Geira. And so when they heard that alien folk were come to the land, even such as were noble of mien, and held them ever in peaceful wise, then fared Dixin to meet them with this message, that she bade those new-come men to guest with her that winter-tide, for the summer was now far spent and the weather hard and storms great. So when Dixin was come there he saw speedily that the captain of these men is a noble man both of kin and aspect. Dixin told them that the queen bade them to her in friendly wise. So Olaf took her bidding, and fared that autumn-tide unto Queen Geira, and either of them was wondrous well pleased with the other, so that Olaf fell a wooing, and craved Queen Geira to wife. And it was brought to pass that he wedded her that winter, and became ruler of that realm with her. Hallfred the Troublous-skald telleth of this in the Drapa [song] he made upon Olaf the King:

The king he made the hardened
Corpse-banes in blood be reddened
At Holme and east in Garth-realm.
Yea, why should the people hide it?

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THE winter after King Olaf came from Halogaland, he had a great vessel built at Ladehammer, which was larger than any ship in the country, and of which the beam-knees are still to be seen. The length of keel that rested upon the grass was seventy-four ells. Thorberg Skafting was the man's name who was the master-builder of the ship; but there were many others besides,—some to fell wood, some to shape it, some to make nails, some to carry timber; and all that was used was of the best. The ship was both long and broad and high-sided, and strongly timbered. While they were planking the ship, it happened that Thorberg had to go home to his farm upon some urgent business; and as he remained there a long time, the ship was planked up on both sides when he came back. In the evening the king went out, and Thorberg with him, to see how the vessel looked, and every body said that never was seen so large and so beautiful a ship of war. Then the king returned to the town. Early next morning the king returns again to the ship, and Thorberg with him. The carpenters were there before them, but all were standing idle with their arms across. The king asked "what was the matter?" They said the ship was destroyed; for somebody had gone from stem to stern, and cut one deep notch after the other down the one side of the planking. When the king came nearer he saw it was so, and said, with an oath, "The man shall die who has thus destroyed the vessel out of envy, if he can be discovered, and I shall bestow a great reward on whoever finds him out."

"I can tell you, king," says Thorberg, "who has done this piece of work."

"I don't think," replies the king, "that any one is so likely to find it out as thou art."

Thorberg says, "I will tell you, king, who did it. I did it myself."

The king says, "Thou must restore it all to the same condition as before, or thy life shall pay for it."

Then Thorberg went and chipped the planks until the deep notches were all smoothed and made even with the rest; and the king and all present declared that the ship was much handsomer on the side of the hull which Thorberg had chipped, and bade him shape the other side in the same way, and gave him great thanks for the improvement. Afterwards Thorberg was the master-builder of the ship until she was entirely finished. The ship was a dragon, built after the one the king had captured in Halogaland; but this ship was far larger, and more carefully put together in all her parts. The king called this ship "Serpent the Long," and the other "Serpent the Short." The Long Serpent had thirty-four benches for rowers. The head and the arched tail were both gilt, and the bulwarks were as high as in sea-going ships. This ship was the best and most costly ship ever made in Norway.

OLAF'S DOG VIGI.

NOW when Olaf was in Ireland he was warring on a time, and on shipboard they fared and needed a strand-slaughtering. When the men went on land and drove down many beasts, then came to them a certain goodman who prayed Olaf to give him back his own cows. Olaf bade him take them if he could find them: "But let him not delay the journey!" Now the goodman had there a great herd-dog, to which dog he showed the herd of neat, whereof were being driven many hundreds. Then the hound ran all about the herd, and drave away just so many neat as the goodman had claimed for his, and they were all marked in one wise; wherefore men deemed it sure that the hound verily knew them aright, and they thought him wondrous wise. Then asked Olaf of the goodman if he would sell his hound. "With a good will," said the goodman. But the king gave him a gold ring there and then and promised to be his friend. That dog was called Vigi, and was the best of all dogs. Olaf had him for long afterward.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN SIGRID in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the same winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade, which was considered a distinguished ornament. The meeting for concluding the businesss was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha river. Now the ring which King Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask, "what they smiled at?" But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

Early in spring King Olaf went eastwards to Konghelle to the meeting with Queen Sigrid; and when they met the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus: "I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best." Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?" and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hands, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, "This may some day be thy death." The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden.

SAGA OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.

THE author of this famous epic—for such it is, though given in a series of ballads in varying measures to suit the events described—is unknown; it is ascribed to the twelfth century. The modern Swedish poet Esaias Tegner has translated it. It opens with the childhood of Frithiof and Ingeborg on the sea-shore; he glad to dare the waves, climb the cliffs, and climb trees, to give her pleasure. Becoming a great hunter, he one day brings her the carcass of a great bear as a trophy of his prowess. Seeing that she embroiders on her tapestry legends of the gods and goddesses, he swears that no divinity could equal her. The foster-parents of the lovers frown upon their love, making it known that Frithiof is only the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, while she is daughter of King Bele. But she tells how King Bele with Frithiof's father by his side calls his sons Hege and Halfden to give them his last counsels before he dies. The one is an austere priest, the other a delicately natured youth. With these comes young Frithiof; and after the king has given his counsel, Frithiof's father addresses similar advice to him, for he means to die with his king. Bele now commends his daughter Ingeborg to the care of his sons. After the king's death Helge and Halfden divide the kingdom and Frithiof settles in his ancestral home, in which are three treasures—the sword Angurvadel, the gold arm-ring of Vauland, and the dragon-ship "Ellida." In due course Frithiof claims Ingeborg as his bride, and is refused by the brothers. Old King Ring also asks her in marriage, and being likewise refused declares war against Helge and Halfden. One day, Frithiof playing chess with his friend Bjorn, Ingeborg's foster-father enters and says that Helge and Halfden ask his help against Ring. Frithiof, continuing his game, remarks that a pawn may save a king, and that the queen must be reserved. At last he answers that since Helge and Halfden have wounded his honor he cannot save them. After many stirring episodes, the story ends with the happiness of the lovers.

Frithiof and Ingebore.

In this rendering of Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," by R. G. Latham, the name Ingeborg is made Ingebore and Ingeborow for metrical reasons.

In Hilding's hut and Norway's clime,
Grew two sweet plants in perfect prime;
And ne'er before were fairer given
To smile on earth or gaze at heaven.
There grew the sturdiest of them,
Like sapling oak with spear-shaped stem;
Whose crest, as e'en a helmet's glancing,
Wooed each wild wind to keep it dancing.
And one was like a rose, the day
That Christmas chills have passed away;
And spring, within its burning bosom,
Dreams of its fast unfolding blossom.
When storms shall drive where winds may blow
The oak shall brave both wind and snow;
But summer's sun and springtide's shower
Shall help to ope that rose's flower.
I say, they grew towards flowers and fruit,
And Frithiof was the sapling shoot;
And Ingebore the rose that vied it,
The lovely rose that blushed beside it.
Who sees the pair while sunbeams shine,
May deem himself in Freya's shrine;
Where urchin loves be deftly going
With wings of light and tresses flowing.
Who sees them with the pale moonlight
To lead their dancing steps aright,
May deem there trip it, light and airy,
The elfin king and queen of faery.

What Frithiof learned the day before,
He taught the next to Ingebore;
And proud was he when Bele's daughter
Had learned the letters Frithiof taught her.
If long and late they sat afloat,
On dark blue sea, in open boat,
It pleased her, as the sails were filling,
To clap her hands and help their swelling.
Oft as he clomb to steal her nests
From tops of trees or mountain crests,
The ravished eagle screaming, clanging,
Bewailed their nestlings' eyry hanging.
When floods were deep and streams ran hoarse.
He bore his tender charge across;
Pleased if the currents lashed around him,
And her small arms the tighter bound him.
When springtide came with springtide's host,
He plucked the flowers she loved the most;
The ears of corn that first turned yellow,
And strawberries as each grew mellow.
  But childhood's hours fleet away,
And then there comes in later day
Those looks of fire in youths who sue,
And budding breasts in maids they woo.
Then Frithiof hunted day by day,
And brought the forest spoils away;
Yet few before had e'er attended,
Such chase unscathed and undefended.
For bears and he in battle brunt
Oft hugged each other front to front;
The stripling won, and on the morrow
Displayed their spoils to Ingeborow.
Yes! heart of man and female breast
Suit each to each, like helm and crest,
When bravest hearts deserve the dearest,
And strongest hands may win the fairest.
In winter's evenings each gave heed
To runic rhymes they wont to read;
How gods had loved and heroes striven,
And how Valhalla's halls were heaven.
The locks o'er Freya's front of snow
May wave like corn when breezes blow;

One tress of hers he valued higher
Than all the vaunted curls of Freyer.
Iduna's rich and regal breast
May beat beneath her silken vest,
And white it was; yet scarcely vying
With that which heaved at Frithiof's sighing.

FRIDTHJOF PLAYS CHESS.

In this rendering, by George Stephens, the older form Fridthjof is used for Frithiof.

BJORN and Fridthjof, both contending
O'er their splendid board were bending;
Now on silver squares thick gather,
Now on gold, the struggling foes.
Then came Hilding, gladly greeted,—
"Welcome!—the high chair waits, be seated,
Drain thy horn, kind foster-father,
Let our doubtful contest close."

"Bele's sons," quoth Hilding, "send me;
Armed with pray'rs, to thee I wend me.
Evil tidings round them hover,
All the land on thee relies."
Answered Fridthjof: "Bjorn, in danger,
Stands thy king! beware the stranger;
Yet a pawn can all recover—
Pawns were made for sacrifice."

"Fridthjof, anger not the kings so;
Strong, remember, eaglets' wings grow.
Forces Ring full well despises,
Conquer yet, opposed to thine."
"Bjorn, the foe my castle craveth!
But th' attack with ease it braveth;
Grim and high the fierce wall rises,
Bright the shield-tow'r shines within."

"Ing'borg wastes the day in weeping,
Sad, though in Balder's sacred keeping;
Tempts not war for her release, and
Mourn unheeded her blue een?"

"Bjorn, thou in vain my queen pursuest,
She from childhood dearest, truest!
She's my game's most darling piece, and
Come what will, I'll save my queen!"

"What! not e'en reply conceded?
Fridthjof, go I thus unheeded?
Till that child's play yonder endeth
Must my suit unheard remain?"
Fridthjof rose, and as he addresses
The old man, kind his hand he presses;
"Father, nought my firm soul bendeth;
Thou hast heard, yet hear again:

"Yes! my words take back unvarnished,—
Deeply they've my honor tarnished;
No strong ties to them unite me,
Never will I be their man."
"Well, in thine own path thou goest;
I blame not the rage thou showest.
All for the best guide Odin rightly."
So old Hilding's answer ran.

INGEBORE'S LAMENT.

THE autumn hath a bitter breath
And unreposing sea;
Yet I would brave both wind and wave,
So but abroad to be.

I watched his mast that yester e'en
Sank with the sinking sun;
And blest were they, both sail and ray,
To go where he was gone.

Gently, gently blow, ye winds,
Over the billows blue;
Shine burning bright, ye stars of night,
Yet shine serenely too.

The spring shall bring the wanderer home
Across the foamy main,
But friend to greet or maid to meet,
Shall sigh for him in vain.

The maiden that had welcomed him
  Shall be both stark and still,
Or only lie for agony
  To visit her at will.

His trusty hawk is left behind,
  And welcome he shall be
To take his stand on Ingebore's hand,
  And owe his food to me.

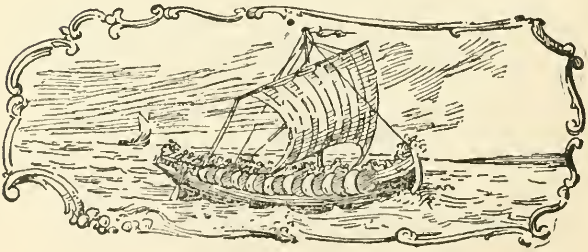
Which I will weave in arras work,
  Astart from off his glove,
Astart so bold with claws of gold,
  And silver wings above.

And Freya in her widowhood
  On falcon wings did roam,
And wander forth both east and north,
  To turn her Oder home.

Even if thou would lend me wings,
  Far sweeter it would be,
To bide my hour when death's dark power
  Bestowed its wings on me.

Then watch the wave, thou hunter-bird,
  From off my shoulder here;
Thou long mayst bide, ere breeze or tide,
  Bring Frithiof's vessel near.

When I shall lie beneath the sward,
  And he return again;
Then tell him how I kept my vow,
  And how I hoped in vain.



Frithiof Visits King Ring.

King Ring was on his throne with his red and rosy bride,
A drinking of his Christmas ale, his nobles by his side:
Like Spring and Autumn pairing the twain did seem to be,
For she was as the kindly Spring, but Autumnlike was he.
An aged man, unknown of all, did step right boldly in,
His mantle wrapped around his face, his clothes were all of skin,
His chin was leaned upon his breast, a staff in hand he bare;
Yet taller he did seem to be than ere a noble there.
He sat him on a lowly bench, the bench was by the door,
The beggar sits there nowadays and there he sat of yore;
The courtiers smiled and whispers strange around the chamber ran,
And scornful fingers pointed at the shabby bear-skin-man.
Then fire flashed from the stranger's eyes, he viewed the nobles round,
He stretched his hand, he seized a youth, he raised him from the ground,
He jerked him up and twirled him round, and rocked him fro and to,
Then all the others held their tongues, the wisest thing to do.

"Who breaks my peace and quarrels there, so wanton and so free?
Come hither, aged Stranger, and tell thy tale to me;
Thy name and wants and whence ye come and whitherwards
ye go,"
The aged king all angrily bespoke the Stranger so.
"Ye ask enough," that old man said, "yet I will not repine,
To tell thee all except my name, 'tis all remains of mine;
In Anger was I born and bred, from land to land I roam,
My last night's lair was Wolfsden, and Broken is my home.
In days of yore I rode upon the dragons of the sea,
Their wings were spread as wings of strength and fast they flew
with me:
But now the bark, that once was wight, lies cripple on the strand;
Myself am old and burn for bread the salt by the sea sand.
'Tis all to see thy wisdom that I hie me here so lorn,
Thy courtiers met me scornfully, no mark am I for scorn;
I gave a fool a twirl or so, yet set the idle thing
All scathless on his legs again; forgive me that, King Ring."
"Ye speak the sooth," King Ring replied, "Old age must
honored be;
Come, leave thy lowly cushion there and sit thee next to me;
But first and foremost cast, I pray, thy strange disguise away;
For ill accordeth guest disguised with princes' festal day."
Down dropped the shaggy bear-skin then, that ill-beseeming
vest;
And lo! a noble warrior before them stands confessed;
Down and o'er his shoulders broad from off his lofty head,
The yellow locks, all comely, in curls of gold were spread.
A mantle o'er his back was hung of velvet blue and rare;
A silver belt, five fingers broad, with pictured beasts was there,
The artist had embossed it so—and lifelikely they chased,
Each other round and round about the hero's girdled waist.
A massy ring of richest gold was twined around his hand;
A sword was shining on his thigh like lightning-flash at stand;
All calmly and composedly he viewed the circle o'er,
And seemed as fair as Balder bright and tall as Asa-Thor.
The queen she reddened suddenly, then turned both pale and wan;
So streamers bright may flaunt with light the snows they fall upon;
Her heaving bosom beat as fast below her tightened vest,
As water-lilies sink and rise beneath the wild waves' crest.
Now silence in the royal hall! now straight a call was heard,
The time was come for making vows and Freyer's boar appeared;

On shining silver charger borne its knees were bent beneath
With garlands round its breast of brawn and fruits between its
teeth.
So Ring the king upreared his self and shook his locks so hoar,
And vowed a vow and laid his hand on forehead of the boar:
"I swear to bait bold Frithiof, a dreadnought though he be;
So help me, Thor and Odin, and help me, mighty Frey."
With bitter smile upreared his self the stranger from his place;
A flush of hero-anger was mantling on his face;
He dashed his sword on table that thundered as he spoke,
And each big warrior started up from off his bench of oak.
"Now hear, Sir King, my vow for me as I have heard thine own,
Young Frithiof is my friend of old, the firmest I have known;
I swear to fight for Frithiof, come thou, come all thy horde;
So help me my good Norna [fate], and help me that good sword."
King Ring replied, "Thy speech is plain and plain thy speech
should be;
For Norman kings well love to hear the words that fall so free:
Queen! take the biggest beaker up and fill it with the best,
And bid him drain it for our sake and bid him be our guest."
The noble lady took the horn, it stood before her hand;
Horn of a bull King Ring had slain, the wildest in the land;
It stood on feet of silver bright, was bound with rings of gold,
And cunning hands had graven on it histories of old.
With downcast eye and blushing cheek she took the goblet up,
Her fingers trembled as she raised that shining silver cup;
Not evening rays so ruddily on lily-blossoms shine,
As on her taper hands did burn those ruby drops of wine.
The lady set the goblet down, the Stranger took it up,
Not two strong men, in these new days, could drain that mighty
cup;
When lightly and unblenchingly to please the gracious queen,
The valiant hero drank it dry nor took one breath between.
A minstrel sat beside the throne, he sang his best that day,
And told a tale of tenderness, an old Norwegian lay;
Of Hacbart's fates and Signe's love—his voice was sweet and low,
That iron hearts began to melt, and tears were seen to flow.
He changed his hand and turned to sing Valhalla's championry,
How kings of old had fought by land, and how they swam by sea;
Then gleamed each eye and shone each blade with hero-like
intent,
And fleetly round the drinking-board the mighty beaker went.

And now the duties of the night, the drinking-deep began;
I say that every chieftain there drank dry a Christmas can;
They went to bed, as best they might, when that carouse was o'er,
But Ring, the king, that aged man did sleep with Ingebore.

THE RECONCILIATION.

WHEN Frithiof returns from his wanderings a new temple to Balder has been finished. He witnesses the solemn ceremonies of the dedication, and his spirit is deeply moved. Then the aged priest bids him welcome, expounds the religion of the Norsemen, and especially the doctrine of expiation. The priest continues as follows:

"Dost thou not hate? hast thou not taught to fear,
The royal brothers, that thou shouldst revere?
Only because their taunting chafed thy scorn,
And held a bondsman's son too meanly born
To mix his blood, and sit beside the throne
Of their fair sister, that was Odin's own.
True, thou may'st tell me pride in noble birth
Is all to fortune due, and nought to worth:
But tell me, Frithiof, for thy bosom can,
Does Chance or Merit make the proudest man?
There is *no* Chance—what seems as such is given
An unearned bounty at the hands of Heaven;
And humblest men are they who learn to prize,
More than their own deserts, the gifts of Deities.
Thyself art proud of thy victorious brand,
And proud, to madness, of thine iron hand:
But was it thou, or was it Asa-Thor [the god Thor],
That strung thy oak-tree sinews for the war?
Is it thine own, that heaven-inspired strength,
Swells in thy bosom, till it bursts at length?
Is it thine own, that where thy eye-balls turn,
There lightning seems to flash, and fire to burn?
No—higher Nornas [Fates], on thy natal day,
Sung o'er thy cradle some auspicious lay;
This is the merit in thy warlike worth,—
Nor less, nor greater than a king's in birth.
Speak not of pride in over-harsh a tone,
Lest the rude words condemn thee for thine own.
And now that Helge's fallen"——"Where and when?"
Such the short speech that broke from Frithiof then.

"Vexing with war, he sallied out, to chase
The mountain-dwellers of the Lapland race.
Built on a cliff there stood, beside the way,
A temple, dedicate to Yumala; *
Tottering itself, over the archway stood
A massy form of what they deemed a god:
None had approached it; for a legend ran
From ancient sire to son, from man to man,
Amongst his worshippers, that who first lay
His hand upon it should see Yumala.
When Helge heard he clomb the winding stair,
In scorn of him who sat enshrinéd there;
The door was bolten to—he seized to shake
The rusted hinges, stern enough to break;
The image, that had threatened to descend,
Fell on his scalp; it crushed the Asa's friend;
So he saw Yumala—and this was Helge's end.
Now Halfdan sits alone in Bele's chair;
Proffer thy hand, and leave thy hatred there.
Else is the God but mocked by this fair fane,
And I, his priest, invoked him here in vain."

Just as the priest had ended, Halfdan trod
Across the copper threshold of the God:
Silent, uncertain how to speak, he stood
Beside the door, and, at his distance, viewed,
With eye askant, and half-uplifted head,
The foe he had not yet unlearned to dread.
Familiar with being feared, the chief unbraced
The helmet-hater, girded on his waist;
Leaned his broad buckler on the altar's stone,
And wore for arms his native strength alone.
"In strife like ours, where ancient feuds should cease,
He wins the palm who sues the first for peace."
Then first the blood returned to Halfdan's cheek;
Then first his lips, reluctant, strove to speak:
Swift as a merlin from the falconer's fist,
Slipped the steel gauntlet, beaming, from his wrist;
Firm as a rock, they clasped, in friendship's bands,
Each other's long alienated hands.

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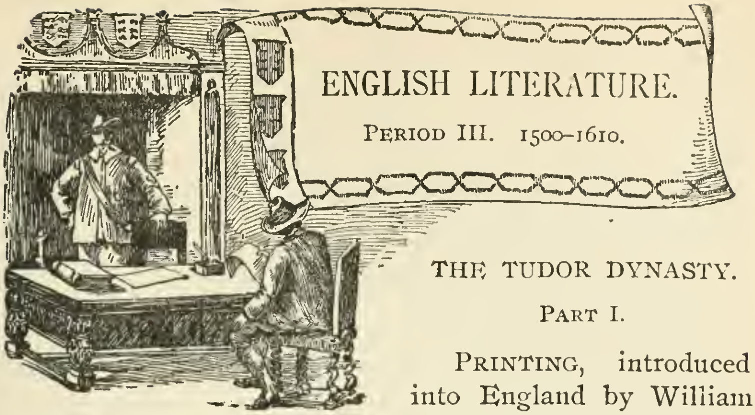
* The chief deity of the Lapps.

Peace to thee, Frithiof! Balder takes the ban
From off the shoulders of the exiled man.
Joy to thee, weary wanderer! thou hast felt
That gods forgive and hearts of iron melt—
Whose is the maiden train that enters now?
Who is yon lady of the regal brow?
Bright as the moon, the empress of the sky,
While still attendant stars stand shining by;
Lovely and young, and looking like a bride,
Before the rest she moves to Halfdan's side,
And if her eye be wet, her cheek be pale,
But half conceals them with her silver veil.
Is it because she loves her brother best,
That so she sinks, in silence, on his breast?
No, Frithiof, no! There is a voice within,
Stronger than that of brotherhood or kin.
So sink the maids that, not unhoped for, meet
Friends of their childhood whom they fear to greet:
So proud and patient bosoms weakest prove
Before the spirits that alone they love.
I say, that Frithiof took her hand, before
The approving brother, and the priest did pour
Blessings on Frithiof and Ingebore.



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD III. 1500–1610.

THE TUDOR DYNASTY.

PART I.

PRINTING, introduced into England by William Caxton in 1474, was firmly established before the beginning of the next century. The ancient classics, Greek as well as Latin, were brought before an ever-widening circle of students, and soon, by means of translations, were made familiar to a still larger multitude of readers. By this accession of knowledge the intellect of the people was mightily aroused; fresh interest was shown in problems of all kinds, religious, philosophical and social. Theories of government and education were discussed in learned treatises, and made the themes of romance. The frenzy for learning which arose in Italy in the fifteenth century reached England at its close. The ill-fated Sir Thomas More, the friend of Erasmus, was the ablest representative of English scholarship. While he was active in ecclesiastical and political affairs, he showed remarkable freedom of mind in his "Utopia," a picture of an ideal commonwealth, published in Latin in 1516, but soon translated into English. The barbarous execution of this learned chancellor checked the free movement of literature in the universities. The question of the papal supremacy, and afterwards controversies about the whole system of Christian faith occupied the attention of the learned. William Tyndale, having avowed his sympathy with the "new learning," as the teaching of Luther was called, was obliged to go to the Continent to carry out his purpose of printing his translation of the New Testament directly from the Greek. It was published in 1526, and was followed by translations of parts of the Old Testament, and treatises in which he supported Luther's views against the arguments of

Sir Thomas More. Tyndale's translation, being the basis of the so-called Authorized Version of the Bible, has had immense influence on the English language.

Throughout the first half of the sixteenth century there were numerous translations from Greek and Latin authors, from the great Italian poets, and from French and German writings of various kinds. Sir Thomas Wyatt and the young Earl of Surrey visited Italy and imbibed its poetic spirit. They introduced the sonnet into English in translations and imitations of Petrarch. Surrey incidentally rendered more important service by giving a translation of part of the Æneid in blank verse, which soon became the recognized metre for serious dramatic and epic poetry. Among the translators who supplied material for cultivating the minds of readers and stimulating the invention of authors, the most noted were Sir Thomas North who rendered, with idiomatic spirit, "Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans;" Sir John Harrington, who versified Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso;" Fairfax, who performed similar service for Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Translated works of less merit and renown supplied material for the enriching labor of Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists.

The greatest of the poets that took part in this work of translation was Edmund Spenser, who yet is more distinguished for his original additions to English literature. Choosing to employ an archaic style, and adhering to the mediæval allegory, which was already obsolete, he has caused his name to be linked with that of Chaucer, as if he belonged to an earlier period. His skill is rather in description, in the painting of rural scenes, than in the presentation of characters. Yet he is so exuberant in fancy, and so successful in the awaking of the finer feelings of the soul, that he has ever been a favorite poet with poets. To him the English language owes the elaborate Spenserian stanza of nine lines. Though his grand poetic powers were dedicated to the glorification of the Virgin Queen, he received but little substantial reward.

The greater glory of the Elizabethan period belongs to the dramatists who then leaped into sudden fame. The mediæval miracle-plays which had been intended by the clergy to instruct the common people in Scripture history, and to impress doctrine by apt examples, soon passed into the hands of the religious orders, and afterwards into the direction of the trade-guilds, which had grown to power in the large towns. Though still given under sanction of the Church, they were rendered more acceptable to the vulgar taste of the town rabble by scenes of common life interjected among the more exact renderings of the Biblical narrative. Instead of these scriptural "Mysteries," allegorical "Moralities," founded on the mediæval poems of that class, were offered to the more fastidious courts and pedantic colleges. For the latter there were also occasional adaptations of Plautus and Terence, which served as models when the dramatic genius of England was aroused to its marvellous activity.

The homely scenes which had served to enliven the more solemn parts of the Mysteries and Moralities were the germ of the later comedies. The earliest English comedy was "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall, head-master of Eton College. Its date is uncertain, but it was quoted in 1551. There were thirteen dramatis personæ, nine male and four female, and the principal ones are strongly discriminated.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," an inferior piece, formerly claimed the priority; it was printed in 1575, and is said to have been written by John Still, afterwards a bishop. Another bishop, John Bale, wrote a vigorous historical drama called "Kynge Johan." Among the characters appear various allegorical personages, such as Civil Order, Treason, Nobility, Imperial Majesty, attesting the powerful hold which allegory still preserved on the mind of the learned. The earliest tragedy was "Ferrex and Porrex" or "Gorbuduc," which was played before Queen Elizabeth in 1561. It was composed by Thomas Sackville, who also contributed to "The Mirror for Magistrates," and Thomas Norton, who was a leader of the Puritans. Though a drama in form, it is wholly undramatic in spirit, yet not altogether devoid of poetry. Each act was preceded by a "dumb show," setting forth the part of the story that was to follow. A chorus was also employed as in some plays of Shakespeare.

None of the dramas which appeared before 1580 has taken a sure place in English literature, but within the decade succeeding a crowd of dramatists arose whose works are recognized as part of the inheritance of English-speaking people. The greatest of these was Christopher Marlowe, who, though often turgid and bombastic, displayed wonderful power in depicting scenes of terror and pathos. Robert Greene, who died in 1592, was a versatile and unequal writer, whose comedies are but rude farces. Other writers of this period are John Lyly, noted as the author of the fantastic "Euphues," Thomas Kyd, author of the "Spanish Tragedy," and Thomas Lodge, who wrote in 1590 a prose tale "Rosalynde," which furnished the basis of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." All of these writers were college-bred men and classical scholars.

They were all to be surpassed and even superseded on their own chosen ground by a youth from Stratford-on-Avon, who starting in a humble position at a London theatre, soon became actor, author, manager, and proprietor, and then at the age of forty-eight having won worldly fame and fortune, retired to his native town to enjoy his wealth in peace. The fame of this modest toiler in the world of letters has steadily grown since his death until now the age in which he lived is recognized by the name of the player Shakespeare as by that of his sovereign Elizabeth. Shakespeare died in 1616; his career as a writer extended over a quarter of a century. His genius and works are treated in a special article. The contemporary dramatists, great as are their merits as poets and forcible writers, have seldom presented such consistent, well-drawn characters, as to inspire us with a belief in the existence of their personages, and to rouse an actual interest in analyzing their thoughts and actions. Their drawing is distorted and often incomplete, the movement is irregular and confused, so that the attention is wearied before the horrors of the catastrophe are reached. But the characters of Shakespeare's dramas are not only the subject of absorbing interest by the multitude of his readers, but of the closest investigation by students of the human mind. In the delineation of human character, and of preter-human beings, he stands supreme.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

WHETHER the ill-fated Lord Chancellor of Henry VIII. is regarded as scholar, lawyer, statesman, philosopher, religious leader or versatile writer, the purity of his character, nobility of his patriotism, and his intellectual greatness are conspicuously revealed. To attempt a detailed account of his career is outside the present purpose, which permits but a summary of salient facts without analysis of their causes. The times were fraught with tremendous issues, religious, political, and, if minor, still fateful, personal influences. The revival in learning had neared its climax when Thomas More gave this movement a new impetus by the force of his elevated nature and the brilliancy of his gifts.

Born in 1478, More's capabilities were early recognized. He won distinction at Oxford, and later, when about twenty-three, in the practice of law, his income rising so high that by the time he was little over thirty it brought him a princely income. His profoundly religious temperament expressed itself in the practice of asceticism, even in his great prosperity and necessarily luxurious surroundings. He gave lectures on law and on the theological writings of St. Augustine, and became a member of Parliament in 1504. Though a mere stripling in statecraft, he boldly opposed and defeated the customary grant of a large subsidy to King Henry VII. This step brought about the imprisonment of More's father in the Tower on a spiteful accusation, and his own tactical withdrawal from public life, until the accession of Henry VIII. brought him again to the front. In his retirement he translated from the Latin of an unknown author, the "Historie of the pittieful Life and unfortunate Death of King Edward V. and the Duke of York, his Brother."

With the innate piety which sweetened his life and aims there was a strong vein of intellectual independence which his enemies magnified into hostile skepticism. After his promotion and knighthood he was employed by the crown in various offices, to win him over to the king's side. His undeviating adherence to the popular cause led to efforts to promote him where he would be out of the way. King Henry made it his object to secure More's friendship by every courtly art. By 1529 he was made Lord Chancellor in place of the fallen Wolsey. His deep-rooted religious conservatism had made it easy for More to please the Church and king by lending his pen to oppose the innovations, which were to him radically heretical. Hence his long list of polemical writings against Tyndale and Luther and their "pestilential sect." His view of duty was to effect reform of spiritual life within the Church, while at all hazards maintaining its unity. He desired reform without revolution. In carrying out this conception More undoubtedly did injustice to the Protestant cause, and his actual violence to its upholders is the one indelible blot on an otherwise stainless career. Though he did not actually condemn any heretic to death, he openly justified the stake and allowed his bigotry to culminate in acts of persecution. All this is in strange contradiction to the large toleration he had advocated in his "Utopia" for every form of opinion. In the matter of the king's resolve to divorce Catharine, More, as Lord Chancellor, tried to face both ways, wishing to please Henry as far as was compatible with his sympathy for the queen. Rather than actively oppose the marriage with Anne Boleyn he resigned his office, a weakness which availed him little against Henry's vengeful disposition. Before a year of absolute poverty had passed, the king had found excuse for casting his insufficiently pliant chancellor into the Tower, where, after another year's confinement without privilege of pen and ink, he was beheaded "for treason," on the 7th of July, 1535.

The most famous of his works is the "Utopia, or The Happy Republic," written in Latin and published in 1516. In this philosophico-whimsical romance More ventilates very advanced opinions upon the great problems he foresaw would demand solution, extending the intellectual movement beyond literary and theological learning into the realm of practical politics. Under the guise of a sailor's description of an imaginary island, "Nowhere," he gives a picture of ideal government under which laws, customs, and social order have attained a perfection hitherto unknown. In not a few of his fanciful flights the genius of More penetrated not problems only, but some of the solutions, which have been exercising the wits of legislators in the nineteenth century. Religious tolerance, sanitation, labor laws, economics, with other questions of high import, find philosophic treatment in this work, suggested doubtless by the "Republic" of Plato, and imitated in a satirical and burlesque way by Swift in "Gulliver's Travels." A recent critic of marked ability, Ten Brink, characterizes "Utopia" as "without doubt the most brilliant achievement which English humanism of that period has to show. . . . What makes it, above all, valuable in the estimation of posterity, is the expression of More's unbiased and courageous opinions on political and religious subjects, the peculiar combination of deeply moral and religious seriousness, and thoroughly conservative ideas, with a fearless advance to higher culture. In this respect the work appears to us the matured product of that intellectual movement in which Colet, Erasmus, and with them More, stood as the central figures." The original Latin was speedily translated into English by Ralph Robinson. Our extract is from the later translation by Bishop Gilbert Burnet.

GOLD IN UTOPIA.

IT is certain that all things appear so far incredible to us as they differ from our own customs; but one who can judge aright will not wonder to find that since their other constitutions differ so much from ours, their value of gold and silver should be measured, not by our standard, but by one that is very different from it; for since they have no use of money among themselves, but keep it for an accident, that, though it may possibly fall out, may have great intervals, they value it no farther than it deserves or may be useful to them. So that it is plain that they must prefer iron either to gold or silver; for men can no more live without iron than without fire or water, but nature has marked out no use for the other metals with which we may not very well dispense. The folly of man has enhanced the value of gold and silver because of their scarcity, whereas, on the contrary, they reason that nature, as an indulgent parent, has given us all the best things very freely and in great abundance, such as water and earth, but has laid up and hid from us the things that are vain and useless.

If those metals were laid up in any tower among them, it would give jealousy of the prince and senate, according to that foolish mistrust into which the rabble is apt to fall, as if they intended to cheat the people and make advantages to themselves by it; or if they should work it into vessels or any sort of plate they fear that the people might grow too fond of it, and so be unwilling to let the plate be run down if a war made it necessary to pay their soldiers with it; therefore to prevent all these inconveniences they have fallen upon an expedient which, as it agrees with their other policy, so is very different from ours, and will scarce gain belief among us who value gold so much and lay it up so carefully: for whereas they eat and drink out of vessels of earth or glass, that though they look very pretty yet are of very slight materials, they make their chamber-pots of gold and silver, and that not only in their public halls, but in their private houses. Of the same metals they likewise make chains and fetters for their slaves, and as a badge of infamy they hang an earring of gold to some and make others wear a chain or a coronet of gold; and thus they take care, by all manner of ways, that gold and silver may be of no esteem among them, and from hence it is that whereas other nations part with their gold and their silver as unwillingly as if one tore out their bowels, those of Utopia would look on their giving in all their gold or silver, when there were any use for it, but as the parting with a trifle, or as we would estimate the loss of a penny. They find pearls on their coast, and diamonds and carbuncles on their rocks; they do not look after them, but if they find them by chance they polish them and with them they adorn their children who are delighted with them and glory in them during their childhood, but when they grow to years and see that none but children use such baubles, they, of their own accord, without being bid by their parents, lay them aside, and would be as much ashamed to use them afterwards as children among us when they come to years are of their nuts, puppets and other toys.

I never saw a clearer instance of the different impressions that different customs make on people, than I observed in the ambassadors of the Anemolians who came to Amaurot when I was there. And because they came to treat of affairs of great consequence the deputies from several towns had met to wait for their coming. The ambassadors of the nations that lie near Utopia, knowing their customs, and that fine clothes are of no esteem among them, that silk is despised and gold is a badge of infamy, used to come very modestly clothed; but the Anemolians that lay more remote and so had little commerce with them, when they understood that they were coarsely clothed and all in the same manner, they took it for granted that they had none of those fine things among them of which they made no use, and they, being a vain-glorious rather than a wise people, resolved to set themselves out with so much pomp that they should look like gods, and so strike the eyes of the poor Utopians with their splendor. Thus three ambassadors made their entry with a hundred attendants that were all clad in garments of different colors, and the greater part in silk; the ambassadors themselves, who were of the nobility of their country, were in cloth of gold, and adorned with massy chains, earrings and rings of gold, their caps were covered with bracelets set full of pearls and other gems; in a word they were set out with all those things that among the Utopians were either the badges of slavery, the marks of infamy or children's rattles. It was not unpleasant to see on the one side how they looked big when they compared their rich habits with the plain clothes of the Utopians, who were come out in great numbers to see them make their entry. And on the other side to observe how much they were mistaken in the impression which they hoped this pomp would have made on them; it appeared so ridiculous a show to all that had never stirred out of their country and so had not seen the customs of other nations, that though they paid some reverence to those that were the most meanly clad, as if they had been the ambassadors, yet when they saw the ambassadors themselves so full of gold chains, they looked upon them as slaves and made them no reverence at all. You might have seen their children, who were grown up to that bigness that they had thrown away their jewels, call to their mothers and push them gently, and cry out, "See that great fool that wears pearls and gems as if he were yet a child!" And their mothers answered them in good earnest, "Hold your peace; this is, I believe, one of the ambassadors' fools." Others censured the fashion of their chains, and observed that they were of no use, for they were too slight to bind their slaves, who could easily break them, and they saw them hang so loose about them that they reckoned they could easily throw them away and so get from them.

But after the ambassadors had stayed a day among them, and saw so vast a quantity of gold in their houses, which was as much despised by them as it was esteemed in other nations, and that there was more gold and silver in the chains and fetters of one slave than all their ornaments amounted to, their plumes fell, and they were ashamed of all that glory for which they had formerly valued themselves, and so laid it aside; to which they were the more determined when upon their engaging in some free discourse with the Utopians, they discovered their sense of such things and their other customs. The Utopians wonder how any man should be so much taken with the glaring, doubtful lustre of a jewel or stone when he can look up to a star or to the sun himself; or how any should value himself because his cloth is made of a finer thread, for how fine soever that thread may be, it was once no better than the fleece of a sheep, and that sheep was a sheep still for all its wearing it. They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed that even man for whom it was made and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than it is; so that a man of lead, who has no more sense than a log of wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good men serving him only because he has a great heap of that metal; and if it should so happen that by some accident or trick of law, which does sometimes produce as great changes as chance itself, all this wealth should pass from the master to the meanest varlet of his whole family, he himself would very soon become one of his servants, as if he were a thing that belonged to his wealth and so were bound to follow its fortune. But they do much more admire and detest their folly, who, when they see a rich man, though they neither owe him any thing nor are in any sort obnoxious to him, yet merely because he is rich they give him little less than divine honors, even though they know him to be so covetous and base-minded that, notwithstanding all his wealth, he will not part with one farthing of it to them as long as he lives.

WYATT AND SURREY.

THE glories of Elizabethan literature had their beginning in the intellectual convulsions in the reign of Henry VIII., memorable as the awakening of England to the new life of the revival in literature and art, and the religious revolution. They were stirring times for men of action as well as men of thought. Even in the peaceful field of poetry the conquest of the old forms by the new was achieved by leaders versed in other and sterner arts than the literary, and it may seem strange that the redemption of English poetry from its lost and fallen state, into the high inheritance which it has not yet entirely forfeited, should have been wrought by Wyatt, soldier, diplomatist, and sometime prisoner in the Tower; and by Surrey, the fighting roysterer, who at thirty-one lost his head for alleged treason.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, born in 1503, died of a cold in 1542; the Earl of Surrey, born in 1516, was beheaded in 1547. While on an embassy, Wyatt came in contact with "the sweet and stately measure and style of the Italian poesy," writes a contemporary, who declares of both, "they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesy from what it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said to be the first reformers of our English metre and style." This verdict stands, with the important addendum of later judgment which discriminates between rhythmical construction and poetical spirit. This latter only came in with the larger freedom of fancy and style in the spacious days of Elizabeth. Except as indicating the track of the new departure there is little value in the stiffly artificial poems of the doleful Wyatt and the more artistic work of Surrey, the brighter-witted votary of Eros. They did not wholly renounce the simpler style of Chaucer. They kept up the wholesome ballad rhyme and set the common people singing again. Eager to meet every taste, both these men put the Psalms of David into popular verse. But their main output was courtly poesy, burnished within and without, to add the glitter of the fashionable foreign movement in literature to the native product, now in transformation. Wyatt lacks the lighter graces of Surrey, in the sonnet (which they first introduced), and in the lyrics by which they are best remembered. Their so-called satires owe what small merits they have to the originals of which they are imitations. Surrey, however, exceedingly enriched his native tongue by his invention of blank verse, first employed in his translation of two books of the Æneid.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE following is among the best examples of the usually serious style of Wyatt.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this!

The Address to His Lute.

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly
Repulse the wave continually,
As she may suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got,
Of simple hearts, through Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance may fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest pain:
Trow not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie wither'd and old
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon:
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labor that thou and I shalt waste,
And ended is that I begun;
Now is this song both sung and past:
My lute! be still, for I have done.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED.

THE following sonnet by Surrey is interesting as one of the earliest poems in that form in English. It is also the most poetical of all written by these men.

ALAS! so all things now do hold their peace!
Heaven and earth disturbéd in no thing:
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease:
The nightës car the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less:
So am not I, whom love, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;
But by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting.
When that I think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

LOVE'S VASSAL.

THIS is Surrey's translation of one of Petrarch's sonnets.

LOVE that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought;
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire,

With shamefac'd cloak to shadow and restrain,
  Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
  Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks, and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
  For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is his death that takes his end by Love.

ROGER ASCHAM.

ONE of the first prose books of worth written in English was a quaint and scholarly treatise on archery, entitled "Toxophilus; the Schole or Partitiones of Shooting." Its author thus defends his use of the vulgar tongue instead of Latin: "If any man would blame me for writing in the English tongue, this answer I may make him; that what the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write. . . . He that would write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as the wise men do. . . . Many English writers have not done this, but by using strange words from foreign languages they do make all things dark and hard." As the setter of the fashion of using the mother tongue, simplifying and purifying it, in the realm of letters Ascham's books have a distinction independently of their intrinsic merit.

Of humble birth, Roger Ascham was educated by his father's employer, entering Cambridge in 1530, in his fifteenth year, taking his M.A. degree seven years later. He had particular aptitude for Greek learning and was appointed University lecturer. His proficiency in Latin, which he wrote with elegance of style and penmanship, led to his being employed to write the public correspondence of the university. Ascham was versatile and progressive. His "Toxophilus" is no more a dry treatise upon archery than "The Compleat Angler" is upon fishing; both works seek to beguile the stay-at-home scholar from his books into the open fields, from solitary study into the health-giving exercise of the manly sport of the day, when the bow and arrow were still in use as military weapons.

Ascham was tutor from 1548 until 1550 to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. After a tour abroad, still holding his university offices, Ascham was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, which he retained under Elizabeth, who continued her studies under his daily supervision. At the request of the queen's advisers Ascham wrote "The Scholemaster; or plaine and perfite Way of teaching Children to understande, write and speake the Latin Tong, but specially purposed for the private bringing up of Youth in Jentlemen and Noblemen's Houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin Tonge, and would, by themselves, without a Scholemaster, in short Tyme, and with small Paines, recover a sufficient Habilitie to understand, write and speake Latin." This work was written during the last seven years of his life, which ended in December, 1568; it was published in 1570, and is remarkable for the soundness and ingenuity of the principles he advocated in line with modern views. Besides these two works, whose wit, wisdom and easy English diction make them excellent reading to this day, Ascham published an account of his tour through Italy and Germany.

Fair Shooting.

I CAN teach you to shoot fair, even as Socrates taught a man once to know God. For when he asked him what was God? "Nay," saith he, "I can tell you better what God is not, as God is not ill, God is unspeakable, unsearchable, and so forth. Even likewise can I say of fair shooting, it hath not this discommodity with it nor that discommodity, and at last a man may so shift all the discommodities from shooting that there shall be left nothing behind but fair shooting. And to do this the better you must remember how that I told you when I described generally the whole nature of shooting, that fair shooting came of these things of standing, nocking, drawing, holding and loosing; the which I will go over as shortly as I can, describing the discommodities that men commonly use in all parts of their bodies, that, you if you fault in any such, may know it, and go about to amend it. Faults in archers do exceed the number of archers, which come with use of shooting without teaching. Use and custom separated from knowledge and learning, doth not only hurt shooting, but the most weighty things in the world beside. And, therefore, I marvel much at those people which be the maintainers of uses without knowledge, having no other word in their mouth but this, "use, use, custom, custom." Such men, more willful than wise, beside other discommodities, take all place and occasion from all amendment. And this I speak generally of use and custom.

Two Wings Better than One.

I HAVE been a looker-on in the cockpit of learning these many years; and one cock only have I known, which, with one wing, even at this day, doth pass all other, in mine opinion, that ever I saw in England though they had two wings. Yet nevertheless, to fly well with one wing, to run fast with one leg, are masteries, more to be marvelled at than sure examples, safely to be followed. A bishop that now liveth, a good man, whose judgment in religion I better like than his opinion in perfectness in other learning, said once unto me: "We have no need now of the Greek tongue, when all things be translated into Latin." But the good man understood not, that even the best translation is for mere necessity but an evil imped wing to fly withal, or a heavy stump leg of wood to go withal. Such, the higher they fly, the sooner they falter and fail; the faster they run, the ofter they stumble and sorer the fall. Such as will needs so fly, may fly at a pye, and catch a daw; and such runners shove and shoulder to stand foremost, yet in the end they come behind others, and deserve but the hopshackles, if the masters of the game be right judgers.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

TRADITION and the evidence of his life and pen unite in applying to Sir Philip Sidney the superlative praises poetry has ever bestowed on knightly heroes. From his birth in 1554 he was reared in the gentle life of the cultured rich, and at eighteen began his three years' round of travel on the Continent and visited the learned of France and Italy. As the nephew of Lord Leicester he soon came under the keen eye of Elizabeth. As if to justify his Queen's honest avowal that she esteemed him "as one of the jewels of my crown," Sir Philip delighted her court by writing the masque, "The Lady of the May," which was played at Lord Leicester's historic reception of Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Sidney was one of the victorious knights in the tournament. In his twenty-third year he was made ambassador, with a gorgeous retinue, to carry the Queen's congratulations to the new emperor of Germany, Rudolph II. The Queen dissuaded him from becoming a candidate for the crown of Poland. From 1578 until his marriage in 1583 he lived the private life of a country gentleman, with occasional visits to the court, pursuing his literary work, which was with him a passion. He incurred the Queen's disfavor by writing her a letter of protest against her supposed inclination to marry the Duke of Anjou. In 1585 Sidney went with Leicester's expedition to the Netherlands. Two horses were shot under him at the battle of Zutphen. While mounting the third he received a fatal shot, through his characteristically romantic, but foolish, act of throwing away his leg-armor because he saw his commander wore none. The tradition of his passing the cup of water, untouched by his own parched lips, to a wounded soldier, is in perfect keeping with the former strictly authentic fact.

That Sir Philip Sidney should have bent his romantic genius to the versification of the Psalms is less singular than the fact that none of his own writings were published during his lifetime. And there is this to be remembered of one of those modest writings, it was the first piece of purely literary criticism and the first "Defence of Poetrie" in the language. Chaucer and Lydgate had been put in type by Caxton, and the old ballads had some vogue, though the fourteenth century English was antiquated. The new style ushered in by Wyatt and Surrey had not yet taken root, and the day of Spenser and Shakespeare was to come. During his retirement in his Kentish home Sidney wrote a long artificial romance after the Italian fashion, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Of its florid class, and considering the taste of the time, this richly and wearisomely elaborated pastoral story merited its popularity during a hundred years. Some charming lyrics are sprinkled among the impossible adventures, but Sidney's poetic gift must be judged by his string of over a century of sonnets, making literary love to his Penelope, daughter of the Earl of Essex, who had been his sweetheart in his boyhood. These sonnets, entitled "Astrophel and Stella," are the first collected series of poems in this Italian form, and exhibit great poetic feeling despite their inevitable artificiality. The "Defence," or, as Sidney first called it, "Apologie for Poetrie" at once became and will long remain a classic and a treasury of strong Elizabethan English, comparable in dignity of style and theme with Milton's "Areopagitica."

A Stag Hunt.

(From the "Arcadia.")

They came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in color and marks so resembling, that it showed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisements, sometimes the view of —their faithful counsellors—the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skillful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

AN ARCADIAN LOVE LETTER.

MOST blessed paper, which shall kiss that hand whereto all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not disdain to carry with thee the woful words of a miser [wretch] now despairing; neither be afraid to appear before her bearing the base title of the sender, for no sooner shall that divine hand touch thee but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourn boldly, my ink, for while she looks upon you your blackness will shine; cry out boldly, my lamentation, for while she reads you your cries will be music. Say, then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too soon born and too late dying creature, which dares not speak—no, not look—no, not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness only presumes to desire thee, in the times that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say, not from him—oh, no, that were not fit—but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment: O you, the only honor to women, to men the only admiration; you that, being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence: and let me remember him who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch—yet your wretch—though with languishing steps, runs fast to his grave: and will you suffer a temple—how poorly built soever, but yet a temple of your deity—to be razed? But he dieth, it is most true, he dieth; and he in whom you live to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain; for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies because, in woful language, all his senses tell him that such is your pleasure; for since you will not that he live, alas! alas! what followeth —what followeth of the most ruined Dorus but his end? End then, evil-destined Dorus, end; and end, thou woful letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

STELLA.

STELLA, the only planet of my light,
  Light of my life, and life of my desire,
  Chief good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
  With voice more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
  Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
Fed by thy worth, and kindled by thy sight?
And all in vain: for while thy breath most sweet
  With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet,
  Labor to kill in me this killing care:
O think I then, what paradise of joy
It is so fair a virtue to enjoy!

THE STOLEN KISS.

LOVE, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
  Schooled only by his mother's tender eye;
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
  When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
  In sport I sucked while she asleep did lie,
Doth lower, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
  Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne: see now, who dares come near
  Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain.
O heav'nly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
  That Anger's self I needs must kiss again.

EDMUND SPENSER.

England's golden age of poetry began with Spenser, first and fairest of Elizabeth's choir of true singers, then and still honored as "the poets' poet," and rightly so, as few but poets can claim much knowledge of his work. It ranks above the heights scaled by the every-day reader for pleasure. His master-work lacks popular attractiveness in being an allegory and not a dramatic story. Its music is the subtle Æolian harmony of sounds that most delight the most delicate ear. And the unfamiliar look of that somewhat grotesque English, ruffled with archaisms and starched with stiff Italian forms, counts substantially among the apologies for modern readers whose taste is moulded by the fashion of their own century.

Yet the literature of Elizabeth's day, which still glorifies that of the English language, is not to be properly understood without a passing study of Spenser, who was a very grand poet and more besides. Though eager to link his branch of the Spenser clan with the ennobled Spencers, it is evident that the poet, who was born in 1552, was of humble Lancashire origin. He got through Cambridge by a sizarship. Thence north as a tutor on small pay, which possibly accounts for his rejection by the "faithless Rosalind, and voyd of grace," over whom he wasted many inky tears and prentice efforts in his "Shepherd's Calendar," twelve pastoral poems, in which Colin Clout imitates the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil. This appeared in 1579. A college friend, Gabriel Harvey, brought Spenser into friendly relations with Lord Leicester. The result was the young poet's appointment as secretary to the lord-deputy of Ireland in 1580.

England was in a state of turmoil at home and abroad; there had been a rebellion, known as Desmond's, in Ireland, which had tempted the young bloods of the aristocracy to league themselves together for a raid of suppression, to be rewarded with the spoils of war. Gentle spirit though the poet had, his other self shared the romantic love for adventure and for sordid gain, so characteristic of the time. Spenser was only eight-and-twenty; he had lived in the house of the knightly Philip Sidney, where his "Calendar" had been written, and breathed the same bracing air as Walter Raleigh, his after associate. So he served under Lord-Deputy Grey, bore his part in the terrible suppression of the uprising, and shared in the division of the Earl of Desmond's forfeited estates. In all Spenser spent ten years in Ireland in various government offices, the last four being the important clerkship of the Council of Munster. Three thousand acres of land, and the ancient seat of the Desmonds, Kilcolman Castle, in County Cork, had been granted to Spenser in the spoliation of Munster. In 1596 he had written, and Queen Elizabeth and her ministers had studied, a matter-of-fact state-paper which the poet, writing as a shrewd man of affairs, had entitled, "View of the Present State of Affairs in Ireland." It is thrown into the fanciful form of a dialogue between a typical advocate of sound doctrine and another who pleads for peace. Spenser gravely approves the harsh policy of Lord Grey and other "very wise governors and counsellors," which offered to the Irish the alternative of submission or extermination. But Lord Grey's plan was dropped after two years of bloodshed, and Spenser's "View" was not printed until 1633.

The first instalment of the "Faerie Queene" appeared in 1590 as a quarto volume consisting of three "books," with the announcement that it had been entered at Stationers' Hall, and was "Aucthoryzed under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and bothe the wardens." The whole poem was to be "disposed into twelve Books, fashioning XII. Morall Vertues." How Spenser had managed to build up this monument of faery verse, instinct with serenest beauty of thought and form, amid the turbulent scenes of his life in Ireland, is a mystery of the craft. He went to London to bask in the triumph awaiting him. Raleigh presented him to Elizabeth, who duly did homage to his genius. He stayed there a year, disappointed if he had reckoned on substantial court favors, for except the small pension of fifty pounds a year, his royal patron did nothing for him. On his return to Ireland two other books by him were published, the "Daphnaida," an elegy in the pastoral style, and "Complaints and Meditations of the World's Vanity," a collection of miscellaneous and mostly early verse. His friend Raleigh's doleful experience of prison about that time helped both of them to bewail in bitter earnest the delusive charms that glitter from the distance in the patronage of courts. Spenser returned to London the year after his marriage, in 1594, and published the "Amoretti," sonnets of love, and his "Epithalamion," best of his minor poems. Later pieces disclosed the growing disappointments that were clouding years which should have been his happiest. Three more books of the "Faerie Queene" came out in 1596, and, among a few other pieces, the famous "Astrophel," his pastoral elegy, introducing various laments by other writers for the death of Sir Philip Sidney. It is said, but not substantiated, that Spenser had written more books of his great poem, which perished at sea or by fire. In 1598 he was made sheriff of Cork. Within a few weeks Tyrone's rebellion broke out, his Kilcolman house was fired, the tradition being that his fifth child was burnt to death. The poet escaped to England bearing despatches. His last writing was a paper urging the old resort to brute force to "pacify" the Irish. Broken in fortune and spirit, probably in heart, too, he died on January 16, 1599. He was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

Alcyon's Lament for Daphne.

(From the "Daphnaida.")

"Whilom I used, as thou right well dost know,
  My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
  And flowery banks with silver liquor steep;
Nought cared I then for worldly change or chance,

For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to carol and to dance.

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native Rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
I spiéd playing on the grassy plain
Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

"Much was I movéd at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldom seen,
And 'gan to cast how I her compass might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been;
So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

"And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That though by kind she stout and savage were,
For being born an ancient Lion's heir
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framed, and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

"For she in field, wherever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause required, or else in sleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
And evermore when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

"Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Nor feared the wolf, nor feared the wildest beast,
All were I drowned in careless quiet deep;
My lovely lioness without behest
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I wakéd, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

"Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envied,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my Lioness, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad; and when her worthiness
Much greater than the rude report they tried,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bless.

"Long thus I joyéd in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh, *fond* man! that in world's fickleness [*foolish*
Reposedst hope, or weenedst thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies.

"For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel satyr with his murderous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart;
My Lioness, ah, woe is me! is gone!

"Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter than the Lion, which with toil
Alcides slew, and fixed in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deal allayed, I him bespake again:
"Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal pain.

"Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy lovéd Lioness;
For rare it seems in reason to be scanned,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule possess,

Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
  And be the vassal of his vassaless;
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful case."

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou know'st," quoth he,
  "She now is dead:" nor more endured to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
  That I, beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much appalled, and, lightly him uprearing,
  Revokéd life, that would have fled away,
All were myself, through grief, in deadly drearing.

THE EPITHALAMION.

WAKE now, my love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy morn long since left Tithone's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
To await the coming of your joyous make [mate],
And hearken to the bird's love-learnéd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,

And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair:
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come;
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun, show forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy life-full heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that *mote* thy mind delight, [*might*
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine—
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud,
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling *crowd*, [*fiddle*
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confuséd noise,
As if it were one voice.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen," they do shout;

That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud;
And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen" sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo, where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best;
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been;
Her long, loose yellow locks like golden wire
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crownéd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes abashéd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are;
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bower.

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring!

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Nor thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,

The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss;
Make feast therefore now all this livelong day,—
This day forever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

The Faerie Queene.

The "Faerie Queene" transcends all other allegories in two respects—it was, and still remains, the first pure English poem, since Chaucer's day, of its range and beauty: and it marks the new departure from mediævalism through the renaissance to the strong intellectualism which took its second impetus from the Reformation, and wrought our later civil and religious liberties. In this poem Spenser bridges the gap between the old mythology and poetic romanticism of the past, and the prophetic anticipation of great realities to come from the quickening of mental and material activities already at work. His Faerie, *i. e.*, spiritual, Queen is Gloriana, the Glory of God, yet also meaning Elizabeth idealized. Una is religious Truth; the Red Cross Knight is Holiness, or St. George, ever doing battle for the true Faith against the Dragon of Error; and Archimago, the Devil. Among the enemies of Una is the witch Duessa, who stands for the Church of Rome, and so through the play of his puppets Spenser vents his bitter hostility to the cause represented by Mary Stuart, whose speedy execution he pleads for. The first Book thus allegorizes Religion, tightly robed in the bigotries of the time. The second, third and fourth treat of Love in all its manifestations, with Sir Guyon as the personification of Temperance, and Britomart, the most charming heroine of the whole poem, representing Chastity. Book V. is devoted to Justice, and in the sixth and seventh, the last we possess of the twelve contemplated by the poet, the minor virtues, Courtesy and Constancy, are shown in their relations with Love and Justice. In Prince Arthur is typified Magnificence, an idealized conception of the secondary Glory of God. Leaving the ethical significance of the poem, though Spenser puts it well in the fore-front of his work, the "Faerie Queene" can be read at random for its poetical beauties without loss, probably with more pleasure than as a whole. The chivalric romance was the favorite reading of the people. The new Italian and French forms of verse were familiar to Spenser—but he added to the eight rhymed lines of Ariosto's stanza an Alexandrine as the ninth. This new form bears the name of the Spenserian stanza. Thus the poet established not simply a style, but a noble order of imaginative verse which has been the delight and the envy of poets ever since.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND UNA.

A gentle Knight was *pricking* on the plaine, [*riding* a
Yclad in mightie armes and silver shielde, [*clad* b
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine, a
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde; b
Yet armes till that time did he never wield. b
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt, c
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield: b
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt, c
As one for knightly *giusts* and fierce encounters fitt. [*jousts* c

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd.
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was *ydrad.* [*feared*

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did *earne* [*yearn*
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a *vele,* that wimpled was full low, [*veil*
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:

As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall *lynage* came [*lineage*
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearièd with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, *yclad* with sommers pride, [*clad*
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred are.

NOTE.—For a specimen of Spenser's translation from the French of Ioachim du Bellay's "Visions," see pp. 253–255.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

CHIEF among the romantic figures whose high gifts and large activities made Elizabeth's reign illustrious, stands the versatile Sir Walter Raleigh, most envied, most to be pitied. His literary genius was subordinated to the necessities of other ambitions or he would have run his more famous contemporaries hard in the race for popularity. He cannot be denied a place among the great masters of nervous force and style in both prose and verse.

Born in 1552, he left Oxford in his seventeenth year for seven years of adventurous service with the Huguenot army in France. His next step was to join his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to America, and on this being prevented by the Council, Raleigh became captain of a small force sent to put down the insurrection in Ireland. Both Spenser and Raleigh entered on this task of suppression with the fiercest brutality and easy consciences. The massacre of the Catholic garrison won them their sovereign's favor. Monopolies were conferred upon the dashing soldier-courtier, followed later by high offices of emolument. His restless ambition craved for the manlier honors of fame and power won by bold achievements, and this caused him, in his thirty-second year, to risk his modest fortune in backing Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to colonize North America. It was a glorious failure, ennobled by Gilbert's last words as the storm sank his little ship, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." In the next year Raleigh despatched another fleet with pioneer settlers for the new land he named in honor of his queen, Virginia, and though this and the expeditions supplementary also failed, he is remembered as the first Englishman who planted the seed from which grew the great colonies of after years. When, in 1584, Raleigh received his grant of land in Ireland in reward for his extermination services, he tried to make the suppression of the Irish complete by replacing them with English settlers. Unscrupulous as he was in attaining his ends he was sagacions in helping the colonists to acquire real interest in their new life, and with this end he introduced the potato and tobacco, which have outlasted his colony schemes.

After many furious wranglings, Raleigh, who had made more enemies than friends, gradually lost his hold on Elizabeth's goodwill. He retired to Ireland for a while under this cloud, returning to London with Spenser in 1590, whom he presented to the queen. Although Raleigh had spent fortunes in attempting the expansion of the realm and had actively shared in expeditions against Spain, including the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth cast her late favorite into the Tower, for his intrigue with the maid of honor, who afterwards became his wife. This was the beginning of his greater adversity. His release was granted because Raleigh alone could effect a satisfactory distribution of the spoils gathered by the last expedition he had sent out. On regaining his freedom, stung by his hard unmerited fate, Raleigh determined to rise to unassailable eminence by a brilliant stroke. He would be the discoverer of the fabled El Dorado, doing what others only dreamed of, and in 1595, after receiving the reports of his pioneers, he set out with five ships for the Orinoco, explored it sufficiently to bring back glowing stories gathered from the Indians, fortified with specimens of gold ore. He wrote his account of the voyage, "The Discoverie of the Empyre of Guiana, with a Relation of the Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado), and of the Provinces of Emeria," etc. Next year, not being able to go himself, Raleigh sent Capt. Keymis to make further researches, while he led the attack of the British fleet under Lords Howard and Essex against the Spanish fleet, being wounded in the action that ended with the capture of Cadiz and the establishing of English supremacy on the sea. The death of Elizabeth brought Raleigh into conflict with her successsor, James I., upon the policy of crushing Spain. The king's reluctance to pursue this led to strong words from Raleigh, which being construed as treasonable, caused his arrest. After an attempt at suicide he was tried and condemned to death in 1603. At the last moment this was commuted to life imprisonment. In this dungeon, still to be seen in the Tower, he wrote his incomplete "History of the

World," political tracts, and poems embittered with resentment at the strokes of adverse fate. His wealth had been confiscated, and the prospect, in his forty-second year, of spending the rest of his life in prison, must have brought so vigorous a character near madness. After fourteen years in solitude he was permitted to indulge his dream of enriching his ungrateful country with the El Dorado that had eluded his messengers. His desperate scheme collapsed. The death-sentence had been suspended, not annulled. He was executed October 29, 1618, the semblance of legality being secured by the appointment of a commission, formed of Raleigh's enemies, with Bacon as their mouthpiece, who condemned Raleigh ostensibly on the original charge of treason, but actually for being a greater Englishman, patriot, and literary genius than his titular superior, the king.

Raleigh made a really dignified attempt to enlarge the scope of general knowledge by writing his "History of the World." Though no more than a fragment of its projected scheme, its lofty conception and comprehensive sweep give it distinction as a literary performance, the greater for the doleful environment of its author's mind and body. His exquisite sonnet on his friend's "Faerie Queene" sufficiently illustrates his capacity for pure poetry, as does the lyric in reply to Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd." The musings of a profound mind, wearied with the falsity of much professed friendship, find powerful expression in "The Soul's Errand." Raleigh's first printed composition is the stirring story of the last fight of the battle-ship "The Revenge," in which Sir Richard Grenville fought for fifteen hours against fifteen Spanish men-of-war, his ship being but five hundred tons with some two hundred men, of whom ninety were sick. She sank three of the enemy's vessels and killed fifteen hundred men before her masts went overboard. When her deck was level with the sea and Grenville mortally wounded he ordered the gunner to sink the ship. Raleigh, cousin to Grenville, chronicles the incident as "The Last Fight of 'The Revenge' at Sea . . . described by Sir Walter Raleigh, November, 1591."

ENGLISH VALOR.

(From the "History of the World.")

ALL that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poitiers for lack of other as good examples of the English virtue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks in all quarters of France, than ever did the valor of the Romans. If any man impute these victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow, my answer is ready—that in all these respects it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a boy or a woman as when by a strong man; weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long-bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, *point-blank;* and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it, in general, true that the long-bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him, I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian, who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: "The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay; he forceth our guard, placed upon the bridge to keep the passage." (*John de Serres.*) Or I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells us how the Britons [Bretons], being invaded by Charles VIII., King of France, thought it good policy to apparel twelve hundred of their own men in

English cassocks, that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation); the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English prevailing against all manner of difficulties ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why then did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done, my answer may be—I hope without offense—that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidæ, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note: *Belli potentes sunt mage quam sapienti potentes;* They were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceedings may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V., the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

(See Marlowe's poem, p. 337.)

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might one move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,

All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

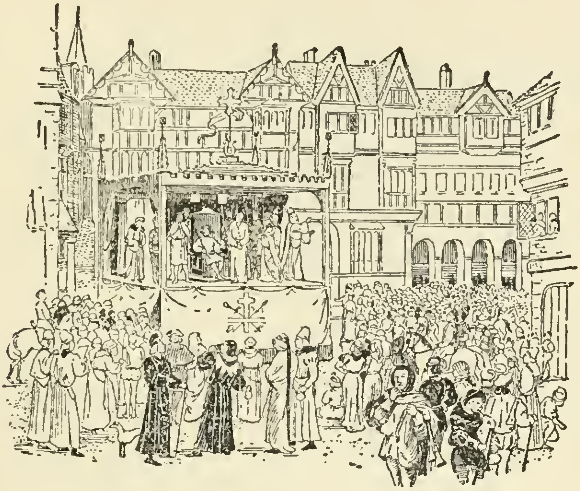
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

THE drama in modern Europe as well as in ancient Greece, is of religious origin. It began in the Church itself in the attempts to present vividly and reverently the scenes of Christmas and Easter. These were probably introduced in England in the twelfth century by the Normans. The Franciscan friars, who came first in 1224, appear in the next century to have adopted plays or dialogues as a means of instruction. The liturgical dramas of the clergy and the didactic plays of the friars made way for fuller representations of Scripture history in the vernacular, none of which can be traced earlier than the fourteenth century. These were chiefly connected with the feast of Corpus Christi, which, though instituted by Pope Urban IV. in 1264, was not recognized until 1311.

In these Miracle plays the actors were no longer priests, but usually members of the various trade-guilds, whose shows and processions were a prominent feature of mediæval life. The feast came early in June, and in the celebration each guild undertook to represent some scriptural event in its "pageant." The pageant or stage was a decorated structure of two stories, which could be drawn by horses from station to station in the streets. The lower story being enclosed, served as a dressing-room for the actors, while on the open upper stage the performance was exhibited. Certain cities became famous as centres of these Corpus Christi plays, especially York and Chester. London is never mentioned in connection with them. Besides the series of Miracle plays belonging to these town-guilds, there are two others extant. One is called the Towneley plays, from the family which long retained the manuscript. These plays were connected with Wakefield in

Yorkshire, and seem to have been prepared by the Augustinian Canons of Woodkirk, near by. The second series is called the Coventry Plays, and is known to have been performed in various places by the Franciscan or Grey Friars.



The themes of these Miracle plays were taken chiefly from the Old and New Testaments, but also from apocryphal books and mediæval legends. In representations of the Gospels Christ constantly appears, and even the details of his crucifixion are shown; in the Creation all the Persons of the Trinity are introduced; in other scenes Lucifer is shown as cast down to hell. For relief from the oppressive tragedies or for the amusement of the rabble, humorous scenes were sparingly introduced, though the Franciscans altogether excluded such parts. The characters in these additions were persons not distinctly named in Scripture or legend, though necessary to the performance, as Noah's wife, the soldiers who slay the innocents at Bethlehem, the beadle of Pilate's court, the Roman soldiers who set up the cross. In treating these obscure characters the dramatist was less hampered by religious considerations, and took the opportunity to introduce strokes of homely wit.

Besides the Miracle plays there sprang up in the fifteenth century a parallel series, called Moralities. These were dramatic versions of those strange allegories which abounded in the Middle Ages, and were intended to give practical instruction in the conduct of life. They set forth the superlative excellence of the seven cardinal virtues and held up to scorn the seven deadly sins. The dramatic essence lay in the doubtful contest of these powers for the possession of man's soul. The earliest extant play of this class is the "Castell of Perseverance," composed about 1450. This long drama rehearses the spiritual history of Man from his feeble birth to the dreadful judgment. It depicts his struggles with *Mundus*, *Caro* and *Belial* (the World, the Flesh and the Devil), who are supported by the Seven Deadly Sins, while Man receives help from his Good Angel and the Cardinal Virtues, who shower roses on his assailants. Avarice, however, conquers him in his old age, and Man, dying, is almost lost until Mercy, by pleading Christ's Passion, secures from the Heavenly Father the salvation of his soul. Later plays of this kind were shorter and were called Interludes. They treat of portions of life, warn against special sins, advocate the love of learning, and sometimes introduce theological discussions. These Moralities faded away like pale ghosts before the splendid and overpowering presence of the new and glorious creations of Marlowe, Shakespeare and their rival dramatists.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

THE Building of the Ark and the Flood were a favorite subject with the composers of the Miracle Plays. This version is taken from the Chester Plays, all the manuscripts of which were written about 1600. The use of alliteration and other peculiarities indicate that it is of much earlier origin, and A. W. Pollard assigns it to 1450. From the text given in his *Miracle Plays* the following extract is taken, the spelling being modernized. God announces to Noah that the earth is to be destroyed by a flood, and directs him to build the ark for the safety of his family. Then Noah and his sons prepare to build the Ark.

Noye. Now in the name of God I will begin
To make the ship that we shall in,
That we may be ready for to swim
At the coming of the flood.
These boards here I pin together,

To bear us safe from the weather,
That we may row both hither and thither,
  And safe be from the flood.
Of this tree will I make the mast,
Tied with cables that will last,
With a sail-yard for each blast,
  And each thing in their kind.
With top-castle, and bowsprit,
With cords and ropes, I hold all meet
To sail forth at the next *weet*, [*rain*
  This ship is at an end.
Wife, in this vessel we shall be kept:
My children and thou I would ye in leapt.
Noye's Wife. In faith, Noye, I had as lief thou slept!
  For all thy *frynish* fare, [*ingenious*
I will not do after thy *rede*. [*advice*
Noye. Good wife, do now as I thee bid.
Noye's Wife. By Christ! not *or* I see more need, [*ere*
  Though thou stand all the day and stare.
Noye. Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And none are meek, I dare well say,
This is well seen by me to-day,
  In witness of you each one.
Good wife, let be all *beare*, [*loud noise*
That thou mayst in this place hear;
For all they ween that thou art master,
  And so thou art, by Saint John!

God then orders Noah to take into the ark clean beasts by sevens, and unclean by twos. These animals were painted on the boards, and Noah's wife and sons rehearse the list of them.

Noye. Wife, come in; why standest thou there?
Thou art ever froward, I dare well swear;
Come in, in God's name! half time it were,
  For fear lest that we drown.
Noye's Wife. Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail,
For withouten any fail,
  I will not out of this town,
But I have my gossips every one, [*without*
One foot further I will not gone:
They shall not drown, by Saint John,

An I may save their life.
They love me full well, by Christ!
But thou let them into thy *kist*, [*ark*
Else row now where thou list,
And get thee a new wife.
Noye. Sem, son, lo! thy mother is *wrawe* [*wroth*
Forsooth, such another I do not know.
Sem. Father, I shall fetch her in, I trow,
Withouten any fail.
Mother, my father after thee sends
And bids thee into yonder ship wend.
Look up and see the wind,
For we be ready to sail.
Noye's Wife. Sem, go again to him, I say.
I will not come therein to-day.
Noye. Come in, wife, in twenty devils' way!
Or else stand there without.
Ham. Shall we all fetch her in?
Noye. Yea, sons, with Christ's blessing and mine!
I would you hied you betime,
For of this flood I am in *doubt.* [*fear*

The Good Gossips' Song.

The flood comes fleeting in full fast,
On every side that spreads full far;
For fear of drowning I am aghast;
Good gossips, let us draw near.
And let us drink *or* we depart, [*ere*
For oft-times we have done so;
For at a draught thou drink'st a quart,
And so will I do *or* I go. [*ere*
Here is a pottle full of Malmsey, good and strong;
It will rejoice both heart and tongue.
Though Noye think us never so long,
Here we will drink alike!

Japhet. Mother, we pray you all together,
For we are here, your own childer,
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For His love that you bought.
Noye's Wife. That will not I for all your call,
But I have my gossips all. [*unless*

Sem. (*Lifting her.*) In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether thou wilt or not.
Noye. (*Receiving her.*) Welcome, wife, into this boat.
Noye's Wife. (*Hitting him on the ear.*) Have thou that for thy
nott. [*head*
Noye. Ha, ha! Marry, this is hot.
It is good for to be still.
Ha! children, methinks my boat *remeves,* [*removes*
Our tarrying here highly me grieves,
Over the land the water spreads;
God do as He will.
This window will I shut anon,
And into my chamber will I gone,
Till this water, so great One,
Be slacked through Thy might.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

WHEN Marlowe's name is spoken, "Marlowe of the mighty line," the poets join in a chorus of praise for one of the greatest among them, yet one whose life was short and full of troubles, so that his fame is based on fragments. He is pronounced by Swinburne to be the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse. Shakespeare himself paid Marlowe the homage of resetting his rough gems in golden verse. The two were born within a few weeks of each other; in both innate genius came to early maturity.

Marlowe's life is little more than the flash of a romantic figure across a crowded stage, a brilliant gleam and then the exit into silence. He was the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, born in 1564, helped to a Cambridge scholarship, winning his B.A. as "Marlyn," and his M.A. as "Marley," in the slipshod spelling of the day. A few translations, and some wild flings at the Christian religion are all that remain of his earlier efforts. He then took to the stage and the vagabond life of an actor. A broken leg and sundry scars were his trophies during those scapegrace years, yet the ambition of his gifts impelled him to the making of dramatic poetry. He gave the rein to his fiery fancy as he wrote his first tragedy for the stage, "Tamburlaine the Great." Its hero, its theme and opportunities conspired to impress Marlowe with a sense of boundless range for his powers. Hence its dominant air of what seems inflated bombast, but still magnificent and not unfitting for the Tamerlane legend. Its exalted strain is tempered with many passages of purest poetry, noble in spirit and of exquisite beauty. The play appeared in 1587 and was printed two years later. So great was its fame that the author produced a Second Part, carrying on the story and the style of the first. The greater glory of this tragedy lies in its being the first work in which poetry and blank verse are blent together with complete success. It established the rule for aftercomers to follow.

"The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" was Marlowe's next production. In this his genius reaches its highest flight, scarcely second to Shakespeare at his best, though uneven and bearing the marks of impetuous immaturity. To these were added other plays, "The Jew of Malta," in some sense kin to Shakespeare's later Shylock; "Edward the Second," the "Massacre of Paris," a mere fragment, and "Dido, Queen of Carthage," completed by other hands after Marlowe's death. This death occured on the 1st of June, 1593, in his thirtieth year, the result of a stab gotten in a low-life fray. In strange contrast with his tragic vein and the fascination of the prodigal life are his occasional excursions into the sweeter scenes of simple rural happiness, memories that inspired such charming lyrics as "The Passionate Shepherd," "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," beloved of Izaak Walton and his readers.

The splendor of "Doctor Faustus" as a creation of poetic genius has been recognized by Goethe, the creator of the better known version of the old legend. He marvelled at the greatness with which Marlowe's work was planned. This greatness is that of perfect simplicity, as of the Pyramids; the play of the elemental forces of human nature in all their sublime aspects, terrible and captivating in turn. The Faust of Goethe is a very different being to Marlowe's Faustus. The first is a philosophic weakling compared to the other's passionate devotee of all the lusts fierce natures rage after.

Marlowe paints a realistic man, the creature but also the creator of his destiny, and it is a picture so weird and awe-inspiring as to remain unsurpassed of its kind. The play, or dramatic poem, opens with Faustus, the necromancer who is in touch with the other world, praying Lucifer for larger powers. To him is sent Mephostophilis, prime minister of the Prince of Darkness, with whom Faustus makes the compact binding him to surrender his body and soul twenty-four years hence in return for the enjoyment of supernatural powers for that term. He is now able to fly as swiftly as lightning, and make the powers of nature obey his every whim. He has spurned the appeals of his good angel, and now, when too late to accept, he is haunted by their echoes. As the years lapse he yearns for the power to repent, but he has bartered his self-command, and remorse goads him into agony. The climax comes, and in language of appalling tragic power Marlowe gives him up to his doom with the most "tremendous monologue" in all literature.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(For the reply to this by Sir Walter Raleigh, see p. 329.)

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills and field,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we shall sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs!
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE DOOM OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

[*The Clock strikes Eleven.*]

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
*O lente, lente, currite, noctis equi.**
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: O my Christ,—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone!
And see a threatening arm and angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No! then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth. Oh, no, it will not harbor me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,

---

* O slowly, slowly run, ye steeds of Night.

My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.
[*The Watch strikes.*
Oh, half the hour is past: 't will all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' Metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements:
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The Clock strikes Twelve.*
It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be changed into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.
[*Thunder, and enter the Devils.*
Oh mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell gape not, come not Lucifer:
I'll burn my books: Oh, Mephostophilis!

. . . .

[*Enter Scholars.*
First Sch. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.
Sec. Sch. O help us heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.
Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus served hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought

I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.
Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.
Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

HERO AND LEANDER.

MUSÆUS, a Greek poet of the fourth century before Christ, related the tragical story of the love of Hero and Leander in three hundred and forty-one lines. This poem attracted attention in the revival of learning, and was first turned into English by Marlowe, who amplified the story but left it incomplete. George Chapman (1557-1634) finished the paraphrase, but not with equal success.

Of Marlowe's version of this favorite classic tale it will suffice to quote Swinburne's estimate. "His poem stands alone in its age, and far ahead of any possible competition between the death of Spenser and the dawn of Milton. In clear mastery of narrative and presentation, in melodious ease and simplicity of strength, it is not less pre-eminent than in the adorable beauty and perfection of separate lines or passages."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

(From the First Sestiad by Marlowe.)

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,

And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She wore no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went, would cherup through their bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rocked, there took his rest.

. . . .

On this feast-day,—O cursèd day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her bower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,

As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolored jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass:

. . . . . .

For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danaë's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing *turtles'* blood, [*doves'*
Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they opened as she rose;
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamorèd.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue had an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneeled; but unto her devoutly prayed;
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parleyed by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And night, deep drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.

. . . .

These arguments he used, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook.
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stooped to have embraced her.
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus

In silence of the night to visit us),
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, "Come thither," from her slipped;
And suddenly her former color changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows about the empty air he flings:
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

KEATS'S famous sonnet, "On Reading Chapman's Homer," has given this translator lasting fame, not undeserved. Although he deliberately undertook to "adorn his original," and introduced many peculiarities of Elizabethan verse, yet he retained the fire and vigor of Homer. In no other translation is the rapidity of the Greek so well represented, though often at the expense of its grand simplicity. In his "Iliads" he used rhymed verses of fourteen syllables, thus approaching more closely to the original hexameters than in the heroic couplet used by Pope, or the blank verse of Cowper and Bryant. In the "Odyssey" Chapman employed the ten-syllabled iambic verse, but wielded it with less power than he had shown with the other. Chapman was born in 1557, and received a university education. He wrote many plays, but had not true dramatic force. His best tragedy is the "Bussy d'Ambois." He delighted in conceits and in a show of learning, and when he found that readers did not care for it, he vowed that he detested popularity. Besides translating the whole of Homer, he took up Marlowe's unfinished "Hero and Leander" and brought the story to a close. He died in 1634.

THE DROWNED LOVER.

(From the Sixth Sestiad of "Hero and Leander" by Chapman.)

NIGHT, close and silent, now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attend the appointed fleet
At Sestos bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feigned he in another ship would pass;
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty* for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Formed in strong thought, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he showed
His guide by sea, and said—"Oft have you viewed
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister, see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but hers appears, each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourned
To be by influence of earth out-burned."
Off went his silk robe and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,
Thickening for haste one on another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted;
But now the cruel Fates with Ate hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont for either's right,
Pretended to the windy monarchy.

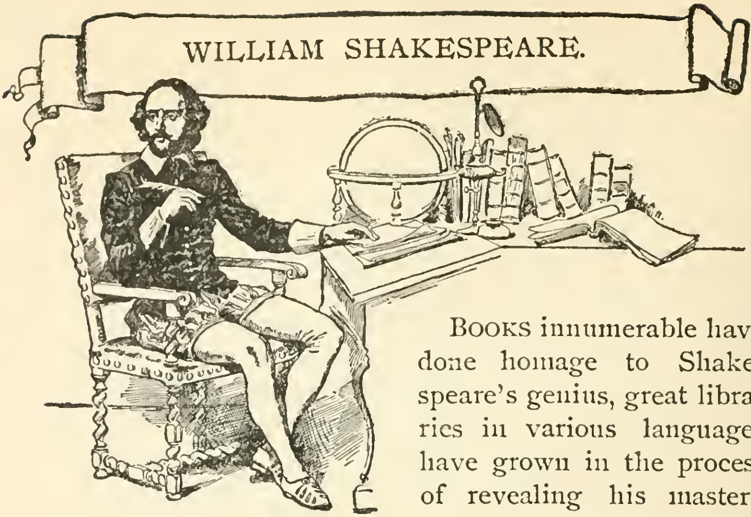
---

* A fantastic expression for his eye.

And forth they break: the seas mixed with the sky,
And tossed distressed Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven.—Bliss not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies sat dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other. Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus—she denied;
To Boreas, that, for his Atthea's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake on his desires:
But glory never blows cold pity's fires.
Then called he Neptune, who through all the noise
Knew with affright his wracked Leander's voice,
And up he rose: for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his forked sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater power than Neptune's gave them sway.
They loved Leander so, in groans they brake,
When they came near him, and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath;
But the cursed Fates sat spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state.
She wept and prayed for him to every Fate;
And every wind that whipped her with her hair
About the face, she kissed and spake it fair,
Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst; but still their cruelties
E'en her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The bating flame from that dear food it ate:
Dear, for it nourished her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescued from their strife,
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break,
And she, dear soul, e'en as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it—Out, oh, out it went!
  Leander still called Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurled his marble mace

At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis,
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune raged, the more he rased
His love's life's fort and killed as he embraced;
O thievish Fates! to let blood, flesh and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence.
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart
Greater than they could make and scorned their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him.
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel, jewel, her Leander;
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her,
Like his dear name—" Leander, still my choice!
Come nought but my Leander: O my voice,
Turn to Leander; henceforth be all sounds,
Accents and phrases, that show all grief's wounds,
Annalized in Leander. O black change!
Trumpets, do you, with thunder of your clang,
Drive out this change's horror; my voice faints,
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints."
Thus criéd she, for her vexed soul could tell
Her love was dead. And when the morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheeks, did show
Leander brought by Neptune bruised and torn.
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him and the sight was much, much more,
Than might have served to kill her, should her store
Of giant sorrow speak, burst, die, bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast,
And with Leander's name she breathed her last.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



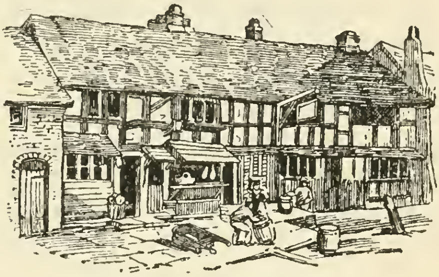
BOOKS innumerable have done homage to Shakespeare's genius, great libraries in various languages have grown in the process of revealing his mastery over thought and expression, sounding his depth and measuring his height as the supreme poet of all time, and yet, after all, he dwells remote as a star. His radiance we see and feel, his omniscience in the realm of human nature declares itself, but the author of those world-embracing, world-revealing works remains impersonal, known by that face serenely noble, but hardly other sure signs of common mortality; an intangible embodiment of all the forces and graces possible to prose and poetry.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on St. George's day, April 23d, 1564. His father a well-to-do trader in that market town, rose through various honorary offices to be its high-bailiff, or mayor. He was able to give William, the first-born of eight children, as good an education as the town afforded. Ben Jonson ungraciously tells us he had "little Latin and less Greek," but there is evidence in his earliest plays, and in the choice of theme for his poems, to show that Shakespeare had absorbed the soul of classical learning. He was taken from school at fourteen to help his father in business, and perhaps there acquired the education in the world's ways that shows so maturely in his earliest work. His father's prodigal good-fellowship, leading to poverty and shame without positive disgrace, did not lessen the son's aptitude for conviviality, though it taught him prudence. There are some traditions of a deer-stealing frolic, with troublesome consequences. The sudden marriage of this lad of eighteen to Anne Hathaway, his senior by eight years, is one of the few leading facts of this period. Before he reached his twenty-first birthday Shakespeare was the father of three children, two being twins.

Shrewd as he was in worldly affairs, he had no taste for the drudgery of the market-place. Doubtless he had revelled in the stage-plays that were given on holidays, the mysteries, masques and May-pole dances that linked mediævalism with the new era of the Reformation and Renaissance. Three of the foremost actor-playwrights of the new stage were Stratford men, Burbage, Heminge and Greene, and they may have pricked young Shakespeare's ambition. He went to London when he was about three-and-twenty, and for the next five years there are no details of his doings, except that he visited his country home at least once each year, and took active interest in his father's affairs as well as his own. He had established himself as an actor and an acceptable writer of plays by 1592. The "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593, with dedication to the Earl of Southampton, who was not yet of age, but none the less a patron and something more. This was the dawn of wider fame for the hard-working, versatile young countryman. Coldly classical, yet youthfully lavish in florid imagery and gorgeous color, this rare first effort disclosed powers which none were better able to estimate at their full value than he. His envious, because outstript, rival, Greene, wrote in that same year the well-known snarl at the "upstart crow, beautiful in our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of (us), and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country." It was the rule to patch up and recast other people's plays, and make new ones out of any old story that had the requisite backbone of dramatic interest. Step by step Shakespeare felt his way on this path to creative authorship. By 1599, besides various collaborations with others, he had produced "Love's Labor Lost," the "Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." By the time he was thirty-three he was able to buy a house in his native town, with two gardens and barns. He was soon part owner of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres.

The times were ripe for greatness in every venture. What new forces came into play in those palpitating Elizabethan days need no describing here. It was sunrise after night, renewed life after seeming death. There had come a bracing wave of inspiration which kindled enthusiasm in each strong spirit. England was putting on her strength against the designs of suspected enemies of church and state. Patriotic fervor stirred poets no less than soldiers, and moved the playwrights to turn history to account in their portrayal of mighty human passions. This brought new interest and power to the theatre. The defeat of the Spanish Armada turned old England into a new world of great hearts, throbbing with high aspirations, bent upon achieving conquests hitherto undreamed of. Her sailors swept the seas in quest of glory and gold. Her poets sang as never before of honor, love, beauty, national greatness. Printing was done, but books were scarce. Yet these voices must have a place to be heard, the moving scenes of their own as well of ancient history demanded a stage-setting to school the masses into patriotic pride, and to furnish a vent for the proud gifts of the poets and players. So rose the theatre to its highest pitch as a vital influence, and with it rose the dramatists who understood the drift of things, and saw into the secret of destiny in its workings on a strong people. Shakespeare took the tide at its flood. He was himself the mirror of his times. Large and small, he had stored something of every experience possible to boy, youth or man in those stirring days. What balance of experience he missed in his own person he richly made up by use of an imagination that realized all that others only fancy. Power such as this inevitably compelled success, as it is accounted in the market, and outwardly this was enough for him.

For twenty years Shakespeare worked at his theatrical business, dropping out of the actor list. In 1596 his only son, Hamnet, died, a lad of twelve, and several relations in the same year. His Stratford properties, when he was forty-one, yielded him an income equal to seventeen hundred dollars a year, and he got probably twice as much from the theatres. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, married an eminent local physician, and his mother died. Soon after this he retired from London and his professional life, spending his last years in his native town. Remembering his father's embittered latter years, Shakespeare husbanded his means with the practical sagacity that from the start was the secret of his success, compared with the recklessness of such as Marlowe. After a few years of opulent ease as a country gentleman, delighting to play the host to his old comrades, Ben Jonson, Drayton and the rest, Shakespeare was carried oft by a three days' fever on his fifty-second birthday. His monument in the chancel of the Stratford church, and his epitaphs, there and in the books, are well known. His widow survived him seven years. His property he left to his daughters, with legacies to some of his associates and to the poor of Stratford.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

The sources on which Shakespeare drew for his English historical plays were mainly Holinshed's "Chronicles," published in 1577. North's English translation of Plutarch's "Lives" served for the Roman plays. The stories of Lear, Cymbeline, Macbeth, and Hamlet, came from Holinshed and other old chronicles, and Saxo Grammaticus, which had been already used in poems and crude plays. For the Greek plots Shakespeare was indebted to Caxton's histories of Troy, and to Chaucer's and Chapman's poems. Romeo, Shylock, Benedick and Beatrice, Othello, and a few light comedy characters came from the Italian, in which Shakespeare was more or less versed, and the writings of Boccaccio, Ariosto, Bandello, and others, were in the height of popularity. The "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and the "Winter's Tale," are English, as also one or two of the group, "Love's Labor's Lost," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Tempest."

The earliest tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," is held to be only partly, if at all, by Shakespeare. Certain it is that he discarded this gruesome style ever after, though lines from it are repeated in later plays of his. It may have been his trial-piece leading up to his first serious attempt in tragedy, on nobler lines than those chosen by Kyd and Marlowe before him. His first entirely original piece was the whimsical comedy "Love's Labor Lost," a sprightly poking of fun at the pedantry then in fashion. But Shakespeare's profound mastery of life as it is shows itself thus early in his dashing down the cup of pleasure just as it touches the expectant lip. This strikes the key-note of all Shakespeare's creations. He sees that fortune's favorites no more than he can escape the sudden lowering cloud with its torrent and thunderbolt, even in the sunny joy of a midsummer day's frolic. This grim reality he never forgets and never flinches from reminding us. And the same recklessness of fate is thrust into the tragedies, where intermittent gleams of irresistible humor unexpectedly light up the scene when the tension gets unbearable. This shows with what all-embracing grasp he seizes upon the complete scene, whether of thought or action, omitting no factor that goes to the making up of an absolutely true picture to the life. Be it natural gift or acquired art—or more likely both—the thing is unique in the productions of young men, and we must keep in mind that no poet or painter, or man of action, however great his conquest, ever comprehended so vast a diversity of achievements as are found in a single play.

The early comedies indicate the trend towards grander effort, as in the "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "As You Like it," and also towards tragedy. The "Midsummer Night's Dream," when played at all, is still presented as the masque it probably was written to be, but there is a world of Shakespeare study in it. He gives his genius free play in any and all directions it fancies, noble characters majestically discourse and act, nature decks herself in fullest charms, poetry soars like the eagle and sings like the nightingale, and the enchanted realm of fairyland condescends to become real to every sense. Then, as if to dare the perils of failure, Shakespeare picks up a handful of British boors, rough, ignorant, clumsy and stupid, and sets them gravely burlesquing the ranting tragedy that ruled the stage and the public. He has made one of his heroes speak of the poet, the lunatic, and the lover, as much the same in mental make-up. Here if anywhere is to found the thin line that divides madness from genius, for genius never towered higher over conventionality than when Shakespeare so audaciously mixed ugliness with beauty, nonsense with philosophy, tragic elements with clownish simplicity, poesy with grossness, and sprites with mortals, as in this illuminating fantasy.

The historical plays, in spite of their many-sidedness, show Shakespeare as a true Briton. The English plays bristle with all the activities of that restless time. The characters seem born for the stage, strong temperaments moving simple-minded men to great actions, good or bad. The scenes are crowded with types of the country and period, kings, nobles, adventurers, rakes, carousers, and women of every grade. They move in all the actuality of daily life, letting out their real thoughts, hiding nothing, qualifying no blunt utterance to suit a tender taste, but, on the other hand, never did kings speak such majestic English, nor the typical characters give voice to such poetry, such eloquence or ruggedly powerful speech. It is tempting to pick out our supposed Shakespeare from passages in these plays which have the clear ring of individual sincerity, but we are not in the presence of an individual, but of a universal man, who interprets all that stirs all men's souls. We may, however, safely trace the English heart of him in every page. Dowden groups these plays, omitting the doubtful Henry VIII., not wholly Shakespeare's, into two sets of three each, one set consisting of studies of kingly weakness, the other of kingly strength. In the former we have King John, King Richard II., and King Henry VI; in the latter King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Richard III.

In the great tragedies the genius, the painstaking art, the expanded powers, and the ripeness of Shakespeare's experience find their consummation. "Hamlet" was composed in his thirty-ninth year, completed, most probably, after long labor. Over this great tragic poem of action the profoundest minds of three centuries have never wearied trying "to pluck the heart out of its mystery," without success in agreement. To Hamlet, the pliant weathercock of every veering breeze, succeeded Othello, the sport of brute passion, Lear, sublimest tragedy of blind fatalism, Macbeth, weak victim of superstition and a stronger will, Antony, the prey of infatuation, Coriolanus, the victim of pride, with the earlier Julius Cæsar, and the later Timon. They are seen on the stage, and read and studied by young and old as part of our necessary culture, and the opinions of scholars, poets, and competent actor-students are accessible to all. They place these tragedies, with their many blemishes, at the summit of human achievement with mind and pen.

Not to speak of the thick stratum of fun that runs through Shakespeare's work would be to forget an element as vital as his poetic gift in any attempt to estimate his power. It is not to be lightly labelled as humor, much less as wit, nor even drollery. It is literally the natural expression of the delight in fun innate in every human being, which expression varies with breed and circumstances, but insists on its right to share in every other expression of emotions. Shakespeare would have abhorred the delusion that humor can be manufactured and purveyed to order. He allows it as free play as tears and passion, and in its fine and coarse variety, often jarring but never pointless, we have one more evidence of his fidelity to truth, and of his universality.

This word recalls the strange isolation, already referred to, of the man from his work. He lives in it, paints his mind's portrait somewhere on every page, yet so broken up that it defies piecing with any certainty that the mosaic is the true man. If he is a realist of realists in the plays, what of his idealism in the Sonnets? Here his mysteriousness grows still more vague. In them he is two personalities at least, in his plays he is a hundred. Whatever he was when he took up his pen, that was the man he then portrayed, and who so faithfully, who so inexpressibly beautifully? The Sonnets reflect every phase of the "lunatic lover's" malady; he had gone through the entire experience, and he frankly tells it. As sonnets they break through the strict rule, as indeed their author burst every fettering law of poetical art, and grammar itself, when his Muse took wing. Taine marks this unrestrainable rush of ideas: "He imagines with copiousness and excess . . . Ready, impetuous, impassioned, delicate, his genius is pure imagination, touched more vividly and by slighter things than ours. Hence his style, blooming with exuberant images, loaded with exaggerated metaphors, whose strangeness is like incoherence, whose wealth is superabundant, the work of a mind which, at the least incitement, produces too much and leaps too far." Anything next to hand is pressed into service to eke out a line or give a thought the precise tint needed, but how that thought burns, how that line sings, through and above their verbal cage!

His measureless greatness has provoked attempts to rob Shakespeare of his authorship, or to share it for him with Lord Bacon. The thing is interesting only as throwing light on a curious misdirection of ingenuity, particularly that which laboriously constructs a cipher out of the plays in distant imitation of Poe's brilliant "Gold Bug" exploit.

Shakespeare being human, had his limitations. It is interesting to know that though he lived in the exciting Reformation time he gives no portrait of either Catholic or Protestant. Neither does he introduce an artist, a student, or a printer, important factors in the Renaissance then progressing. Nor is an Irishman grouped among the Scotch and Welsh characters. Nor has he confessed his convictions in matters religious, political, or social. He honors strong kings and good people, cherishes true sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women in their struggle against the ills of life, and through his least lovely characters, and in his surface vulgarity at its worst, he preaches the unvarying gospel of duty as the only true happiness. He holds the mirror up to myriad-sided nature, without caring one straw whether nature enjoys it or not. He makes us see, whether we want to see or not, the working of inexorable law, the sure penance that folly and evil bring, and he has no compunction about illustrating the fall of inscrutable Fate's blow on the good instead of the wicked.

In it all he detects a core of absurdity, which he bids us welcome and laugh at, as a relief. And above this mystery of nature, pain, fate, he points to the stars, and above them the silent Power that moves in ways mysterious to us, who grope in the dark. Shakespeare's endowment was so vast, so all-comprising, that the world sums up its veneration in his own phrase, "None but himself can be his parallel."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE.—*Capulet's garden.*

(Romeo, belonging to the Montague family of Verona, has fallen in love with Juliet, of the family of the Capulets, with whom the Montagues have a deadly feud. Romeo, with some friends, goes to the Capulets' house. Returning, he outran his companions, climbed the wall of Capulet's garden, and leaped down inside.)

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid, art far more fair than she.
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet says she nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Juliet. Ah me!
Romeo. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnéd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Romeo. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
Juliet. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face. O be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose.
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Romeo. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Juliet. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Romeo. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Juliet. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Romeo. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
Juliet. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard wall is high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Romeo. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Romeo. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Juliet. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Romeo. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo. What shall I swear by?
Juliet. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Romeo. If my heart's dear love—
Juliet. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy in this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens! Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Juliet. I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Romeo. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Juliet. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse (*within*). Madam.
Juliet. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—
Nurse (*within*). Madam.
Juliet. By and by, I come.—
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Romeo. So thrive my soul,—

Juliet. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*
Romeo. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly*,
Re-enter Juliet, above.
Juliet. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo (*returning*). It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Juliet. Romeo.
Romeo. My sweet!
Juliet. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Romeo. By the hour of nine.
Juliet. I will not fail: 'tis twenty year till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Romeo. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Juliet. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Romeo. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Juliet. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird:
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Romeo. I would I were thy bird.
Juliet. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Romeo. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS.

(Paris, to whom Juliet had been promised in marriage, mourns her death. He sends his page to watch against intrusion, and then scatters flowers before the door of the tomb, in which lies Juliet, supposed to be dead.)

Paris. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,
(O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones!)
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

(The boy then whistles as signal of some one's approach, and Paris retires. Romeo and his servant Balthasar enter with a torch, mattock, etc. Romeo having given Balthasar a letter to be delivered to his father the next morning, commands him, on pain of instant death, to leave him. Balthasar promises to do so, but resolves to wait in the neighborhood, being frightened at his master's looks. Romeo then proceeds to burst open the tomb, when he is interrupted by Paris, who believing him to have come with some evil intent, rushes upon him and endeavors to arrest him. Romeo, after praying him to depart and not to tempt a desperate man, is compelled to draw in self-defence, and after a short combat Paris falls. The Page, in terror, runs to call the Watch.)

Paris. Oh, I am slain! (*falls*).—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet (*dies*).
Romeo. In faith I will;—Let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman,—noble county Paris:
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet;
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—Oh, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? Oh no; a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry; which their keepers call
A light'ning before death: Oh, how may I
Call this a light'ning?—O my love! my wife!
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancéd there—
Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair?—Eyes, look your last—
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss,
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct—come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! (*drinks*) O true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die (*dies*).

(Friar Laurence enters at the other end of the churchyard with a lantern, crow and spade. The Friar, stumbling along, comes upon Balthasar, who tells him that Romeo is already at the tomb, on which he hastens forward.)

Friar. Fear comes upon me.
Oh, much I fear some ill, unlucky thing.
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?
Romeo! Oh, pale!—Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes and stirs.*
Juliet. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*
Friar. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come,—come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet—(*noise again*). I dare no longer
stay. [*Exit.*

Juliet. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand!
Poison, I see, has been his timeless end:
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1st Watch (*within*). Lead, boy! Which way?
Juliet. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; (*stabs herself*) there rust and let me
die. [*Falls on Romeo's body and dies.*

(The Watch enters and, finding the dead bodies, send at once for the Prince, while others search the churchyard, and presently bring in Balthasar and the Friar. The Prince arrives shortly after, with Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Montague, Lady Montague having died that night through grief at her son's exile. The whole story is then unfolded by the Friar, Balthasar and the Page.)

Prince. Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.
Capulet. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Montague. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Capulet. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishéd:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

THE POUND OF FLESH.

(From "The Merchant of Venice.")

SCENE.—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into court.
Salanio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.
[*Enter Shylock*
Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shylock. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them;—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer: shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

A messenger appears with a letter from Bellario, stating that he cannot come, but sends a young doctor Balthasar in his stead.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
[*Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.*
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Portia. I am informéd throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[*To Antonio*] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio. Aye, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel:
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Portia. It is not so expressed: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Portia. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Antonio. But little: I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife [Portia],
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Shylock. We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shylock. Most rightful judge!
Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shylock. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, "a pound of flesh."
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gratiano. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,—
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel,—a Daniel, Jew!
Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Portia. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew,
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Portia. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncéd here.
Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shylock. I am content.
Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shylock. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it. [*Exit Shylock.*

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—aye, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;

But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longéd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honored lord, I know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Aye, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

SCENE.—*A Bedchamber: Desdemona in bed asleep.*

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell thee on the tree. [*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.—
Desdemona. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Aye, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Aye, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unpreparéd spirit;
No,—Heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Aye, I do.
Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Aye, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Aye, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. O Heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:*
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confessed.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Aye.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

* An expiation.

Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*
Emilia (*within*). My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.
Emil. (*within*). What ho! my lord! my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. (*within*). O good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by-and-by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again:—No—What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration.
Emil. (*within*). I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O good my lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: Oh, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by-and-by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian,
Called Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo killed!
And Cassio killed?
Emil. No, Cassio is not killed.
Oth. Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murdered!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. Oh, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that killed her.
Emil. Oh, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; Oh, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Aye, with Cassio.
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Aye, 'twas he that told me on her first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst.
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor has killed my mistress. Murder! murder!

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

SCENE.—*A Tent in the French Camp. Lear on a bed, asleep.*

Cordelia. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.
Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:

My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the king?
Physician. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuséd nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, Oh, wind up
Of this child-changéd father!
Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?
Gentleman. Aye, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the jarring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch, (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair daylight—
I am mightily abused.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.
Cor. O look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garment; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is killed in him: and yet 't is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter Edmund with Lear and Cordelia as Prisoners.

Edmund. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppresséd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us all the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes!

ROSALIND.

SCENE.—*The Forest.*

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiséd?
Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not:
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind (in male attire), Sylvius and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, while our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

[illegible] BY [illegible]

J. L. G. FERRIS, PINX.

ROSALIND AND THE DUKE.

Ros. And you say you will have her when I bring her?
[*To Orlando.*
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To Phebe.*
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*To Sylvius.*
Syl. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*
Duke. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed. Bear your body more seeming, Audrey: as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is called the *Quip modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment. This is called the *Reply churlish.* If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is called the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct:* and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind (in female attire) and Celia.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Duke.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*
Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love, adieu!
Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he: [*To Duke.*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he: [*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents,
You and you no cross shall part
[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*
You and you are heart in heart: [*To Oliver and Celia.*
You [*To Phebe*] to his love must accord.
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

FALSTAFF AND THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

AFTER Shakespeare had made Sir John Falstaff a popular though ludicrous character in his historical plays, Queen Elizabeth is said to have requested that he present Falstaff in love. The result was "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which the fun was still more farcical.

SCENE.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the bleachers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over: they lack no direction. Begone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?* what news with you?

Robin. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company. . . .

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shalt be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go, tell thy master I am alone.

[*Exeunt Robin and Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles [doves] from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John.

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

---

* A young small hawk.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond. Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian fashion.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not; Nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate [the prison]; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford; here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You are shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford [*Aside*]. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking; or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! Oh, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin; re-enter* *servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble :* carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead ; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest ; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buckwashing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck ; I warrant you buck ; and of the season, too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night ; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys : ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out : I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first :—So, now uncape.†

Page. Good master Ford, be contented ; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. Up, gentlemen ; you shall see sport anon : follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

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* Drone.

† Unbag the fox.

Eva. This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt Evans, Page and Caius.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment!

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace: You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed! What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well,—I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

CONTROVERSY has raged about Shakespeare's Sonnets as about his dramatic works. Published in 1609, they were dedicated by the printer, Thomas Thorpe, to Mr. W. H., as "the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets." It has been guessed that this means William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. Though some critics insist that these poems are a personal revelation, the fact that 126 out of the entire 154 are addressed to a man and 26 more to a woman, seems to indicate that they were simply poetical exercises of an exuberant genius. Altogether they constitute an amatory correspondence of singular beauty, but are as free from autobiographical declarations as any of the author's dramas. Shakespeare rejected the strict arrangement of the Italian sonnet and used a simpler form—three quatrains followed by a couplet.

THE POET CONFERS IMMORTALITY.

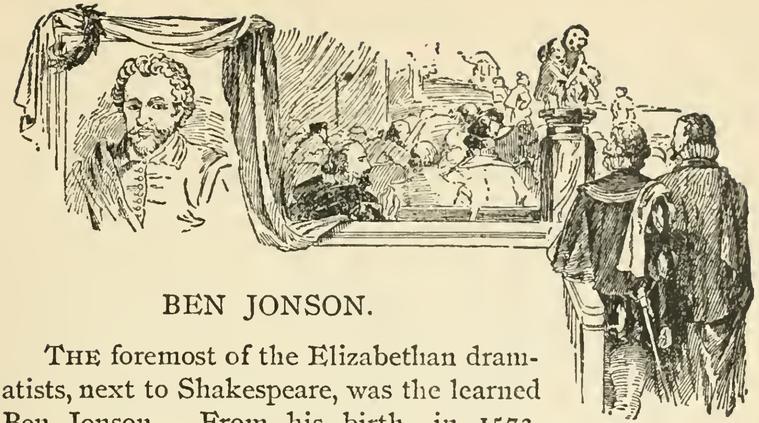
WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
  If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
  Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
  And in fresh numbers number all your graces.
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
  Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
  Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
  And stretchéd metre of an antique song.
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice: in it, and in my rhyme.

The Eternal Summer.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

The Happiness of True Love.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such honors bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buriėd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousėd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd
Is from the book of honor razėd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove or be removed.



BEN JONSON.

THE foremost of the Elizabethan dramatists, next to Shakespeare, was the learned Ben Jonson. From his birth, in 1573, to his first success as a play-writer, in 1598, not much is definitely known, except that he was of Scotch descent, got his schooling at Westminster and Cambridge, and did 'prentice work for his stepfather—a bricklayer. This he left for service as a volunteer with the army in the Low Countries. When back in London the stage was Ben's clear destiny, first as one of the actors, but soon as actor-author, in which double capacity Shakespeare had already earned fame and fortune. The young playwright had a few months' experience of jail-life for having killed a brother-actor in a duel,—and here he became a Catholic. His earliest comedy, or the earliest performed, was played by the Lord Chamberlain's company, and one of the characters was acted by Shakespeare. This was "Every Man in his Humor." From this sprang the friendship, none the less cordial if tinctured with envy on Jonson's side, between the genial rivals at the Mermaid Tavern. To this play succeeded sundry patchwork contributions to other men's plays; and then "Every Man Out of his Humor," which was performed in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. In 1600 Jonson sought to win her favor by a a skillful piece of flattery, entitled "Cynthia's Revels," in which certain satirical passages wounded the dignity of Dekker and Marston, two of his associate playwrights, and provoked a retort from the former. Hearing that this was coming, Jonson hurried the production of "The Poetaster," ridiculing the pettiness of the versemakers. Within a year or two the jibing satirists were friends again, collaborating in other plays. The classical tragedy entitled "Sejanus, his Fall," was performed in 1603, with Shakespeare in one of the parts.

The general run of Jonson's dramas is in the opposite direction to that of popularity: the narrative is involved, the wit bright and pungent, but hammered out too finely, and the dialogue overlaid with pedantic veneering. The intellectual strength underneath is unmistakable. His more serious plays may be described as Dekker describes their author: "Large of frame, bony, meagre of flesh (in his earlier years), pockmarked, and with eager eyes for piercing glances and for soaring up to the heights of poetry." His comedies, including "Volpone, or, The Fox;" "Epicœne, or, The Silent Woman;" "The Alchemist;" "Bartholemew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass," were written prior to 1616, when for ten years he ceased to write for the stage.

The death of Queen Elizabeth found Jonson turning to the concocting of masques and similar entertainments, which won the patronage of the king and nobility, in whose houses they were performed. He succeeded better as poet than as dramatist. Here and there in his plays—especially in the tragedy, "Catiline, his Conspiracy"—are lyrics of the true ring; and in his collections—"The Forest" and "Underwoods"—are many examples of pure poetry in various measures, on varied themes. His "Epigrams," too, of which he was tenderly proud, displayed his versatility of handiwork. In 1618 Jonson tramped from London to Scotland, where he sojourned with congenial Drummond of Hawthornden, whose recorded "Conversations" give a vivid picture of the Englishman. Despite his laureate pension Jonson was impecunious. He says his plays had not brought him two hundred pounds in all. So in 1625 he took to play-making again, without great results. On the failure of the latest comedy, called "The New Inn," Jonson published an epilogue protest against the neglect on the part of the King and Queen. To this Charles I. replied with the annual grant of £100, and a tierce of Canary wine, which long continued to be the laureate's perquisite. His latter days were gladdened by the homage of all lovers of literature. Jonson died on August 6, 1637, in his sixty-fourth year.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON.

SCENE.—*Subtle the Alchemist's House.*

Mammon. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe.* Here's the rich Peru:
And then within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi.*
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign;
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punques and punquetees, my Surly:
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.
Where is my Subtle there? within ho—
Face (*within*). Sir, he'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firk nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold:
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.
Surly. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see the effects of the great medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.
Mam. Ha! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valor, yea and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood,)
By taking, once a-week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturized 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors;
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,

I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the water-work does with water!
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have humor.
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book, where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art!
Aye, and a treatise penned by Adam.
Sur. How?
Mam. Of the Philosopher's Stone and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. Cedar-board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' Thigh, Pandora's Tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness and the biting:
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
(Th' Alembick,) and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian Garden, Cadmus' Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of Midas, Argus' Eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

WHILE the comedy "Every Man in His Humor" cannot bear comparison as a whole with those of Shakespeare, yet in its broad lines, and not less so in many of its detailed characterizations, it has a power and incisiveness which few have equalled.

Captain Bobadil is a strongly-drawn type of gasconading heroes who are their own trumpeters. While living at an obscure inn he is visited by Knowell, whom he tries to make his dupe.

Bobadil. I will tell you sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay three-parts of her yearly charge in holding war and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practiced upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

ODE TO HIMSELF.

ON the failure of his comedy "The New Inn," written after ten years' abstention from stage work, and first acted January 19, 1629, Jonson penned this contemptuous fling at the vulgar herd who could not distinguish between acorns and wheat.

Come, leave the loathéd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink or swill;
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

Leave things so prostitute
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire;
And though thy nerves be shrunk and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat,
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain.

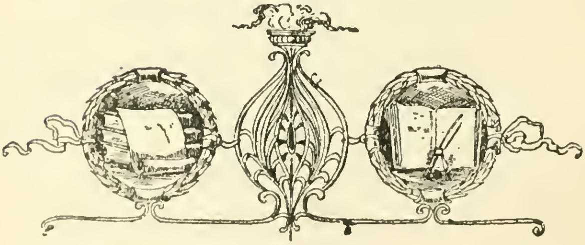
But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,

His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
As they shall cry: "Like ours
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain."

To Celia.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.



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